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THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

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TO

Their Royal Highnesses

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

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PREFACE

BY SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BART., G.C.I.E., *Chief of Staff.*

IT was the wish of the Prince of Wales that the chief incidents of the tour of Their Royal Highnesses in India should be recorded in a continuous and permanent form. With the approval and permission of His Royal Highness, Mr. Stanley Reed was entrusted with the work. As a member of the staff of the *Times of India* he has a wide and peculiar knowledge of Indian affairs, he was with Their Royal Highnesses from the day they landed at Bombay to the day when they embarked at Karachi, and those whose duty it was to study the various accounts written of the tour considered that Mr. Stanley Reed's letters were accurate, full, and continuous. With an enterprise worthy of itself and of the great City—Bombay—the *Times of India* has spared no pains nor expense in producing the book, and the author's bright pages and the beauty of the illustrations combine to make a volume at once attractive and worthy of its Indian origin. There is need for such a work. There were very few books or records regarding the Indian tour of the King-Emperor to assist the Prince of Wales when he drew up in February 1905 his preliminary programme, and a continuous and detailed account such as Mr. Stanley Reed has presented would have been of great value to His Royal Highness and to those who helped to plan out the programme of the long journey through India. The route taken was adopted with the idea of avoiding the oppressive heat of the South at the outset of the journey, but it was governed by three fixed dates. The dates of the great field manœuvres in the Punjab, of the New Year's gathering in Calcutta, and of the shooting camp at Nepal could not be altered, and the plan of the tour was drawn so as to fit in with these three points. On the whole the route chosen served its purpose admirably. Their Royal Highnesses saw nearly all the places of chief importance, and were enabled to realise that India is a continent embracing countries of essential and striking differences. In his speech at the Guildhall* the Prince of Wales gave a brief and graphic sketch of his wanderings. The larger picture is now given in Mr. Stanley Reed's book.

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* *See* page 469.

It is difficult to bring India vividly to the minds of those who have not travelled in the East, and the ordinary reader can hardly realise the enormous distances which Their Royal Highnesses travelled; and the laborious days and nights which were spent by India's Royal guests. Mr. Stanley Reed has not dwelt on the overpowering heat of Bombay, Rangoon and Mysore; nor on the bitter cold of Rawal Pindi, Peshawar and Quetta. To those who live in India the subject of weather and temperature is commonplace, but to Their Royal Highnesses, travelling thousands of miles, with engagements and ceremonials awaiting them from early morning to midnight, temperature was of considerable importance.

The author has given a faithful record of the more public ceremonials in which Their Royal Highnesses took part, but he was not in a position to notice the interviews, and conversations, which the Prince of Wales had with every type and shade of thought in India. These quiet conversations with Ruling Chiefs and leading Indians were perhaps fraught with more real usefulness than many of the splendid pageants in which India delights and excels.

Similarly Mr. Stanley Reed had no opportunity for knowing of the frequent interviews given by Her Royal Highness to Indian ladies, nor of the private sight-seeing, in which the Prince and Princess delighted whenever a chance occurred. Such chances were infrequent. They do not come to Princes and Viceroys. But though the tour was official, one may venture the assertion that Their Royal Highnesses have seen glimpses of the real and typical life of most classes in India, and it was largely due to their unflagging interest and sympathy in the lives alike of the lowly peasant and the Prince that they were enabled to get through the long and tiring journey, untired. It is no light thing to sleep twenty-eight nights in an Indian train, however luxurious, for the dust and the heat are no respecters of Royal trains.

It must be confessed that the programme was too ambitious, but it was very difficult for the Prince of Wales to refuse the pressing and affectionate invitations which poured in on him when the tour was announced. Many places of great interest had to be left out of the programme, but when once it was decided that Their Royal Highnesses would halt at a locality, it was hard to refuse the endless suggestions which filled and more than filled the twelve hours. A Royal tour comes at rare intervals in India, and it is the signal for the almost magic growth of new Institutions. The track of the tour is usefully marked by Hospitals and Schools, but they must all be opened by the Prince. If the tour were still to be made, or if in the years to come another Royal visit is paid to India, certain days or parts of days should be strictly set aside for rest. The only rest on this tour was the Sunday, and on an Indian tour of such duration this is not sufficient.

There have been many changes during the thirty years which have elapsed since the King-Emperor paid his memorable and still remembered visit to India. The extension of the railway system made it possible for Their Royal Highnesses to visit Udaipur, the beautiful capital of His Highness the Maharana, Chief of Mewar, to study the problem of the Frontier at Peshawar and Quetta, and to see Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, annexed to the British Empire long after the King-Emperor's Indian tour. Railways have made great changes and education and civilisation have also worked perceptible alterations in the last thirty years. But though civilisation has changed much, it has not in any way affected the punctilious regard of the Indian Feudatories for ceremonial and etiquette, nor has it lessened in the slightest degree the veneration and devotion to the British Crown which they feel and display with charming abandon and pride. By an almost impromptu utterance * at the Durbar at Indore, the Prince convinced the Chiefs that he sympathised with them in their proud and proper desire to maintain the privileges of their position secure from innovation and eclipse. It came naturally to His Royal Highness and he was carrying out one of the King-Emperor's parting behests.

Nothing could have exceeded the warmth and real pleasure with which Their Royal Highnesses were greeted at the various capitals of Indore, Udaipur, Jaipur, Bikanir, Jammu and Kashmir, Mysore and Hyderabad. It has been my privilege to visit these Courts more than once, and nothing struck me on the tour more than the subtle difference which distinguished the reception of Their Royal Highnesses from the reception of a Viceroy. It was a remarkable difference—and there was no mistaking the feelings of veneration and love for the King-Emperor's son for those of respect which are always displayed towards the King-Emperor's representative. I saw the same difference in British territory. There are huge and courteous

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* *See* page 68.

crowds when a Viceroy passes, but the faces are different, and I have never seen before such outbursts of genuine simple affection as I saw when Their Royal Highnesses drove through the streets of the big cities. In the East it is the little things that count. Mr. Stanley Reed has mentioned some of the little acts of kindness which won the people to the Prince and Princess. I could give daily instances of the ready sympathy and the quick consideration which make the whole world kin, and from quite an early date on the tour Their Royal Highnesses felt that they were at home among these gentle kindly people, and the feeling was reciprocated.

It is curious and almost saddening to realise the enormous ignorance which prevails about the real facts of India. Quite recently in the dull season letters appeared in the Press headed "Our dead Failure in India." There certainly were during the tour no signs of failure in administration or in official efficiency. If so it was not patent during the Prince's tour, and inefficiency and failure were very cleverly concealed. There was no failure on the railways. Running day and night over thousands of miles, sometimes with change of gauge, Their Royal Highnesses arrived punctually to the minute. There was no failure on the part of the Civil Service and the Police. Huge crowds were marshalled, and some millions must have gazed on Their Royal Highnesses in dense lines in the streets, packed in the verandahs and on the roofs of houses, or perched on trees; and there was never an accident and rarely had the policeman to assert his authority. There was no failure, if experts may be believed, or if the impressions of non-experts may be accepted, in the splendid troops, British and Indian, which carried out manœuvres on a large scale in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi. In all Departments the Prince noticed efficiency, and he has left his opinion on record in speeches and letters, which now form part of the official literature of India.

The failure must then be sought in the condition of the people. Well, if the people, the millions, uneducated and unsophisticated, who constitute what is known as the Indian people, are unhappy, underfed, and badly governed, they too most cleverly played a part. One of the objects of the Prince of Wales was to see and be seen by the masses of the people. Long hours were given up to the drives through the crowded cities, and the pace was so regulated as to allow Their Royal Highnesses to see the people, and to stop whenever some object of special interest presented itself. They saw some millions of the people, and though the season had been unpropitious in India the general impression left with Their Royal Highnesses was that of a healthy and contented and smiling people. The Prince visited a camp where timely provision was being made for a famine that happily did not come. If liability to famine connotes failure, those who have some knowledge of the meteorology, agriculture and irrigation of India must admit that in certain precarious tracts there must come failure. But it is unfair, almost impious, to attribute such failure to British rule, and happily the patient people, whose lot is cast in the zone of uncertain rainfall, know well that their misfortunes are not of human origin.

The journey through India was fortunate from beginning to end. There were no drawbacks, and everything went smoothly. Considering the size of the party accompanying Their Royal Highnesses it was remarkable that there was no sickness: considering the length of the journey and the heavy list of engagements, it was wonderful that each engagement was punctually fulfilled. Some confusion and dislocation of the programme was anticipated owing to the change of Viceroys, but the change had little effect on the administration of the Provincial Governments, and each Province vied with the other in strenuous efforts to make the Royal visit a success, and each succeeded. And as a crowning blessing to a journey, so free from trouble, the year of the tour will also be remembered as the year of bounteous rains and bumper harvests.

It is difficult to estimate the results of the tour. It may safely be said that the experiences gained during the long journey have inspired in the Prince and Princess of Wales an increased sympathy and an abiding interest in the welfare of the Indian peoples. To the people of British India and to the Feudatory Princes the kindly and unaffected consideration of Their Royal Highnesses forms another link in the strong chain which bound them in goodwill and gratitude to the good Queen and binds them to the King-Emperor. The splendid pageants of the King-Emperor's Coronation were concentrated at Delhi. The journey of the Prince has diffused the tradition of the Royal House through every Province of India and through Burma. May I, who was honoured by the confidence of Their Royal Hignnesses and was present at every interview, be allowed to express an opinion? It is based on my own observations, on a careful study of every word which has been written on the tour, and on a wide correspondence with Indians and Anglo-Indians of every degree—it is that the conscientious and dutiful discharge of the mission entrusted to Their Royal Highnesses by the King and his Government has strengthened the force of the British connection with India.

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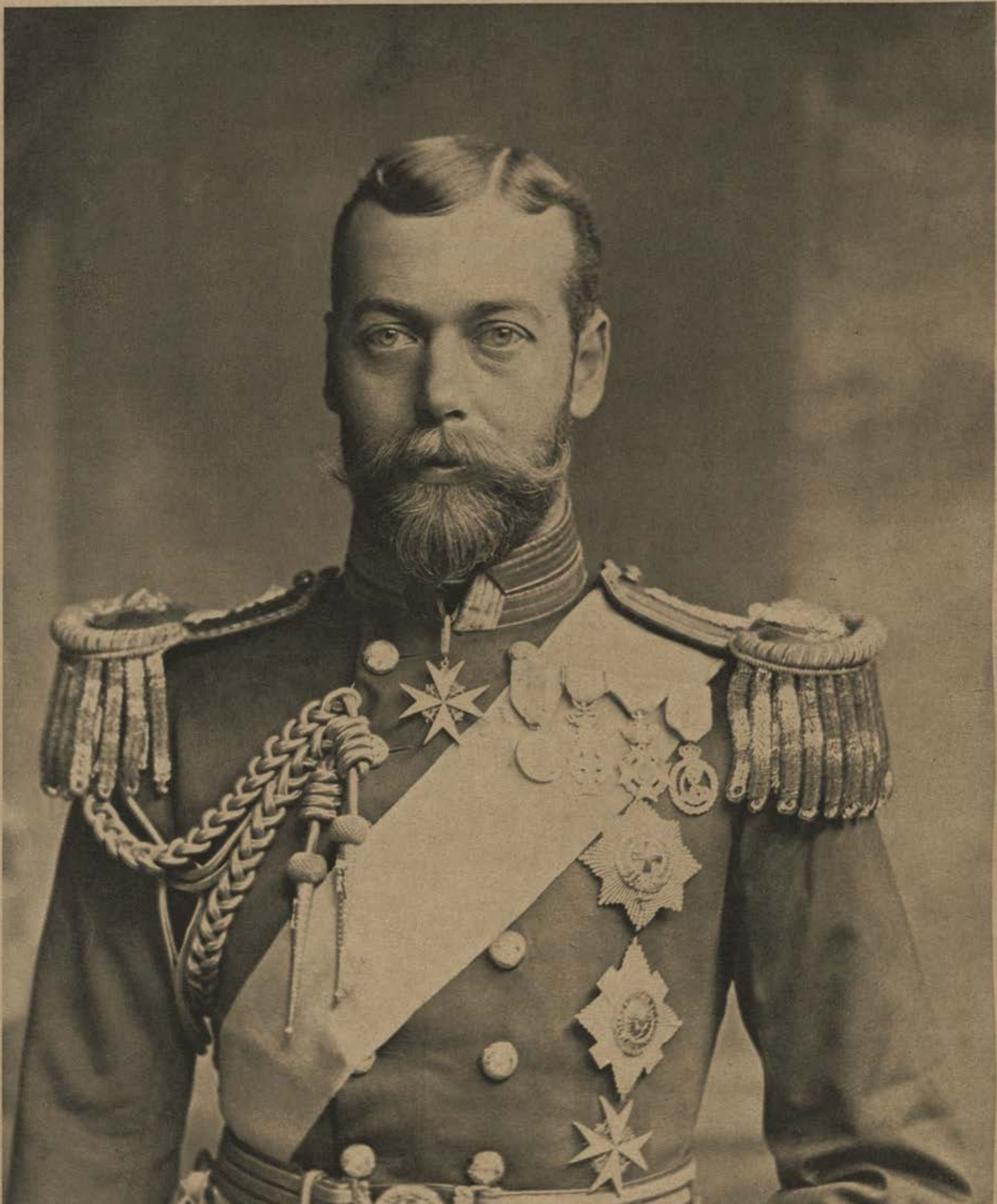

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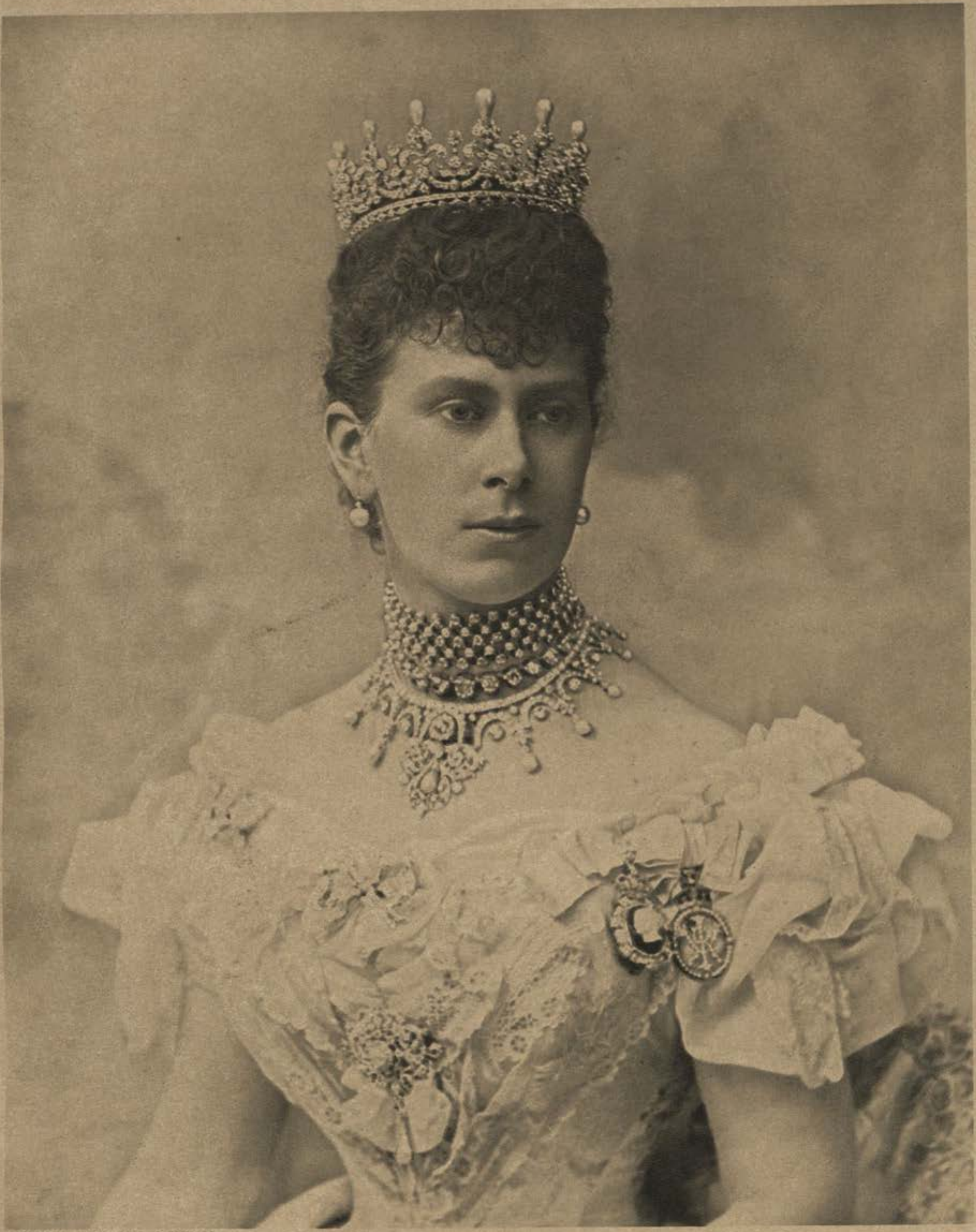

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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE

ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA

A Record of the Tour of T. R. H. The Prince and
Princess of Wales in India and Burma, from
November 1905 to March 1906.

BY

STANLEY REED,

Special Correspondent of the "Times of India."

With Preface by SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BART., G.C.I.E., *Chief of the Staff.*

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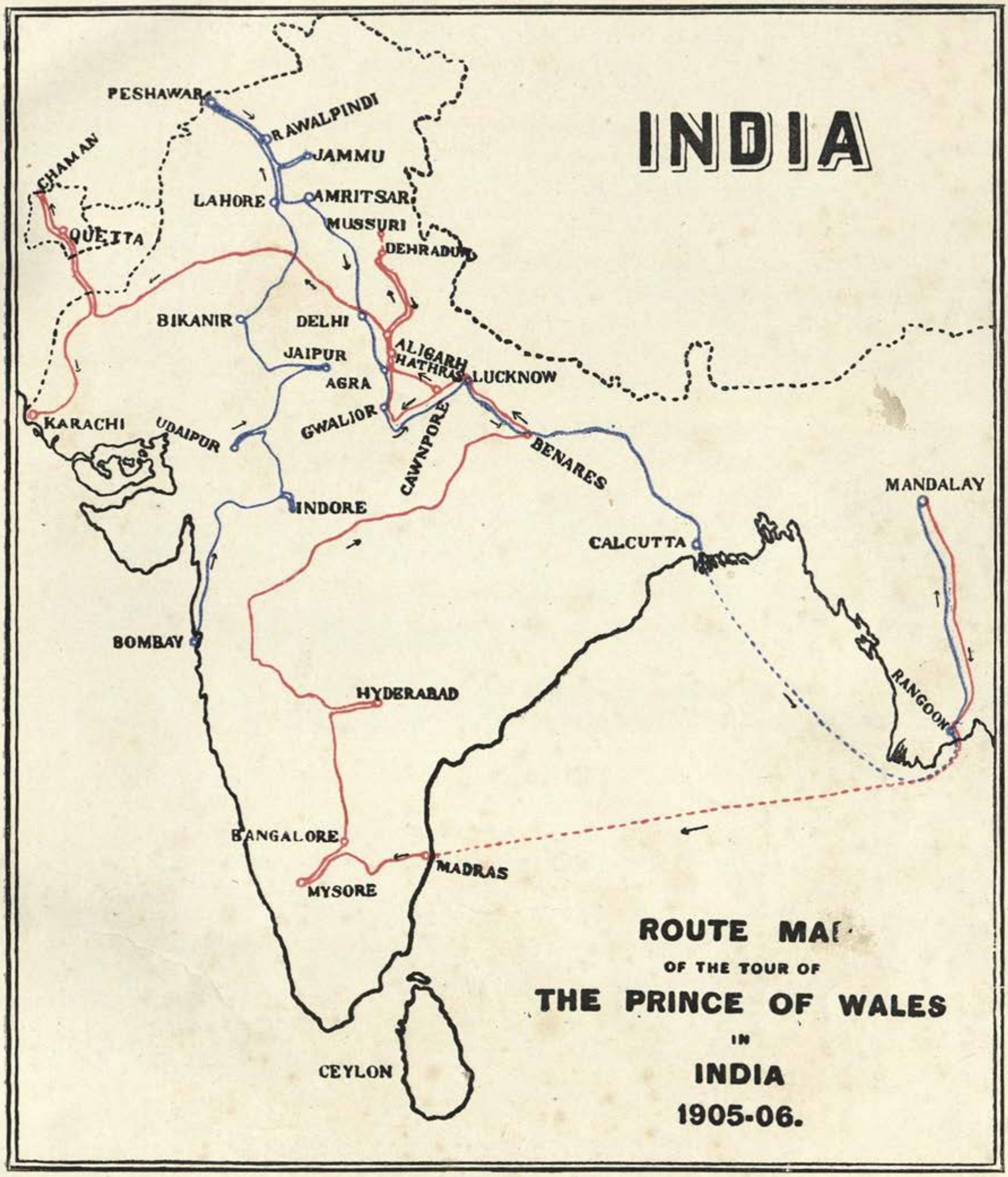

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CHAPTER I.

"The Island of Good Life."

The Voyage to India—A Message of Welcome—First Sight of Bombay—The new India—Indian Loyalty—Ceremonial Visits—The Landing—The Corporation's Address—First Speech on Indian Soil—Profound Impression created—Procession through the City—The clash of Race and Creed—Joy of the People—An Indian View.

November 9th.

THE white-hulled *Renown*, her lighter guns removed and her cabins transformed to provide accommodation for the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite, slipped her moorings at Genoa on October 21st. Leaving Victoria Station two days earlier, Their Royal Highnesses had travelled overland to join their naval yacht in the ancient Italian port, and the battleship steamed into "The tideless sea" on the first stage in the second Royal progress through India. This being Trafalgar Day a special short service was held on board at noon. On Monday, the twenty-third, the Mediterranean Fleet of eight battleships, with their attendant cruisers and destroyers, was sighted off Pellaro and they escorted the *Renown* through the Straits of Messina. There was a brief halt at Port Said for the grimy duty of coaling, and the *Renown* passed through the Suez Canal on the twenty-eighth, reaching Aden, the westernmost point of the Indian Empire, five days later. Their Royal Highnesses did not land, for they made acquaintance with the dubious charms of Aden, its landscape with the beauty of a cinder heap and the climate of an ashpit, when they travelled round the Empire on the *Ophir*; but here they came in touch, through the cable, with the Government whose jurisdiction they had entered. In a graceful message the Viceroy tendered the greetings of the Dependency: "On the arrival of Your Royal Highnesses at the first outpost of the Indian Empire, may I venture to offer you a Loyal and enthusiastic welcome? All India has no other desire than to make your visit a memorable and unbroken success." The telegraph flashed back the Prince of Wales' reply: "On our arrival in Indian waters the Princess of Wales and I wish to take the earliest opportunity of sending a warm message of esteem and goodwill to you and to the people of India. We are much touched by your kind message of welcome."

This morning those on the *Renown* saw the island of Bombay loom through the steamy mist at sunrise. The approach to Bombay illustrates very vividly the new India that has arisen, at the touch of Britain's wand, on the ruins of the crumbling mediæval empires. First is dimly discerned the low-lying western shore, flat as Venice from the Adriatic, wrapped in umbrageous growth, and slowly disclosing Saracenic dome and Gothic campanile. Northward the land rises to the wooded slopes of Malabar Hill, which curve westward till they enfold a bay as noble as the familiar waters of Naples. This is Bombay "The Island of Good Life," the spicy East of tradition and of romance. But when the incoming steamer rounds the sharp promontory that guards the splendid harbour against the battering monsoon seas, it enters an atmosphere as alien to the romantic East as that of Manchester or Liverpool. Along the eastern foreshore rise rank on rank of the "skyscrapers" into which the middle classes have been driven by the increasing pressure of population upon a narrow island. Stately liners and weather-beaten tramps tug at their moorings in the swift-flowing tideway. Under their lee shelter a multitude of country craft, as high-pooped as the caravels of Columbus, whose leg-of-mutton sails wing them, as they have for centuries, to Muscat, Aden and Zanzibar. Over their forward-raking masts rise the buildings of a great commercial city, the storehouses of a prosperous sea-port, whilst the sky is blackened with the smoke of hundreds of factories grinding out the cloth and the yarn that press harder the products of Lancashire year by year. This is the new India, evolved under the ægis of British rule, which is shaking the ancient fabric of Oriental society to its foundations.

When His Majesty the King-Emperor set foot in Bombay thirty years ago, almost to a day, the forces that are now vibrating had scarcely been set in motion. The Suez Canal and the cable had removed the remoteness of the West; the telegraph and the railways had broken down the barriers that divided India into an agglomeration of inaccessible countries; English was beginning to provide people whose tongues are as

Apollo Bunder, Bombay.

different as French and Russian with a common medium of expression; Western thought and culture were storming the moss-grown walls of eastern learning; and mills smoking in Bombay and on the banks of the Hughli were creating a new industrial population. But these movements were in their infancy; they have gained force year by year until India is stirred by new thoughts and ambitions, and the ripples are spreading outward until they lave the bases of Indian conservatism—the women and the villages. The Prince and Princess came to an India scarcely recognisable in some respects as the country visited by His Majesty; but amid all these changes, which go far deeper than the casual observer imagines, the sentiment of personal loyalty and devotion, which is near to the Indian heart, has not waned. On the contrary, it has grown stronger as the peoples have found in Queen Victoria and King Edward their ideal of benevolent sovereignty. In 1876, however, the country was strange to the personality of royalty; the reception of the then Prince of Wales was tinged with an awe and timidity that slowly yielded to his tact and charm of manner. There was reverence and respect in the greeting that India gave to Their Royal Highnesses to-day, but dominated by joy and pride in the occasion. In the interval India has learnt to regard the Royal family as the permanent factor in the British connection and to recognise that their sympathy with the country is not surpassed by the most patriotic of her own children.

It was in this spirit that India made ready to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Bombay equipped herself for the duties of host. The joyous note that sounded throughout the days of preparation was deepened by the prosperous condition of the city. During the past decade Western India has experienced a disastrous succession of misfortunes, famine following famine, and plague scourging the population year after year. The depressing effect of these calamities on the capital city was accentuated by the unprofitableness of the textile industry. Now all these adverse influences have passed away. The harvest is abundant except in a few of the Deccan districts, the pestilence is almost non-existent, and the material well-being of the citizens is greater than at any period in modern times. Add to this the entire absence of any of those causes of friction that sometimes darken the political atmosphere, and there did not exist one spot to dim the brightness of the day. Apparently many people were alert long before sunrise, for as soon as it was light the streets were alive with pedestrians of all sorts. Some were engaged in putting the finishing touches to the house decorations, but the majority wended their way to the harbour front, which was as crowded at seven o'clock as Epsom Downs on Derby Day. There they gazed steadily out to sea as if they expected the *Renown* and her escort to come in sight hours before the official time. In India we are not apt to take much account of the weather, after the rains; but in this respect it was November at its best. With the rising of the sun a pleasant breeze set in, so that instead of the usual mist of early morning veiling the distant hills and wrapping the shipping in a tenuous haze, the islands and the mainland stood out sharply, even the contour of the old pirate stronghold of Kenheri was clearly visible, and every detail of the sombre warships, H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and *Perseus*, and the Portuguese gunboat *San Gabriel*, present by command of King Carlos, was in bold relief. Exactly as eight bells struck the shrill call of the bugle rang out from the flagship. In a trice every vessel broke out into a dancing array of flags in honour of His Majesty the King-Emperor's birthday.

For the last hour the presence of the *Renown* and her escort had been indicated on the horizon beyond the outer lightship, and now the sharp crack of three guns showed that they had entered the harbour. First came the *Fox* and the *Proserpine*, acting as outriders, steaming abreast. Next the *Renown*, flying His Royal Highness's flag as Master of Trinity House at the fore and his own standard at the main. The towering bulk of the *Terrible* brought up the rear. In this array the warships steamed slowly into the harbour until they were obscured by the smoke of the guns as they roared out the Royal salute. When the vapour lifted it was seen that the formation of the incoming squadron had changed. The *Fox* and the *Proserpine* bustled ahead and took station in line with the warships of the East Indies Squadron. As the *Terrible*, owing to her great draught, could not approach the shore, she was despatched on a lonely cruise to the north-east and the *Renown* moored opposite the Apollo Bunder. When the cables had finished rattling through the hawse pipes, the squadron simultaneously "dressed ship" and the opening phase in the arrival of the Royal visitors was completed.

A Native Boat.

A long wait was in store. The *Renown* was at her moorings three-quarters of an hour before programme time, and no further major ceremony was due until the State departure of His Excellency the Viceroy four hours hence.

His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies Station, Admiral Poe, and his Staff proceeded on board the Royal ship, and the Commanders of the men-of-war followed, but as this service was rendered in the boats it was quietly and expeditiously performed. Yet one other interesting observance remained. By a happy thought the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses was arranged to coincide with His Majesty the King-Emperor's birthday, and, as we have recorded, early in the day ships were dressed in celebration of the event. But the Imperial salute yet remained to be fired and the commands of His Royal Highness as to this were awaited. The crack of the first gun from the *Hyacinth* precisely at noon indicated the hour selected, and the further Royal salute of thirty-one guns then roared out from all the warships in the harbour. The crowd melted away, traffic almost ceased, and everyone retired to prepare for the great events of the afternoon.

The wait proved less tedious than was expected. With a view to giving Their Royal Highnesses more daylight for their progress through the town the Viceroy expedited his departure by a quarter of an hour. This brought the whole programme forward, and by half past one o'clock the troops commenced to line the streets. Now too the privileged guests bidden to receive the Prince in the *shamiana* began to arrive : Native Chiefs in their gorgeous equipages and still more brilliant robes ; High Court Judges in wig and gown ; Secretaries in their handsome uniforms of blue and gold, and Consuls in the official dress of a dozen nationalities. By the time the Viceroy was due the *shamiana* presented a mass of colour ; scarcely a plain black was to be seen ; but most striking of these variegated groups was that of the Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency. They literally blazed with cloth of gold and costly gems, which found an appropriate background in the flowing white robes of their principal officers of State who sat behind them.

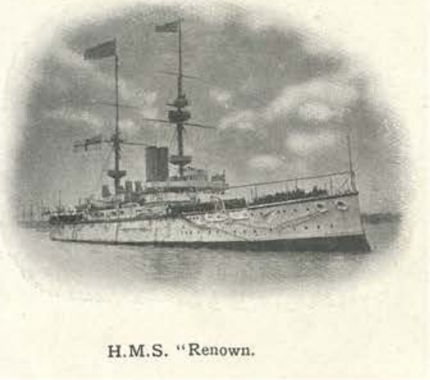
The ring of horses' hoofs on the hard macadam and the distant rumble of the guns announced the approach of His Excellency the Viceroy. As the head of the procession rounded the Wellington Fountain—the centre of a dense throng of spectators—it presented a gallant sight—Hussars in their spotless summer kit, Horse Artillery in immaculate white, the dark blue lungis of the Native Cavalry and the brilliant headgear of the Body-guard. Up the broad highway they came, turned sharply under the triumphal arch leading from the *shamiana* to the dais where the Corporation presented their address, and then melted away into the network of roads beyond. British Hussars and lean-visaged Sikhs, sturdy Gunners and

Imperial Service Cavalry from Kathiawar—a seemingly endless procession—until the splendid men of the Viceregal Bodyguard immediately preceded Lord Curzon's carriage which drew smartly up under the archway. Lord and Lady Curzon at once alighted, the carriage passed on with the remainder of the escort, who disappeared to take up their positions for the Royal procession. His Excellency wore diplomatic uniform, with the ribbon of the Star of India. Lady Curzon was gowned in an exquisite dress of dove grey, with a large hat to match. It was a source of considerable pain to everyone present to see how ill His Excellency looked; he walked with a stick and his whole bearing was that of a tired man. But the indomitable will triumphed over his physical weakness, and when Lord Curzon stopped to talk with one or another of his friends, the eye kindled, the manner was as earnest and vigorous as in his strongest days. At the Bunder-head there was a halt for few minutes, which His Excellency spent in conversing with those around him. Then, precisely at three o'clock, accompanied by Lady Curzon, he descended the steps and set out for the *Renown*. Once again the guns roared out the Royal salute, once again the men-of-war were manned. To the booming of these guns the launch shot out from the shore, and was soon lost to view in the smoky haze created by the firing of the salute.

His Excellency the Governor's arrival was most unobtrusive. Lord Lamington drove up under the usual escort, alighted, and walked straight to the Bunder-head. He was accompanied on board by an official deputation from the Bombay Presidency—the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, in wig and gown; the Bishop of Bombay, the Rt. Rev. W. R. Pym, D.D., an imposing figure in his flowing robes; and the Members of Council, the Hon. Mr. E. M. H. Fulton, C.S.I., and the Hon'ble Mr. J. W. P. Muir-Mackenzie, in their Secretariat uniform. When His Excellency's flag was hoisted on his boat the warships were manned, the guards paraded, and the salute was fired. Arrived on the *Renown* the members of the Bombay deputation were presented to Their Royal Highnesses by His Excellency the Governor.

The short half-hour which followed passed quickly. Busy launches were plying between the *Renown* and the shore bringing the members of Their Royal Highnesses' Staff, including Sir Walter Lawrence, K.C.I.E., the Chief of Staff, who earlier in the afternoon was quietly active ashore, completing the arrangements for the landing. Soon too His Excellency the Governor returned, under the usual salutes, with the members of the Bombay deputation. There was a brief pause, the waterway from the *Renown* to the shore was cleared, and a few moments of tense expectation supervened. Then a puff of white smoke from the starboard quarter of the *Hyacinth*, a sharp detonation—Their Royal Highnesses had left the ship which had borne them so well to India. Promptly the challenge from the Flagship was taken up by the war vessels, and the Royal salute boomed round the Fleet. A few minutes passed before the tiny launch of the *Renown*, a speck of vivid green with upper works of gleaming white, appeared round the bow of the battleship. The cruisers were now manned in full naval fashion, and as each was passed the guards paraded and the bugles rang out the salute.

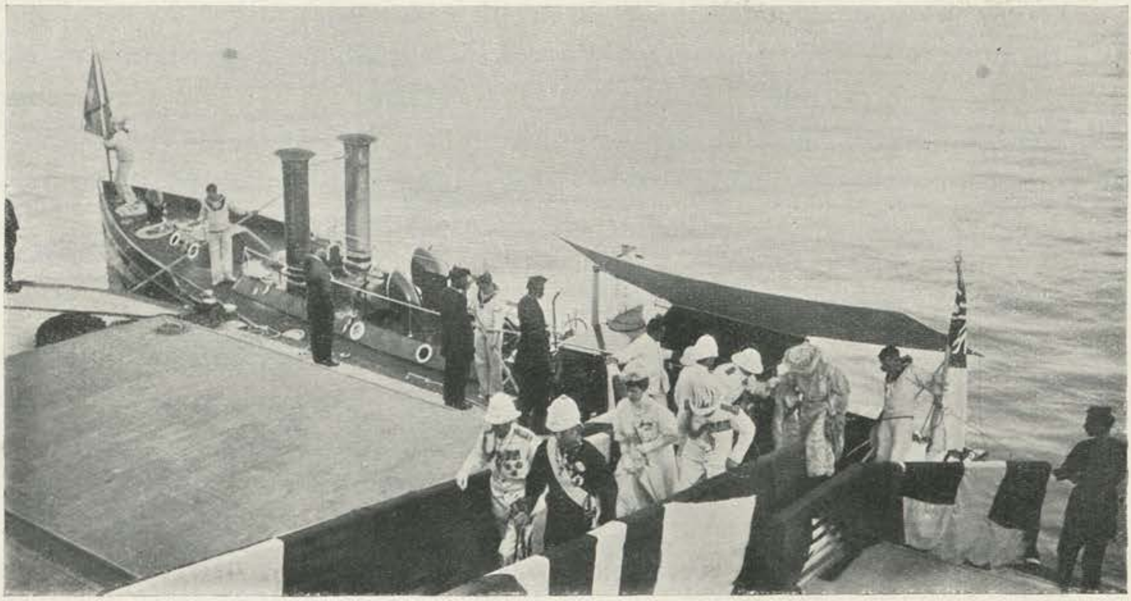
Absolutely unattended the gallant little craft sturdily ploughed her way through the water. Save for the cracking naval artillery there was no sound, only an atmosphere of strained expectation. The object of every gaze, the launch drew near the shore and was brought alongside the landing pier with seamanlike precision. Strong arms made her fast to the gangway, a small ladder was hooked to the gunwale, and His Excellency the Viceroy, followed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and finally by Her Excellency Lady Curzon landed upon India's strand. It was an historic event calculated to stimulate a joyous pride in that phenomenal aggregation of nations which constitutes the British Empire, a veneration for that subtle link, stronger than any steel bonds—loyalty to a revered throne—which welds together these peoples beyond the seas. The heir to all the Britains come with his gracious consort to complete his world-tour by a long journey in the strange land which is the brightest jewel in the Imperial crown. But the British are a people averse to rhapsodizing, and the ceremony was stamped with such a quiet dignity, such a wise absence of pomp and glitter, that these feelings remained in their proper place—locked in the recesses of each man's heart. At the foot of the steps were grouped the officers of the Staff, conspicuous amongst them the chivalrous Sir Pertab Singh, in the rich uniform of Honorary Colonel of the Imperial Cadet Corps, and three Native aides-de-camp, a grizzled native officer from the Punjab, a hawk-eyed Pathan and a wiry Gurkha. As His Royal Highness set foot in India Sir Pertab Singh, the mirror of Rajput chivalry and fit representative of the warrior races of Hindustan, stepped forward, and,



H.M.S. "Renown.

bowing profoundly, laid his sword first at the feet of the Prince of Wales, and then at those of Her Royal Highness—the oriental symbol of homage and devotion. For a few moments the Prince conversed with his Staff and then, still accompanied by Lord Curzon, the Princess of Wales and Lady Curzon following, he ascended the steps to the Bunder-head, where the high officials were in waiting.

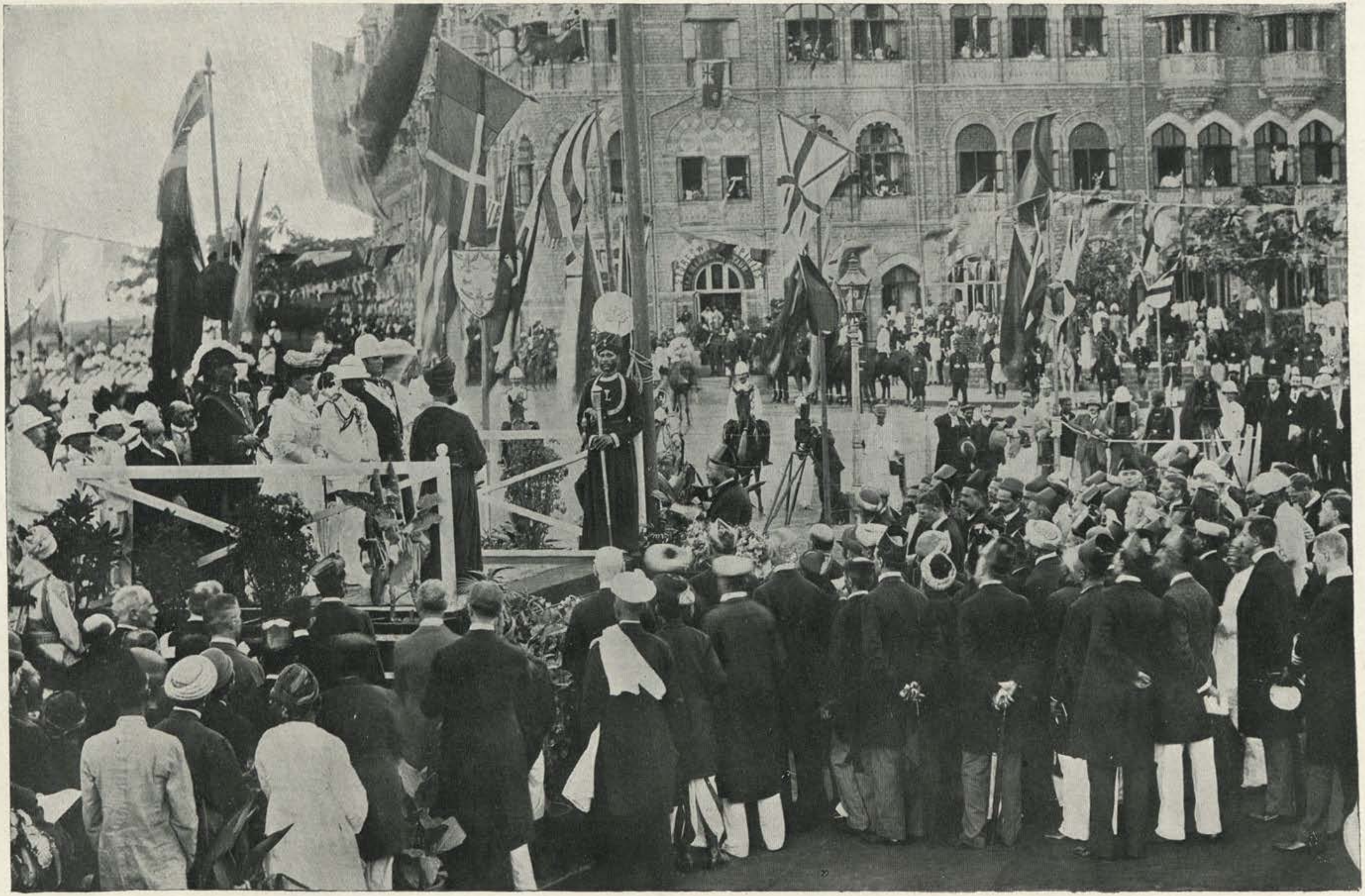
His Royal Highness wore the cool white summer uniform of a Vice-admiral, with a sun helmet, the only decoration being the ribbon of the Star of India. Her Royal Highness paid an equally graceful compliment to the premier Indian Order, her costume being an extremely simple one of white, with a toque to match, relieved only by a few touches of the same delicate shade of blue. The Prince of Wales looked in the best of health, bronzed and strengthened by the voyage. The whole ceremony in the *shamiana* was characterised by a grave simplicity. His Royal Highness was received by His Excellency Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., Governor of Bombay, and his Staff; H.E. Rear-Admiral E. S. Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in India, and his Staff; the Hon. Sir Lawrence H. Jenkins, Kt., K.C.I.E., Chief Justice, High Court, Bombay; the Right Rev. W. R. Pym, D.D., Bishop of Bombay; the Hon. Mr. E. M. H. Fulton, C.S.I., and the Hon. Mr. J. W. P. Muir-Mackenzie, Members of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay; and



Landing at the Apollo Bunder.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., Commanding the Western Command, and his Staff, the presentations being made by Lord Lamington himself. Then, preceded by the Governor, the Prince walked slowly along the line of honoured officers and Chiefs, each one of whom was presented in turn. First came the Consuls, then the Judges of the High Court, afterwards the leading gentlemen of the Presidency and the Native Chiefs. As each presentation was made His Royal Highness shook hands with unaffected cordiality. This part of the ceremony over, the Prince of Wales inspected the smart guard-of-honour of the Royal Scots, and, followed by his Staff, walked under the triumphal arch to the dais where he was to receive the Corporation's address.

Seats were provided for the Royal visitors whilst the address was being read. Disdaining these the Prince and Princess of Wales advanced to the front of the dais and stood during the whole ceremony. This then was the position. On the dais were Their Royal Highnesses and Lord and Lady Curzon; behind, their brilliant Staffs, and in front first the members of the Municipality and then some four thousand of the leading citizens, seated in chairs. Facing the Prince and Princess was the handsome facade of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club Chambers, one of numerous evidences of the solid enterprise of the British community. On their left the many-storied residential blocks; on their right the Apollo Bunder, splashed with the scarlet uniforms of His Excellency the Governor's Sikh Bodyguard, and the smart Cadets of the Rajkumar College, waiting to take their place in the procession. Many of those who had been presented now joined the circle, waiting to hear His Royal Highness's speech, and no gathering could have been more representative of the Presidency and of the city which is its capital. It was marked by one characteristic that could not be paralleled outside Bombay. Mingled with the bright-eyed and fair-complexioned daughters of Britain was no mean sprinkling of Parsi ladies, distinguished by their gentle features and graceful dress of broidered silks. Elsewhere in India the rigours of the purdah shut off well-born women from all participation in public ceremonies. The partial removal of that barrier in Bombay is one of the many debts the city owes to the enlightened people who made the Western Presidency their home when driven from Persia for their reforming zeal thirteen centuries ago. The Honourable Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta, K.C.I.E., the President of the Corporation; Mr. W. D. Sheppard, Municipal Commissioner; and Mr. Sassoon J. David, Sheriff of Bombay, were presented to Their Royal Highnesses. Then Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta,



Reading the Bombay Municipal Address.

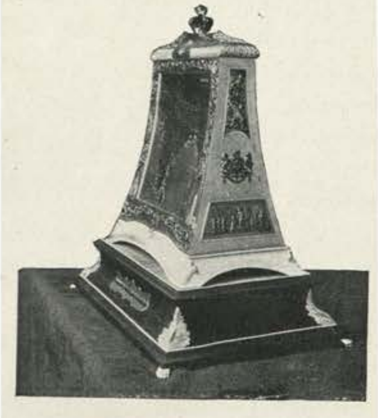
speaking in clear strident tones, welcomed the Royal visitors in the following terms :—

> May it please Your Royal Highnesses,—We, the President and Members of the Municipal Corporation of the City of Bombay, beg to tender to Your Royal Highnesses in the name and on behalf of all its inhabitants an earnest, enthusiastic and loyal welcome on your first landing on the shores of India.
>
> A part of the dowry brought to an English Sovereign by his Portuguese bride, Bombay has been long associated with the Royal Family of England, and may justly lay claim to be a Royal City ; and we therefore proudly consider that it is only in the fitness of things that this City should lead the hearty greetings and rejoicings that eagerly await Your Royal Highnesses throughout the length and breadth of this country.
>
> Under the ægis of the British Crown and its wise and generous policy of equality, sympathy and toleration, this City has marvellously thriven as an important centre of trade, commerce and industry. At the time when it came to King Charles II., it was an insignificant cluster of islets, as shown on one panel of the casket which will hold this address, with a sparse population of 10,000 souls, whose only trade was in dried fish and cocoanuts. Bombay now takes a high place among the great cities of the Empire and of the world, and the foundations of its growth and prosperity are so deeply laid that though we have of recent years passed through dire visitations of pestilence and disease, aggravated by agricultural distress throughout the Presidency, this growth and prosperity have not only not been permanently checked but have continued to increase. We gratefully see in this wonderful transformation the righteous beneficence of British rule, founded on justice and equality, making no distinctions of colour or creed, and extending equal opportunities to men of varied creeds and nations who inherit ancient civilizations from widely separate families of mankind.
>
> It is thirty years almost to a day that we had the inestimable privilege of welcoming Your Royal Highness's august father, our most gracious Sovereign, the then Prince of Wales, on his historic visit to this country, the happy memories whereof are yet cherished throughout the land, among high and low, with pride and affection. We may be pardoned for fondly believing that it was during that visit that His Imperial Majesty first displayed those great qualities of head and heart which have to-day enabled him to play so noble a part in the peaceful destinies of mankind and to win the esteem and admiration of the whole world, and which then contributed powerfully to develop the loyalty of the people of India into personal attachment to the Royal Family of England, the foundations of which had been laid deep in the hearts of the people of this country by the sympathy and solicitude which the great and good Queen-Empress Victoria had constantly shown for their well-being and advancement.
>
> We pray Your Royal Highnesses to convey to His Majesty our feelings of unalterable loyalty and personal attachment, and our gratitude for the proof he has once more given of his great care and regard for his Indian subjects in sending

not only his Royal Son and Heir to become personally acquainted with them, but in doing them the high grace of sending him accompanied by his Royal Consort the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness's gracious and kindly presence amongst us cannot but deeply touch the heart of the country, of people of all classes and all grades alike, who will value beyond measure so striking a token of her womanly sympathy and solicitude for them. We joyously hail with heartfelt greetings the first Princess of Wales to set foot on the soil of India.

We now pray that benign Providence may watch over Your Royal Highnesses' progress throughout this country and bring it to a blessed and happy conclusion, so that it may prove fruitful of results, binding together closer and still more close the ties which unite the two countries, whom a wonderful dispensation of Providence has brought together from distant ends of the world, to the lasting glory of your Royal House and of the great Empire over which it presides.

The address was enclosed in a casket, in the shape of a cabinet gracefully curving outwards toward its base, that preserved many episodes in the history of Bombay. On the principal panel was a map of India, with the sea in gold and silver, the land in silver-gilt and the mountains in high relief. All the principal towns were represented by precious stones—the Provincial capitals—Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Allahabad, Lahore and Dacca—in emeralds; the other fifty towns in cabochon rubies. The opposite panel was divided into a pair of doors: one depicting Bombay as it was in 1661 when Sir Abraham Shipman came to take possession of it for King Charles as part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza—seven petty islands, linked by swamps over which the sea roared at high tide; the other modern Bombay, the islets welded by costly reclamations, the home of nearly a million people and the finest city in India. Round the map of India and the panelled doors ran pierced floral scrolls in gold, in which were shown peacocks and parrots studded with gems, reproducing the true colourings of the birds. Amid many other characteristic emblems two were notable—reproductions of the statues of her late Majesty Queen Victoria and His Majesty the King-Emperor, and the panels from the latter showing His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, receiving the Chiefs on arriving in Bombay thirty years ago, and greeting a deputation of Indian ladies.


Bombay Municipal Casket.

In reply His Royal Highness said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay,—I thank you most sincerely for the kind and enthusiastic welcome which you have given to the Princess of Wales and myself. We are both deeply moved by your touching allusion to her presence here. She is, indeed, proud to be the first Princess of Wales to have set foot on these shores. (Cheers.)

The words of your address, eloquent as they are, will not, however, convey to our fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire what we see here to-day. Nor do they render full justice to the efforts and good-will of the citizens of this great western port of India, which culminate in this splendid ceremony.

Just thirty years ago, all but a day, my dear father, the King-Emperor, was standing not far from this very spot, and was saying that it had been the dream of his life to see India. (Loud cheers.) The Princess and I have had similar anticipations ; and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the manner in which you and your fellow-workers have brought these dreams to realisation. In thus following in the footsteps of my father, we are but carrying out the tradition established by him, and one which, I trust, will be repeated as generation succeeds generation. I hope, and, indeed, I am confident, that the same loving interest in this great Continent, which was inspired in my father's heart by his visit to India, and which has never abated, will equally come to us. (Cheers.)

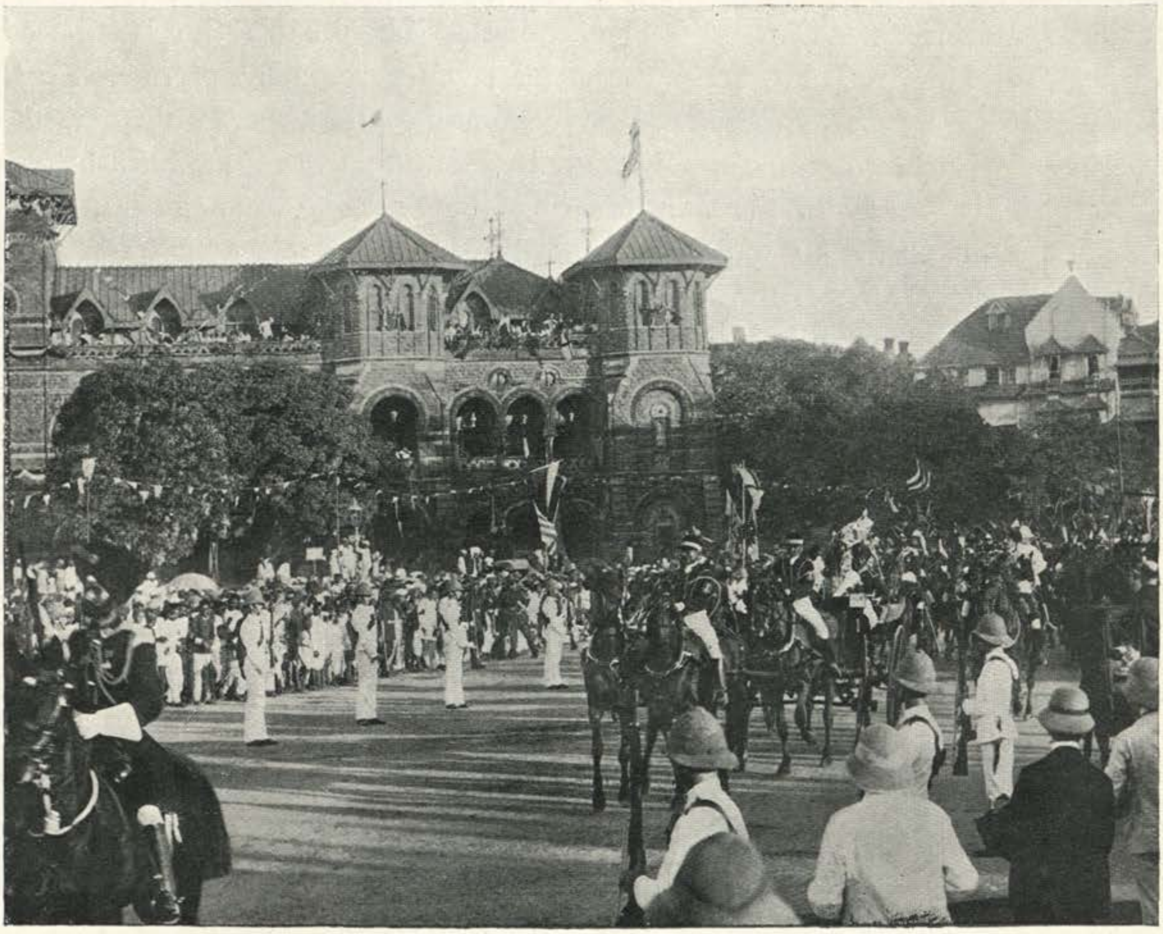
If, as we travel through the various countries which make up this great Empire, the Princess and I can win the sympathy and good-will of the peoples of India, we shall secure a precious result from the voyage which we have been privileged to undertake. It is the last stage of our memorable and happy mission of four years ago to His Majesty's great Dominions across the Seas. Though strangers to this beautiful city, we have read much and heard much of your trials and achievements. As the capital of Western India, and the port which links this Eastern continent with Europe, Bombay has had to adapt herself, more, perhaps, than any other Oriental city, to the requirements of modern life. She has to live up to her position, and as the threshold of this picturesque and fascinating land of India that position is somewhat exacting. But if I may judge from a brief impression from the sea, and from what I have observed here, Bombay does not fall short of her obligations. Apart from the beauty of her buildings and her natural advantages, she has thoughts for trade facilities, and for what is of equal, or, perhaps, greater importance, for the health and well-being of nearly 800,000 people.

I am delighted to be associated with the new Dock, and with the first large street which the City Improvement Trust has constructed. Like all great cities which depend on commerce, Bombay has had her vicissitudes, and your Municipal history has its counterpart in many other cities of our Empire which I have had the pleasure of visiting. Your period of prosperity has endowed you with buildings and other possessions, of which you may well be proud. (Cheers.) But it also brought you a population, perhaps inconveniently large, and you are now wisely grappling with the problems which have beset us in the West—the problems of wide streets and healthy industrial quarters.

I wish you, Mr. Chairman, and all who are working for the welfare of Bombay, God-speed. I can imagine no nobler work than the endeavour of the individual to do something for his town.

> There is one drawback to journeys such as that on which the Princess and I are now starting. Time is all too short to see everything, and to tell everyone who has joined in greeting us how heartily grateful we are. I have inherited from my father (cheers) and from our late beloved Sovereign (cheers) your first Queen-Empress, a love for India and for Indians. (Cheers.) From my youth I have associated the name of India with qualities of kindness, loyalty, courtesy and bravery, and I doubt not that these early ideas will be confirmed and strengthened by the experiences which await me in the next few months. (Cheers.) We cannot, as we should like, see all your many institutions, but we hope to have opportunities of gaining some insight into those of a similar character in other parts of India. We both hope to carry home with us, not only a warm sympathy and affection for the people of India, but an increased and abiding interest in India's wants and problems, and an acquaintance with the various classes, official and non-official, British and Indian, which, under God's providence, are labouring to one end—the well-being of India and the happiness of her peoples. (Cheers.)
>
> I will not fail to convey to the King-Emperor the expression of your loyal devotion to his Throne and person. (Cheers.) And, remembering that to-day we celebrate His Majesty's birthday, these assurances will come to him with especial gratification. (Cheers.) And I feel sure that this great company will join with me in wishing him very many happy returns of the day. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

It is impossible for anyone who is not familiar with India, and who does not, therefore, understand the extraordinary veneration in which the peoples of this country hold the Royal House of England, quite to appreciate the anxiety with which His Royal Highness's speech was awaited. A new generation has grown up since His Majesty King Edward made his historic tour, and though the recollection of that visit is still a fragrant memory, few are left who retain a direct impression of it. Indians of all classes have learnt that the wise and beneficent principles embodied in the reign of the first Queen-Empress were inherited by her son. They looked, with tense anxiety, to see how far they would pass to her grandson, who will ultimately stand to them as the symbol of the British connection. The Prince of Wales' gracious words more than satisfied the most ardent expectations. They were delivered in clear and measured tones that penetrated to the farthest part of the audience, and His Royal Highness's earnest and sympathetic message struck a chord that at once gave a ready response. When he said that the tradition established by the visits of his father and himself to India was one "which, I trust, will be repeated as generation succeeds generation," the spontaneity of the acknowledgment showed how warmly the hope is cherished by every race and creed in the Dependency. In no city in the East is civic patriotism more robust than in Bombay, and it was with special pleasure that those who are engaged in municipal government heard the Prince declare his conviction that he could imagine no "nobler work than the endeavour of the individual to do something for his town." The sincere veneration for the memory of "Victoria the Good," and the profound attachment to the person of His Majesty the King-Emperor, which were evoked by references in the latter portion of the speech, were grateful recognitions of all that India owes to the Royal Family. The audience was not one given to much demonstration, and the feelings inspired by His Royal Highness's message were too deep to find noisy expression, but his words were carried away by everyone of his audience.



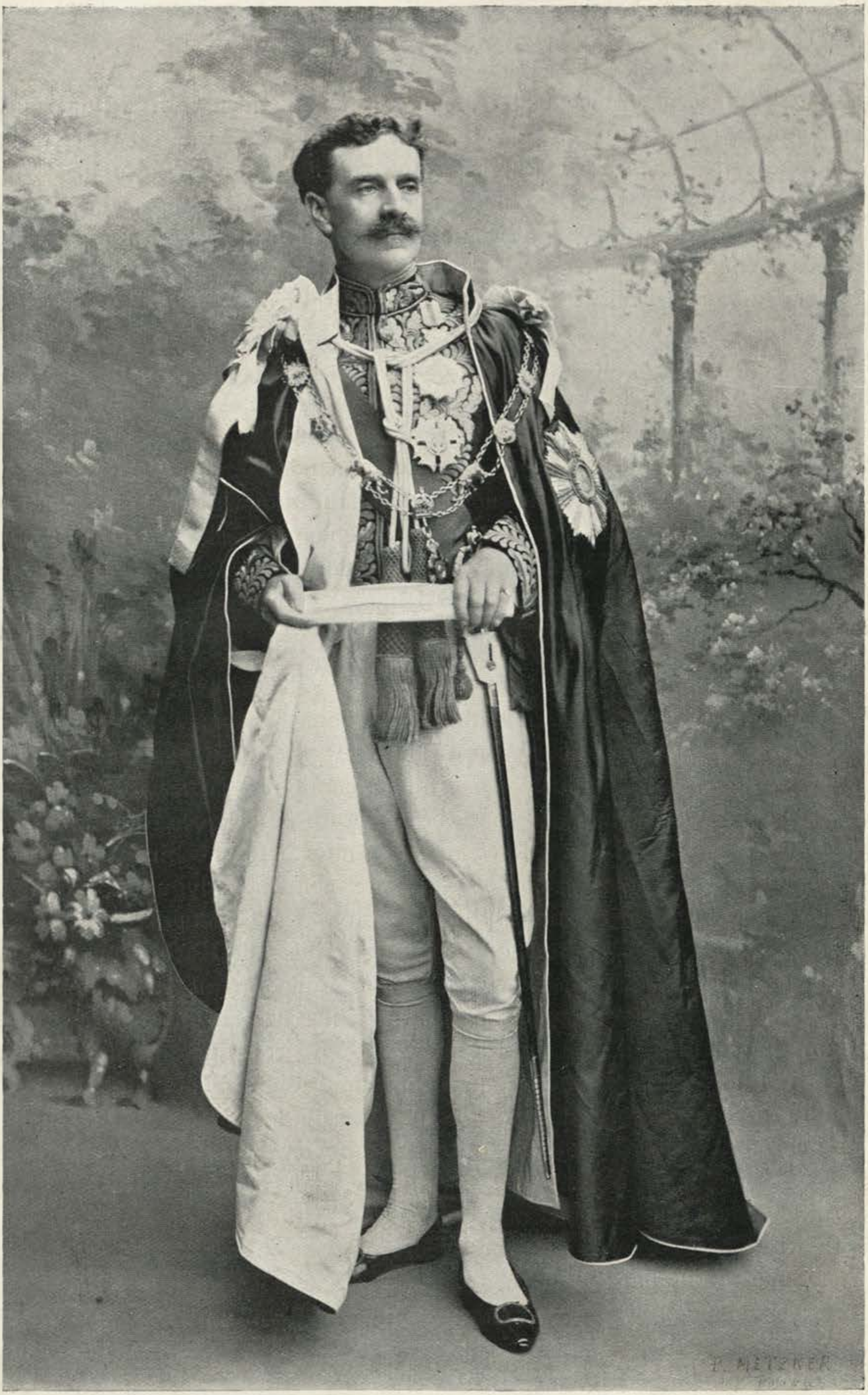
Passing the Sailors' Home, Bombay.

One pleasing Oriental observance remained,—the presentation of bouquets and the garlanding of Her Royal Highness. There was a smiling discussion between the Princess of Wales and Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta as to whether the garland should be worn in the traditional manner, round the neck, but Her Royal Highness compromised by carrying it on her arm. The ceremonies attending the landing were now over; then commenced the Royal progress through the town.

The units of the procession which escorted the Royal carriage through the streets of the city to Government House represented many phases of the present order in India. At their head rode a smart English Police Officer, one of the little corps which directs the force of native constabulary who keep the peace in Bombay, followed by the Staff Officers of the Quartermaster-General's Department. Then came the Band and a squadron of the 10th Hussars, the crack cavalry regiment of the British Army. With a record of war service extending from the Peninsula, the Tenth saw further hard campaigning in South Africa; a hard-bitten, soldierly body, many of the men wearing the South African medal, well-mounted and faultlessly equipped and bearing themselves as men who have faced the realities of war. The hoarse rattle of guns told of the coming of "P" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. Whatever critics may have to say of the British Army none has expressed anything but admiration for the gallant Gunners, and the only fault that could be found with the splendid Battery was that their guns should have been on the scrap heap. In the sharpest contrast succeeded a squadron of the 33rd Queen's Own Light Cavalry, sombre-visaged Jats and Sikhs, Kaimkhanis and Mussulman Rajputs. Led by their Commanding Officer, Colonel Grantham, they looked the picture of what light cavalry should be,—lean and hard as nails, not an ounce of superfluous weight on the horse, with the rifle carried in an ingenious fashion that has earned the admiration of the great Kitchener, and swords tucked under the near saddle flap. They were in full dress uniform—dark-blue lungis with red kullas, blue blouses, white breeches and putties. Even more interesting was the representative detachment of Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers which was then led past by Major Talbot. The Chiefs of Junagadh, Bhavnagar and Navanagar are proud to maintain Lancer squadrons who are at once a source of strength to the *Raj* and afford an outlet to the martial spirits in the States; as they moved gallantly along, worthy comrades of the Regular Cavalry, these patriotic Princes had good cause to rejoice in their participation in the Marquis of Dufferin's well-timed plan to bring a proportion of the retainers of the Native States into line with the regiments of the standing Army.

With nodding plumes and gallant bearing, superbly horsed, the personal Staff of the Lieutenant-General Commanding and the Staff Officers of the Western Command followed. Sir Archibald Hunter rode alone, mounted on a magnificent dark charger, the cynosure of all eyes, the quondam sword arm of the Egyptian Army and, as the late G. W. Steevens so happily wrote, "the true knight-errant—a paladin drifted into his wrong century." Another troop of the gallant Tenth rattled past, and brought into view the gleaming lance-points and scarlet and white pennons of the Governor of Bombay's Bodyguard. Many a time has this corps challenged comparison with the finest ceremonial troops in India and gained rather than lost by the contrast. In their well-fitting scarlet and gold, horsed to perfection, and carrying themselves with conscious dignity, they looked, what they are, as fine a body of cavalry as exists in Asia. The Bodyguard immediately preceded the Royal carriage, an open landaulette drawn by four splendid bays, with Indian postilions in scarlet. As a cool breeze had fortunately sprung up and the sun was sinking rapidly in the West, there was little need of the gorgeous emblems of royalty in the East—the gold-embroidered umbrella and punkah which the scarlet-coated footmen bore behind the Prince and Princess, who were keenly interested in everything they saw.

After the departure of the Royal carriage there was naturally something in the nature of an anti-climax; everyone had come to see the Prince and Princess, and when they passed from view the main purpose of the day was accomplished. Yet there was still much in the procession well worth observing, many typical phases in the structure which goes to make the *Raj* in India the virile, living force it is. Immediately behind the carriage naturally came further sections of the scarlet-coated Bodyguard. Then one of the most interesting units in the procession, the Cadets of the Rajkumar College at Rajkot. The sons of the ruling Princes of Kathiawar and other Native States in the Presidency, the Cadets undergo at Rajkot an educational and disciplinary course based upon the best traditions of English public school life. These are the lads who will constitute the next generation of ruling Princes, their companions and advisers, and in them centre the hopes of wise progress in the future. A healthy, alert, disciplined little corps of sixteen, they were mounted on wiry Kathi and Arab ponies. A sky-blue lungi, ornamented, in the case of officers, with a jewelled aigrette, black tunic braided in gold and faced with scarlet, red cummerbund, with white breeches and jack-boots, formed a strikingly handsome uniform. They made a gallant little body, led by Kumar Laxmanwalla of Bhilka. Another vista of waving plumes announced the advent of the Brigadiers and their staffs,—Brigadier-General S. C. H. Munro, C.B., Commanding the Ahmednagar Brigade; Brigadier-General R. M. Greenfield, Com-



H. E. Lord Lamington, Governor of Bombay.

manding the Bombay Brigade; and Major-General G. L. R. Richardson, C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., Commanding the 6th (Poona) Division. Perhaps some may have been puzzled to observe the soldierly figure of Lieutenant Cassim Shah in the uniform of a British officer with a flowing turban. A nephew of His Highness the Aga Khan, he is one of the first of the Imperial Cadets—created by Lord Curzon to supply an outlet for the military ambitions of the Indian aristocracy and to provide the only career possible to them under the *Raj*—to obtain a commission in the British Army, and right worthy of it he looked.

The drive from the Apollo Bunder to Government House carried the Prince and Princess through the most characteristic scenes in the civic life of Bombay. First through the modern town that has grown up beyond the line of the old ramparts and upon land filched from the sea—a quarter distinguished by its broad boulevards and splendid architecture; then through the densely-populated native town; and finally, touching the hem of the mill district, to the shady slopes of Malabar Hill, where the wealthy of all communities love to dwell. As the Royal cortege moved off at a walk from the Bunder, as far as the eye could range stretched a splendid array of nodding plumes and flashing swords and dancing pennons, helmet and turban, horse and artillery. Each balcony and window was bright with keen eyes and animated faces, with gay frocks and brilliant *saris*. Behind the stolid ranks of the Infantry was wedged a mass of humanity, clad in the variegated, yet always graceful, colours of the East. As the shrill notes of the bugle gave the signal to advance, every verandah and vantage point broke into a fluttering kaleidoscope of handkerchiefs and flags, and from ten thousand throats rose a joyous cry of welcome, an earnest outpouring of the deep spring of loyalty which exists in every true heart, and welled over at the advent of the heir to the British throne. Through scenes such as these Their Royal Highnesses passed the handsome Home which Khande Rao of Baroda built to shelter the seamen of the port, in commemoration of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, the fountain which preserves Bombay's connection with the Duke of Wellington, to the floral trophy erected to the name of the greatest of her Governors, Sir Bartle Frere. Here, in the heart of the modern city, the Koli fishermen had bridged the road with a scroll, fringed with emblems of the Sacred Fish, and bearing this inscription: "The Koli early settlers greet the Prince and Princess of Wales under the Sacred Fish Banner"—a reminder of the day when the Island of Bombaim was peopled only by hardy fisher folk whose rude huts clustered under the palm trees. Nor could the trading instincts of these enterprising peoples permit them to miss the opening for a little cheap advertisement. One small shopkeeper improved the occasion by allowing his loyal message "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales. Long live our Noble King" artfully to lead to this announcement "Further reductions at the popular sale expressly for the Royal visit." Another individual wished his "Royal patrons" long life at an expenditure of much red paint and white calico, and delicately reminded them that his wares were "Of English make, as supplied to Queen Alexandra." But though the expression was occasionally quaint the sentiment was unmistakeable. A continuous roar of welcome greeted the Royal carriage as soon as it was discerned, the school-children, massed on giant stands, joining their shrill trebles—a reception the more remarkable because the Oriental is not commonly given to vocal expression and expresses his greeting by reverential *salaams*.

Bombay: The Modern Quarter.

Alone among the modern cities of India Bombay reproduces the character and charm of the older centres of population. The native town is no mere desert of dull, unattractive, squalid barracks. The houses ascend four, five and six storeys, their façades are broken with airy balconies enriched with graceful carving and painted all colours of the rainbow. Indeed, the most populous streets bear a far closer resemblance to those of Amritsar and Lahore than to anything in the other towns that have grown up under British rule, and they are always crowded with representatives of every race in Asia. Here, in the decorations, the oriental love of colour ran riot. Emerald and orange, crimson and azure, everywhere met the eye, and were flashed back from the crowds who thronged the streets and studded even the house-tops in their gayest attire. At every stage one was reminded of the wide variety of races who coalesce into the population of this many-tongued city. The Parsis welcomed Their Royal Highnesses as they passed the fire-temple with these words: "Parsis pray that the consecrated fire of the heart of the British Empire may burn bright and flourish for ever." The emancipated women-folk of this community broke the garishness of the street decorations with a vision

Bombay: The Native Town.

of silks of the most delicate hues. The Jains exhibited the temple insignia usually exposed only on festival days. The Marwaris offered prayers at the Mumbadevi temple for the safekeeping of the Prince and Princess, and here the temple girls were massed, robed in accordion-pleated skirts like those of an Empire ballerina and loaded with jewels. In the Bhendy Bazaar, which ranks with the Chandni Chowk of Delhi and the Burra Bazaar of Calcutta as one of the famous highways of the Orient, the clash of races was indescribable. The giant Afridi, who sniped the Sirkar's troops in '97 and has just settled an old blood feud, jostled the mild Hindu. The Arab in his brown bournous elbowed the fair Parsi. Mahomedan and Chinaman, Sindis in their inverted "toppers" and jet black negroes rubbed shoulders in their desire to greet the Emperor's son, whilst the storied houses rippled with the chatter and the gay *saris* of the women of a dozen nationalities. Passing from the Bhendy Bazaar, the Moslems welcomed the Royal visitors with this graceful reference to Queen Alexandra :—

"Son of a Sea King's daughter over the sea
We Moslems welcome thee!"

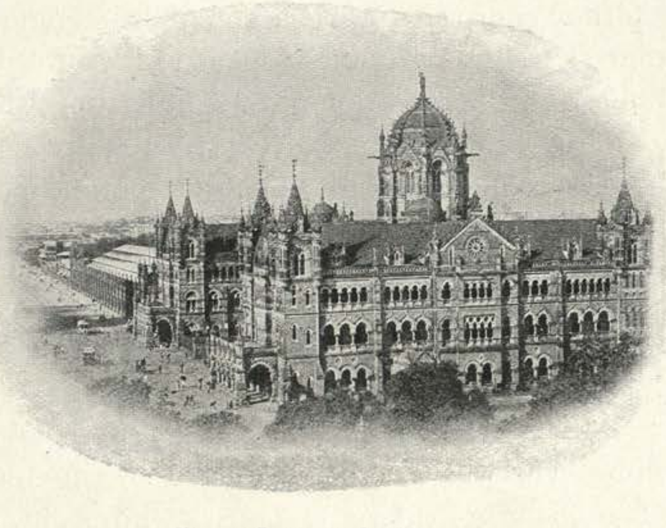
On the fringe of the mill district the operatives were massed in tens of thousands. A sharp turn brought the procession from this, the least attractive part of Bombay, to the shores of the bay which is the natural glory of the city. Here school-children cheered in piping treble and waved their little flags. Breasting the slope of Malabar Hill the horses soon passed into the leafy shade of the avenue to Government House, where Lord Lamington and Lady Ampthill—who acted as hostess in the absence from India of Lady Lamington—received the Prince and Princess.

As a rule an oriental crowd melts like a hailstone in the sun as soon as the purpose which brought it together is fulfilled. It was remarked, however, that on this occasion the people remained still for a while, spellbound by the pomp of the procession and by the feeling of personal loyalty which is so strong in the East. The presence of the heir to the throne in their midst is a new experience to this generation. Those who welcomed the King-Emperor have either passed away or are greybeards, receiving no more respect than is commonly accorded to the old by lusty youth. In the thirty years that have elapsed since then many forces have been at work breaking down the old dim reverence for the *Sahib Log*, the mystic interest attaching to the strange gray island in the West. So the demeanour of these myriads who lined the streets was watched with no ordinary interest, and three special features impressed all observers the transparent spontaneity of the greeting, the joy of the people in the occasion, the deep reverence for the Prince and Princess. It was only for the Shahzada and his Princess that these patient lakhs had eyes.

Nothing, however, is more difficult than for the Englishman to raise even a corner of the curtain that screens the Indian mind, or to discern the thoughts hidden by their calm exterior. This task was accomplished by an observant Hindu gentleman, who spent the day on foot amongst the crowd, and these are the impressions he gleaned :—

> "India believes in heredity. Her castes, her institutions, her whole "social and economic constitution is based on heredity. That is why, "when the people welcome the Prince, they think of the Good Queen "whom they revere and her noble son who now fills the ancient "throne of England. Him some of them have seen and heard. Some "of them—old men now—have felt the sunshine of his presence and "remember his considerate kindness to high and low. Inheritors of "such qualities, how can India be less cordial to them than to their "parents ? Such are the unspoken thoughts of tens of thousands of those "who took a direct part, however small, in the magnificent reception "of to-day. High and low, rich and poor alike, felt them and showed "by their presence, their manner, their unaffected happiness, that they "rejoiced in them. The sight of Royalty is auspicious. Loyalty "to King and King's son is part of the ancient culture of this great "and historic land. For many a long year will those who had the "privelege of seeing the faces of the Prince and Princess attribute their "happiness to this memorable incident.
>
> "And the common people who were densely packed on either side of "the roadway were no less strongly moved. I was in the thick of "the crowd for four hours, walking till progress was physically "impossible owing to the surging mass of humanity. Not a single

"angry word was heard amongst the thousands gathered on the road "sides. We asked one man—a coolie—what he expected from the "Prince's visit, and were surprised to hear him say: 'He is a "Prince who comes to his realm. What should we expect!' The "majority of the remarks we heard, however, showed that the people "expected some great good from the visit. When pressed to say what, "a stalwart rustic brushed us off by remarking: 'Who can know what "is in the King's heart?' The idiom and imagery of the Old Testament "are among the everyday language of the common people of India. "Another was asked: 'Are you glad of the Prince's coming!' 'We are,' "he replied. 'We only hope that he will be.'"



Victoria Terminus: Bombay.

CHAPTER II.

The Progress of a Great City.

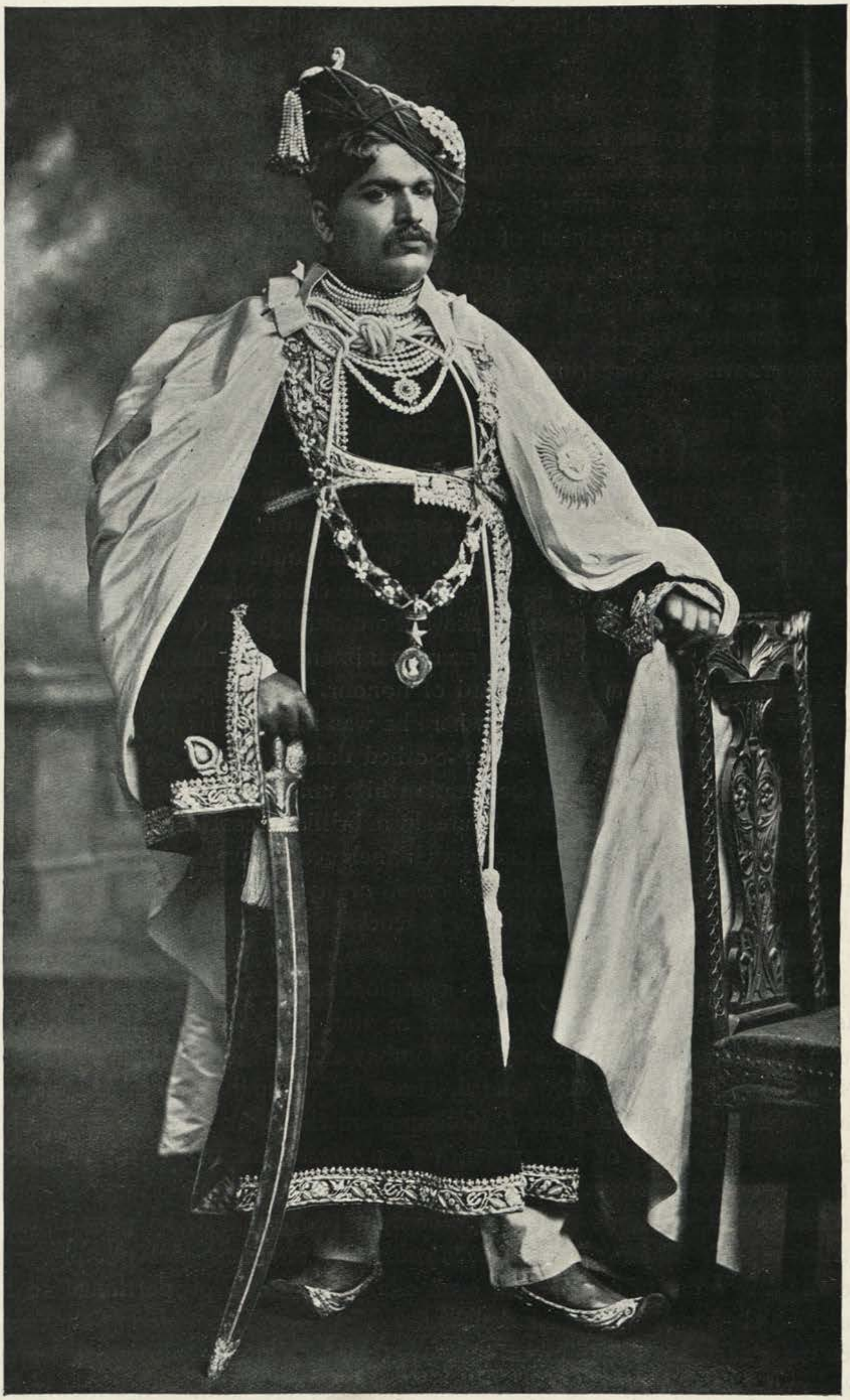
VISITS FROM INDIAN CHIEFS—THE ANNALS OF WESTERN INDIA—A DESCENDANT OF SHIVAJI—ORIENTAL CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES—AN ADMINISTRATIVE TANGLE—THE FALLEN GREATNESS OF GUJARAT—NEW AND OLD BOMBAY—GREAT SANITARY WORKS—THE PEOPLE'S FAIR—RETURN VISITS TO CHIEFS—A MEMORIAL MUSEUM—THE PRINCESS AND INDIAN LADIES.

November 10th.

No oriental ceremony is more highly esteemed or more rigorously observed than the interchange of State visits. No assemblage of Indian Chiefs, no meeting between the Chiefs and the representatives of the ruling Power is complete until the formal courtesies have been paid and returned. It was for these reasons that His Royal Highness opened the crowded day that followed his arrival in India with the reception of the ten leading Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency at Government House. State visits are necessarily conventional and regulated by the most rigid etiquette; but the tedium of ceremonial was pleasantly broken by the charming surroundings of Malabar Point. Rather summer-house than official residence, the airy informality of the buildings, the laughing dancing sea, and the wind-swept gardens, mock at precisianism. This suggestion of *plein air* broke the tedium of what would otherwise have been a monotonously strict ceremony.

Yet for those who will look below the surface no Indian function can ever be dull. The history of the ruling houses whose Chiefs paid homage to the Prince to-day is an abridged edition of the annals of Western India, and in their persons the great feudatories represent a most interesting and important factor in the governance of the Dependency. The islets of yellow that break the prevailing British red in the map of India depict the territories of the Native Chiefs, great and small, whose jurisdiction extends over nearly seven hundred thousand square miles and a population of sixty-two millions of people. Some, like the Nizam of Hyderabad or the Maharaja of Kashmir, rule over a country as large as France ; others are no more important than were the German Barons of the Middle Ages. Some preserve in their States the customs, manners and ideas of the India before the British ; others conduct their affairs in a spirit of enlightened humanity which falls little short of the principles of the *Raj*. But all have their part in the tangled history of India, their straitly defined rights and privileges, and each typifies some phase of the welter induced by the waves of invasion that passed over the Himalayas until all were overtopped by the little band of adventurers who set out from the West.

The first to be received was the present head of the old Deccan Mahratta houses, His Highness Sir Shahu Chhatrapati Maharaj, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., Maharaja of Kolhapur. The Maharaja traces his descent from the great Shivaji who founded the Mahratta kingdom, and rules over nearly three thousand square miles of country in the south-western corner of the Bombay Presidency. The ceremonial on all these occasions is the same. The Maharaja, accompanied by his subordinate Jaghirdars and principal State officials, drove up to the accompaniment of a thunderous artillery salute, and was received by a guard of honour. On alighting he was conducted to the Presence Chamber, where he was met by His Royal Highness. Together they walked to the scarlet-clothed dais, whereon stood the gilded chairs of State, the Prince in the simple white uniform of a rear-admiral, the Maharaja, a tall and imposing figure in a brilliant costume of shimmering silk. Behind the State chairs chobdars in their scarlet liveries bore the Eastern emblems of Empire—the waving *chowri*, or fly-whisk made of the hair of yaks' tails ; the *moorcha*, or mace of peacocks' feathers and gold ; the blazing *suraj makhi* to stir the heated air. In the vestibule the stalwart horsemen of the Governor's Bodyguard stood to attention, and a fitting background to all this colour was formed by a screen of the subtly-carved blackwood, in which work the patient craftsmen of Bombay excel. When His Royal Highness and the Maharaja were seated, those in attendance followed suit, the Staff on the left, the retainers of Kolhapur on the right. The Maharaja has the special privelege of not presenting any *nazar*, or tribute—a prescribed number of gold mohurs in a silken purse which, after the oriental fashion, is touched and remitted—a privelege comparable to that of keeping on one's hat before His Majesty. The feudatories and retainers of Kolhapur were presented in order of precedence, each offering a *nazar* proportioned to his rank, which was also touched and remitted. The Prince having conversed with his guest for a few minutes, scarlet-robed retainers advanced, bearing *attar* and *pan-supari* in richly-chased silver vessels. These are the Indian

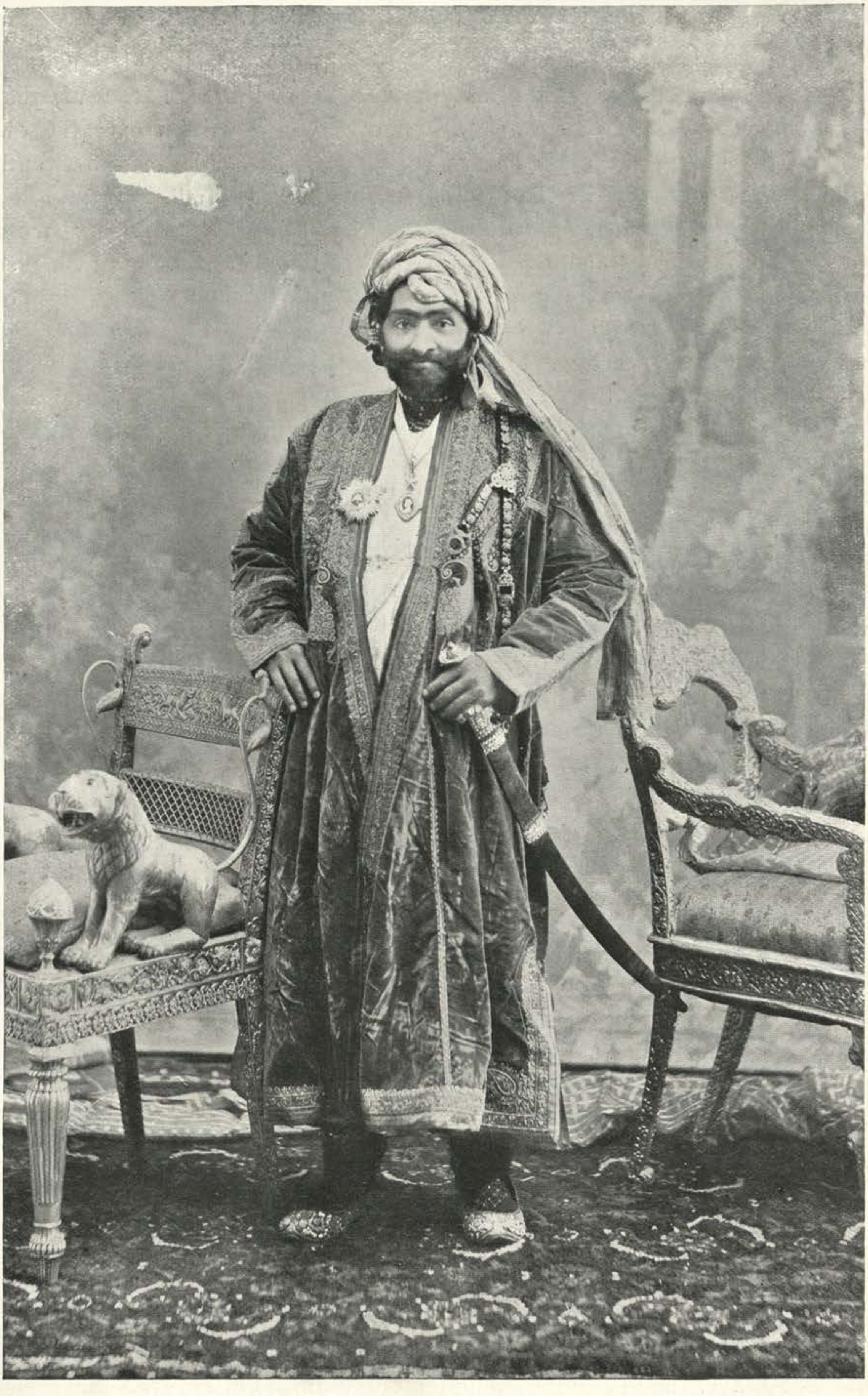


H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF KOLHAPUR, G.C.S.I.

equivalents of bread and salt *attar* of roses, which is sprinkled on the recipient, and betel-nut and other spices wrapped in pan-leaf, which is so widely chewed on account of its astringent qualities. An officer of the Political Department rendered the same courtesy to the feudatories and retainers, and the reception was over. The Prince of Wales accompanied the Maharaja to the door of the Presence Chamber, where he bade him farewell, and His Highness left with the honours that marked his arrival.

Scarcely had the guns announcing the departure of the Maharaja of Kolhapur ceased than they spoke again heralding the advent of His Highness the Rao of Cutch. The Rao rules over the most interesting part of Western India. In the fifteenth century his ancestors, sweeping down from Lower Sind, established themselves in a dry and sandy peninsula thrust into the Arabian Sea. There they were isolated by the desert and the Rann of Cutch, a shallow arm of the sea submerged only in the season of flood. Debarred from frequent contact with the outside world and compelled to struggle with a churlish soil, they developed into daring navigators and a hardy frugal people. These qualities they retain; although with the advent of steam the Cutchis have lost most of the East African and Arabian trade, they form one of the most enterprising and wealthy of the mercantile communities established in Bombay under the *Pax Britannica*. As the State is still difficult of access—although it may be pierced by the new strategic railway from Bombay to Sind—its people retain more of the elements of a distinct nationality than any of the dependencies of the Bombay Government, and are knit together by their strong character and personal loyalty to their Chief. The Rao, a handsome manly figure in brave garb set off by resolute bearing, looked worthy to control a hardy people. His Jadeja Bhayad, or feudal nobility, also attracted more than passing notice—bold, robust types, still bearing traces of the qualities that made their ancestors the most daring raiders in Western India.

After the Rao of Cutch came the leading Chiefs of the most complex administrative unit in India. The little peninsula of Kathiawar, which lies immediately south of Cutch, is only twenty-three thousand square miles in extent, but eighty-two chieftains of various grades exercise jurisdiction. Rajputs are superposed on the original Kathis, who bred the finest horses in India. The Rajputs then went down before the Mughals, who set up a Nawab in overlordship. The Mughal sovereignty was shaken by the Mahrattas and its Lieutenant compelled to pay tribute to the Gaekwar of Baroda, and finally order was established out of this chaos by the British Government. But although peace reigns in Kathiawar its administration is a Chinese puzzle. Every Chief and Thakur has his strictly-defined rights, which must not be infringed upon, and in this archipelago of jurisdictions are scattered islets which belong to the Indian Government and to Baroda. It is a situation rendered workable only by the exercise of infinite tact and patience, and its complexity was illustrated in the personality of the Chiefs who came to pay allegiance. First in order of precedence was H. H. the Nawab of Junagadh, the Mahomedan ruler of a Hindu State, and a relic of the days of Muslim supremacy. The State was torn from the Rajputs by the Mughals, and in Akbar's day became a dependency of the Court of Delhi. Early in the eighteenth century Sherkhan Babi, a soldier of fortune, expelled the Mughal Deputy-Governor and established the rule of his house, which the present Nawab represents. He was followed by the Jam of Navanagar, a distant kinsman of the Rao of Cutch, for it was through Cutch that the Jadeja Rajputs advanced to conquest in Kathiawar. Then came the Thakur Saheb of Bhavnagar, a most distinguished exemplar of the modern school of Indian Chiefs. He is an ex-student of the Rajkumar College, set up to educate the cadets of the ruling houses according to the best principles of the English public school system. The Thakur Saheb retains a keen affection for his old college, which he supports with princely liberality, but he does not let the western knowledge he acquired there impair his attachment to his State, nor his exact fulfilment of his duties as a ruler. Indeed the administration of Bhavnagar is a happy blending of occidental enlightenment with the old patriarchal relations between an Indian Prince and his subjects, and for long has entitled Bhavnagar to the distinction of the model State of Kathiawar. Another survival from the days of Rajput supremacy followed—the Raja of the hilly State of Rajpipla, largely peopled by those little jungle people, the Bhils, who preserve the traditions of the India before the first Aryan invasion. The founder of the House was an offshoot of the old Rajput Chiefs of Ujjain in Central India, who, having quarrelled with his father, established himself in the almost inaccessible hills which now form the backbone of the State. Those same hills are still a famous hunting ground for big game, and the Raja is famed for the hospitable and sporting characteristics which are so specially associated with all of Rajput stock. The Nawab of Cambay, who followed the Raja of Rajpipla, is, as his title implies, a Mahomedan, and one of the few relics in Gujarat proper of the brilliant Mahomedan kingdom of Gujarat, whose rulers created at Ahmedabad monuments to their architectural



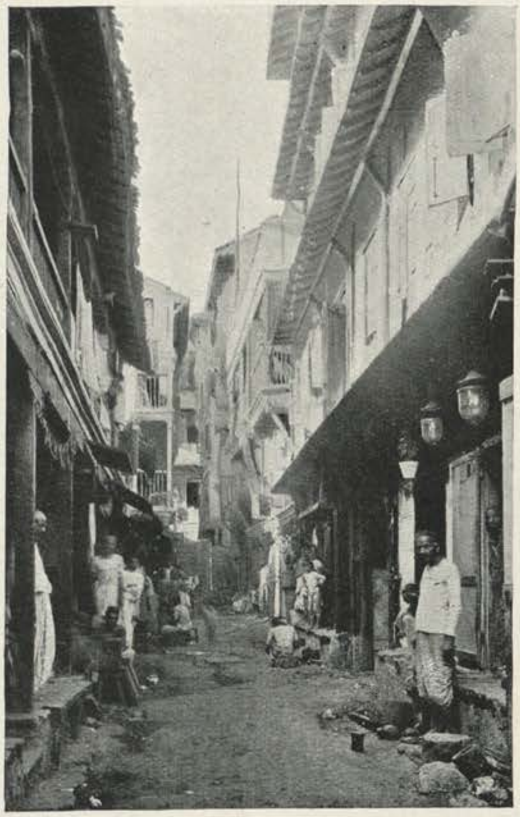
H. H. The Nawab of Junagadh, K.C.S.I.

taste and splendour only less magnificent than those of the Mughal sovereigns at Delhi and Agra. "Ichabod" is now written over the old port, which is still the capital of the State. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it was one of the chief ports of the Anhelwara kingdom, and four hundred years earlier it received the Parsis on their expulsion from Persia. During the ascendancy of the Mahomedan kings of Gujarat it rose to be one of the chief centres of Indian trade; now through the silting up of the harbour and the growth in the size of ocean carriers, it attracts no more than a humble coasting traffic. The transition was abrupt from Muslim to Rajput again; from the Nawab, seated at the head of the historic Gulf of Cambay, to the representative of one of the oldest ruling races of the Kathiawar Peninsula, the Jethwa Rajput Rana of Porebandar—a narrow strip of territory fronting the Arabian Sea, which exports the stone as largely used in the buildings of Bombay as is Bath-stone in the West of England. The Raj Saheb of Dhrangadhra, a giant in stature and the impersonation of good nature, and the Thakur Saheb of Gondal, a fertile State in the heart of Kathiawar, closed the list. The Thakur Saheb of Gondal has imbibed western culture more freely than any other ruling Chief, and graduated in medicine with distinction at Edinburgh. His domain is administered with the almost affectionate care and efficiency that distinguish the management of an English estate.

In India one is for ever being reminded of the persistency with which the West is knocking at the worm-eaten doors of the East, and often the clash is almost painfully abrupt. This morning was spent by His Royal Highness in receiving Chiefs who trace their descent from dynasties preceding the Mahomedan eruption over the Himalayas, with forms and ceremonies that were hoary before the Mughals set up their kingdom at Delhi. This afternoon he assisted in an enterprise as alien to the old spirit of the Orient as women's suffrage or representative institutions,—the opening of a new street which stands to Bombay in the same relation as Kingsway and Aldwych to London.

The municipal history of Bombay in many ways reminds one of the progress of the old walled cities of Europe that have been caught in the vortex of the modern industrial movement. Originally the inhabitants crowded within the walls of the stout fort, which was the title deed of Great Britain's hold on the Island of Bombaim. Then, as the fear of Mahratta aggression passed away with Wellesley's brilliant campaign culminating at Assaye, the growing population oozed through the walls and a new

H. H. The Thakur Sahib of Bhavnagar, K.C.S.I.



Congested Bombay.

quarter grew up under their shade. It needed a Governor of the genius of Bartle Frere to realise that the old order had passed away; he it was who threw down the ramparts and laid the foundations of the modern quarter which makes Bombay to-day the handsomest city in Asia. But wise Bartle Frere left no worthy imitators, and with the rise of the mill industry, quickly bringing a large increase of the population, his boulevards discharged through a delta thickly populated beyond belief. The dearness of land in a long narrow island drove up the tenement buildings four, five and six storeys; the main tide of traffic flowing north and south, no lateral arteries were cut admitting the sea-sweetened south-west wind, which, blowing direct from the Antarctic Circle, should be the greatest hygienic asset of Bombay. As long as the public health ran its normal course all was well. The poor did not complain; *kismet*, it was fate, the price to be paid for desertion of the overcrowded ancestral holding for a livelihood in the great city; the rich did not care. But as soon as plague made its appearance a heavy price had to be paid for the neglect of a generation that had deliberately sinned against the light.

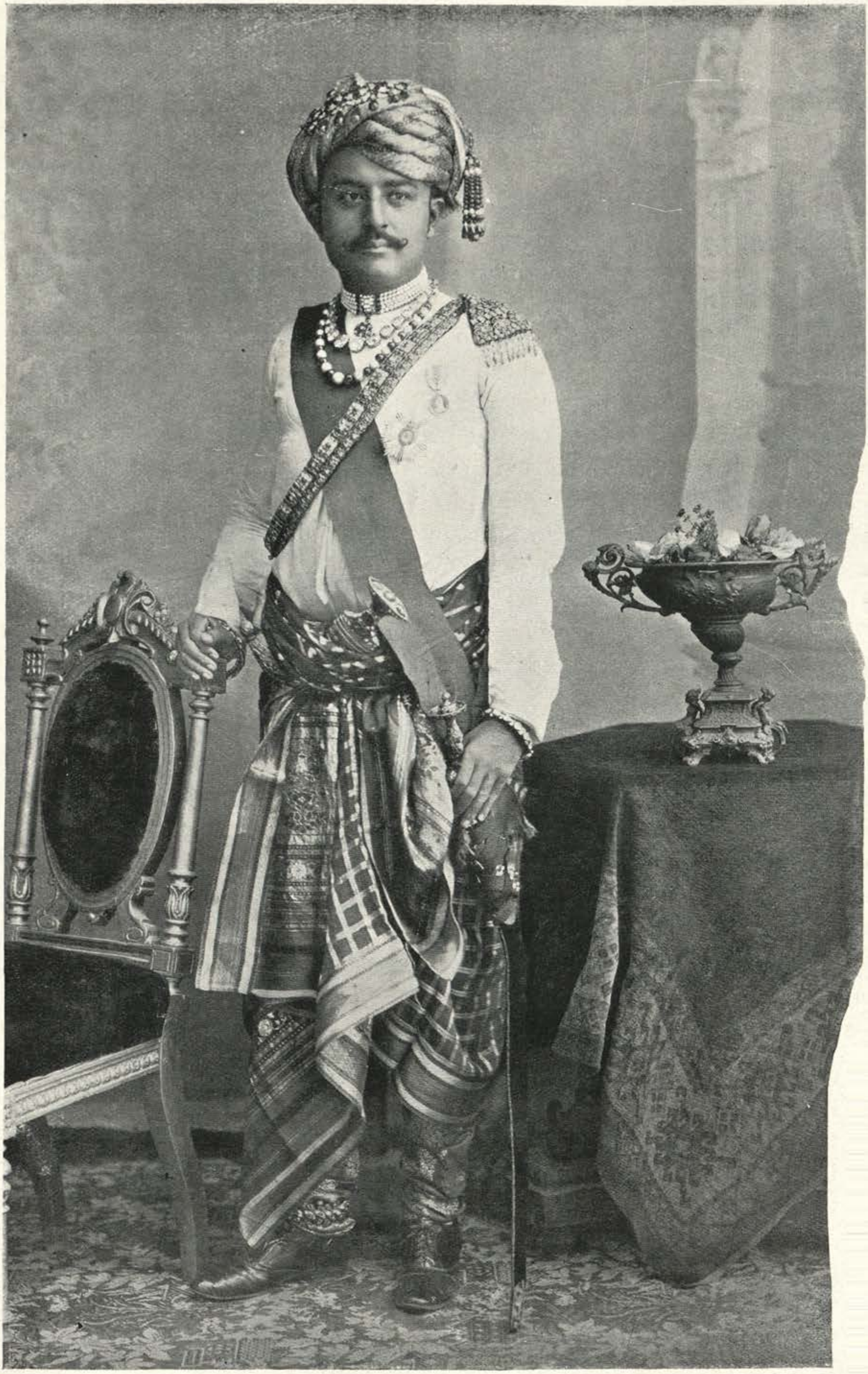
In the early days of the pestilence there was much light talk of stamping out the plague, and the seasonal activity of the bacillus lent a superficial support to the view. Gradually it came to be painfully realised that to attack the pest with the ordinary sanitary weapons was about as effective as assaulting Metz and Thorn with bows and arrows, that plague was largely a disease of locality, and that the only way to eradicate it was to uproot the conditions which gave it harbourage. When the city came to be surveyed in the light of this bitter experience, it was found that if they had been deliberately planned for the purpose many districts could not have been made better foci of disease. The enormous tenements, locally known as chawls, were wedged together so tightly that ventilation and sanitation were impracticable. These chawls, again, were mere nests of rooms, dark and fetid, opening out of unlighted passages, which were but channels for foul air. In accordance with the custom of the country each room was supposed to be the residence of a single family, but the pressure of rents often drove two or three to herd together in one apartment. Between these streets of chawls and the sea there interposed an impenetrable barrier of lofty houses, frustrating every attempt of the wind to stir the noxious air. To attempt to check the spread of plague in these circumstances was to undertake the role of Mrs. Partington. The Government of Lord Sandhurst, therefore, called into existence a new body, the Improvement Trust, to Hausmanize Bombay, and amply endowed it with funds. The work committed to it was threefold -- to remodel the worst districts by razing the old dwellings and planning new quarters, to cut wide channels through the densest seats of population and admit the sea breezes to the southern portions of the city, and to prevent the blight of the jerry-builder from overtaking the undeveloped areas of the Island. The completion of the first new street synchronised with the Royal visit. The Prince and Princess identified themselves with it, and Her Royal Highness permitted the highway to be called after her—Princess Street.

The ceremony was made the occasion for one of the progresses through the city which rendered the visit to Bombay a real people's holiday. The route lay through the most characteristic middle-class streets of the city, where the stucco houses, washed with dazzling white and azure blue, wherein the Parsi merchants and shroffs used to dwell, have blossomed into ranks of busy shops, over which still wave a few graceful palms, the relics of the groves of Girgaum. At the foot of Malabar Hill the Prince and Princess were met by the trustees of the spired Hindu temple dedicated to Babulnath, which clings to the scarped slope, and presented with bouquets, whilst a Sanskrit sloke composed in their honour was recited. Then, plunging into streets flanked with Venetian masts and alive with people, they met with a typically oriental greeting. Gilded caskets filled with rose leaves were torn open as the carriage passed, showering the fragrant petals on the occupants. The white-robed Parsi priests gathered by their Fire Temple and offered up prayers in Zend. The graver side of life in Bombay was encountered when by the roadside was discerned a funeral procession halting on its march to the beautiful gardens on Malabar Hill, where the Parsis expose their dead to be devoured by vultures, so that, in accordance with the precepts of Zoroaster, the earth may not be defiled—the mourners in their snowy garments standing hand in hand, the body swathed in bleached cere cloths borne on a rude iron bier. As priest and mourner reverently *salaamed*, the Prince uncovered, and remained so until the *cortège* was passed.

The whole population of Bombay seems to be in the streets in these days, for it is difficult to believe that there can be more people in the city than the hundreds of thousands who congregate wherever a glimpse of Their Royal Highnesses may be gleaned. The opening of Princess Street was only an item in the Royal progress; the bits of street which could be seen therefrom only fragments of the long route embraced in the evening drive. Yet the densely-massed spectators appeared to number their tens and tens of thousands. As far as the eye could reach was a serried mass of humanity behind the officers who kept the route. Verandah and window were crowded to suffocation point. And one pleasant feature in the rejoicing is that the women and the children are having an uncommonly good time. Western peoples are apt to look upon Eastern women as debarred from all the joys of life which cannot be found in the diligent discharge of domestic duties. Like all sweeping generalisations it is far from accurate, and certainly the women and the children were the favoured ones, for to them were allotted the best positions in the verandahs and balconies.

The ceremony was of the simplest. Driving up under an escort of British and Native Cavalry, Their Royal Highnesses halted by the veiled memorial tablet. Mr. Owen Dunn, the Chairman of the Improvement Trust, through whose agency the work is being carried out, begged permission to call the new thoroughfare "Princess Street" in commemoration of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to the city of Bombay, and as a permanent memorial of the first Princess of Wales to set foot in India. Sanction having been accorded, the Princess pressed the button of an electric attachment and the curtain rolled back, revealing the title in the clearest relief. Mr. Owen Dunn presented to Their Royal Highnesses brochures containing a brief history of the Trust and the scheme, with details as to the cost—more than half a million sterling in the first instance, but when the frontages and other assets are realised it is expected that the net outlay will not be more than eighty thousand pounds. In acknowledging this gift, and expressing his pleasure at being associated with the work, the Prince recalled the services of the Governor who established the Improvement Trust, Lord Sandhurst, to whose steadfast courage in the dark days of plague and famine but tardy justice was done.

This was the first stage on the progress; the second was to open the "People's Fair," designed so that the poorest of the poor might have some



H. H. The Rao of Cutch, G.C.I.E.

share in the general rejoicing. In a half-occidentalised city like Bombay it is no easy matter to devise any amusement in which the proletariat may share. Whatever it is must be cheap, for the poorer people cannot pay even a few annas for admission, and simple, so as to appeal to tastes that are almost childlike in their primitiveness. After an experience of some years it has come to be recognised that nothing gives more pleasure than an Eastern adaptation of an old English Fair, with plenty of light and music, merry-go-rounds and monstrosity shows, strolling players and switchback railways. Half the *maidan*, or park, in the centre of the city, was set apart for this Indian replica of the English country revels, and the Prince and Princess drove through by way of intimating that the fun of the fair might commence. As they passed under the entrance arch, the Indian girls attending the principal schools rose and sang the National Anthem in Gujarati. It is minor episodes such as these which illustrate how surely, if silently, the leaven of social reform is working in India. Here were gathered the flower of high-caste Hindu girlhood, dressed in gay *saris* and sparkling with jewels. The Parsi ladies, too, who have made considerable strides towards emancipation, flecked the prevailing red with their draperies of fawn and sapphire and grey. In the days when the King visited India this incident could not have been conceived by orthodox Indians; to-day it took its place in the programme without comment. A little later the school children of British parentage, clad in spotless muslins, raised their shrill trebles in a song of welcome. If any doubts existed as to the popularity of the Fair they were dissolved when the barriers were thrown down and the public admitted. The people came singly and in pairs, in batches and in battalions, hand in hand or following each other in Indian file. *Arhe! Waa! Tobba!* they called to each other in sheer glee as they gazed open-mouthed at the booths and illuminations.

The drive through the Native town to Government House produced a repetition of the fervent scenes that followed the landing. They presented, however, one remarkable feature. The Prince and Princess passed through the most thickly populated parts of the city. The clash of race and creed is illustrated by the mere recital of those communities who presented flowers—the Sunni Mahomedans at the Juma Masjid, the Jains and Hindus at the Mumbadevi Temple, and the Shiah Mahomedans near their mosque. It is one of the penalties attending the greatness of "The Gateway," that the city should shelter a considerable proportion of the rougher members of society, who chiefly congregate in the vicinity of the Docks, Bhendy Bazaar and Grant Road. Yet order was easily kept by the native constabulary posted at wide intervals, and there was not a trace of any feeling but of genuine pleasure in the presence of the Prince and Princess.

There was yet another ceremony before the long programme of the day was completed—a levée at the Secretariat, when the principal Europeans and Natives were presented. The Prince of Wales drove to the Secretariat accompanied by a travelling escort of the 10th Hussars, and was preceded to the Presence Chamber by a brilliant Staff. The scene within the Chamber was one of no little dignity. His Royal Highness stood in front of the gilded chair of State; he was wearing the uniform of a vice-admiral of the British Navy, with the ribbon of the Star of India. On his left was the Governor of Bombay, and on right and left the Staffs, representing almost every rank in the Royal Navy and the uniforms of the most famous regiments in the British Army. Then as those entitled to the private entrée were received, there was a constant procession of handsome uniforms, both civil and military, of judges in wig and gown, and of Native Chiefs in their magnificent silks and embroideries. When the private entrée gave way to the public entrée, the atmosphere became greyer, for now black and white predominated. As there were fifteen hundred presentations it was midnight before the ceremony was over, and the Prince was able to escape from the moist sultriness of the heated room. It was one of those steamy, breathless nights sometimes justifying the gibe that life in Bombay is like living at the bottom of a well, and making the transplantation of English ceremonies and dress to a tropical climate a biting comment upon our commonsense. The Indian ladies who accepted the invitation of Her Royal Highness to a *purdah* party at Malabar Point were in more pleasant surroundings.

November 11th.

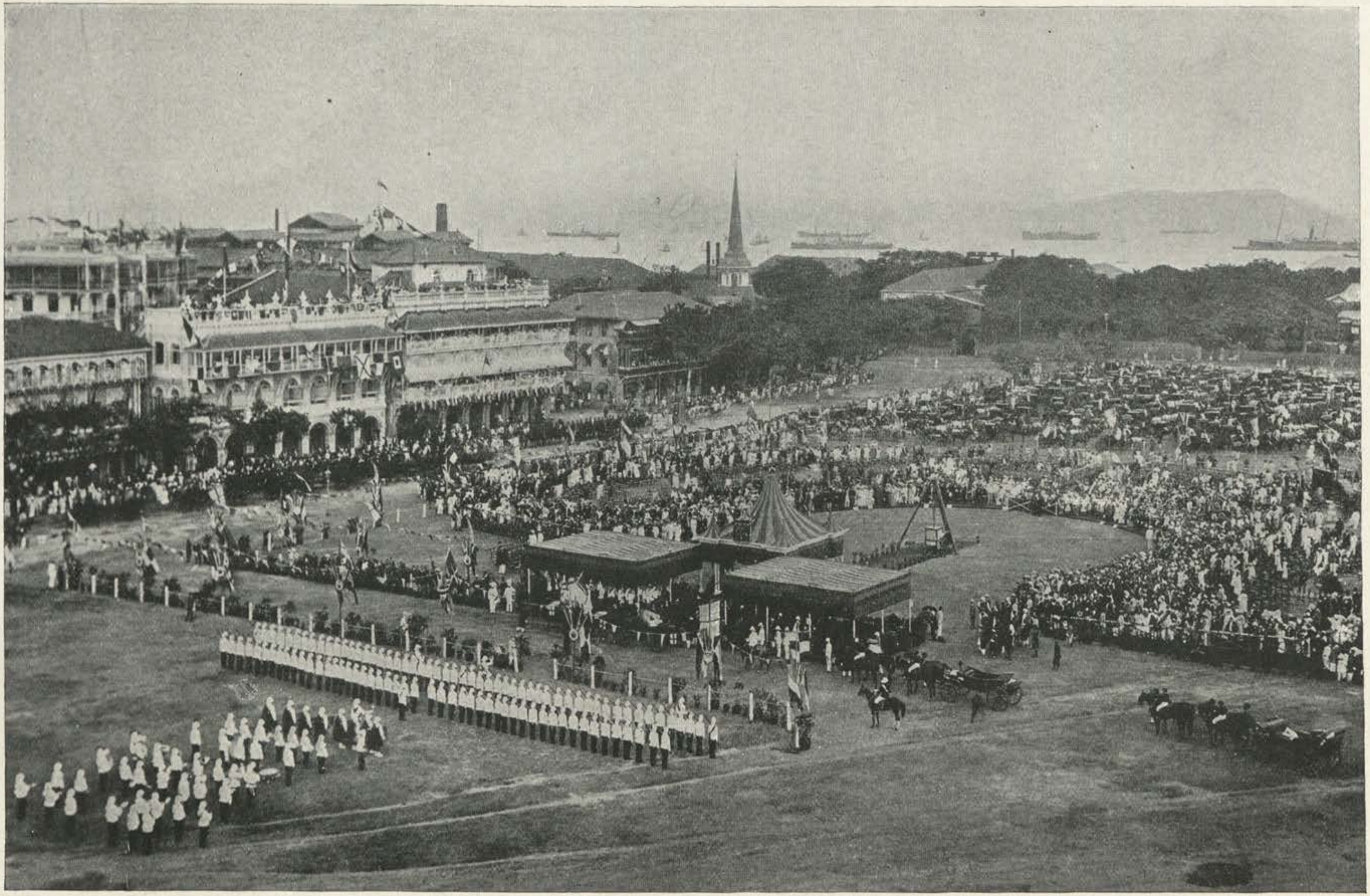
The morning opened with the return visits to the principal Chiefs who were received at Malabar Point on Friday. The escort was furnished by the Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers—a graceful compliment to the Native Rulers who maintain first-class troops for the service of the *Raj*, if ever the occasion arises. The Chiefs vied with one another in their efforts to do His Royal Highness honour. Their houses were gaily decorated and the Durbar Chambers elaborately appointed, whilst no oriental observance which marks respect and appreciation was omitted. The ceremonies upon all these occasions follow time-prescribed formulæ,—the meeting of the guest at the entrance, the conversation on the dais, the presentation of the retainers followed by *attar* and *pan*, and the decorous departure. The Chiefs so visited were the Maharaja of Kolhapur, the Rana of Porebander, the Nawab of

Cambay, the Raj Saheb of Dhrangadra and the Thakur Saheb of Bhavnagar. Returning by way of Breach Candy, the Prince of Wales must have been reminded by the name of the days when the Arabian Sea roared through the strait at high tide, and receding left what is now the heart of the Island and the seat of the mill industry, a pestilential swamp. The damming of the tide by the Vellard, or embankment, named after the Governor Hornby of those times, laid the foundations of modern Bombay. There was another reminder of the early days of Bombay when, as he passed the Walkeshwar Temples, the Hindu Mahajan Committee offered their greetings and the Pundits invoked blessings upon His Royal Highness. Walkeshwar was a centre of Hindu pilgrimage in the days when Malabar Hill was given over to the jackal, and to drive down Siri Road was the last stage in the training of the Bombay Artillery. By a coincidence the first three days of the Royal visit to India were sacred to Shiva, the patron deity of Walkeshwar, and the lotuses held out to the Prince were esteemed peculiarly sacred as they had been laid at Shiva's shrine.

In opening Princess Street Their Royal Highnesses associated themselves with one of the great works for improving the position of the working classes which are specially characteristic of the last lustrum of the nineteenth century. In laying the foundation stone of the Bombay Museum this afternoon they participated in a movement that India has also borrowed from the West, but very tardily. In this, as in other directions, the later generations of Bombay citizens have lagged behind their predecessors. Mackintosh and a handful of clever coadjutors established the Bombay Asiatic Society before what is now the parent association in Great Britain was founded. Later, the Bombay Anthropological Society commenced its useful work. There the impulse towards scientific knowledge largely spent itself. In the more strenuous life and more ardent pursuit of wealth that have replaced the cultured leisureliness of the beginning of the dead century, learning for its own sake has come to be faintly wooed. Though the old scientific bodies pursued their unhurried course, and the Natural History Society rose to the foremost place in India, there was no attempt to link the forces of Government with private enterprise, or to bring the art and archæological treasures of the Presidency into an easily accessible collection in the care of a skilled staff. So it happened that Bombay, which was the pioneer, came to be distanced not only by comparatively insignificant towns in England and on the Continent, but by eastern cities like Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, and Lahore. It was due to the initiative of Lord Lamington that steps were taken to fill the lacuna. Surprised to find that there was in the second city of the Empire no central library, no museum representative of the arts and crafts of the Presidency, no trained staff to give direction to the scientific and quasi-scientific societies at work, he set afoot inquiries as to how best to remedy the deficiency. At a Town's meeting it was unanimously decided that the museum should be the city's permanent memorial of the Royal Visit, and this point reached, funds flowed in with surprising facility. The Government gave three lakhs of rupees. An enterprising Khoja citizen, Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim, made a generous donation of three lakhs, whilst the Municipality and the public did their part. Before H.M.S. *Renown* entered Bombay Harbour a building fund of seventy-five thousand pounds was assured and an adequate income for maintenance. A site was acquired in the heart of the city, and the way to the early completion of the project was made smooth. There is no parallel in India for an enterprise of this costliness and magnitude passing so speedily through all the preliminary stages.

The drive through the streets revealed no abatement either of the popular interest or of the transparent happiness of the citizens. Arrived at the scene of the ceremony the Prince and Princess were received by Lord Lamington and the members of the Museum Committee, and having taken their places in the pavilion the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, read an address setting forth the objects of the Museum. In this he explained that it was the desire of the citizens to "rear a noble and enduring monument which shall, alike by its proportions and its design and the objects to which it is devoted, be for ever a symbol of their abounding loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor, and a token to posterity of your welcome and valued stay in their midst. They seek, therefore, to erect upon this spot a group of buildings which shall be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of the City, and which, as a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, will be fittingly flanked by the equestrian statue of your illustrious Father, and the statue of Your Royal Highness, about to be presented to the city by our well-known citizen and Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David. These buildings will recall to future generations the privilege now enjoyed by us of being the first in India to tender humble and loyal greetings to Your Royal Highnesses upon your arrival in the country, and will further serve to spread amongst the citizens a greater regard for those ideas of educational and artistic progress which your august House has done so much to foster."

The Prince's reply was again heard by everyone present. After accepting as entirely apposite the memorial the generous citizens of Bombay had decided to raise, and alluding to the sympathy shown by His Majesty

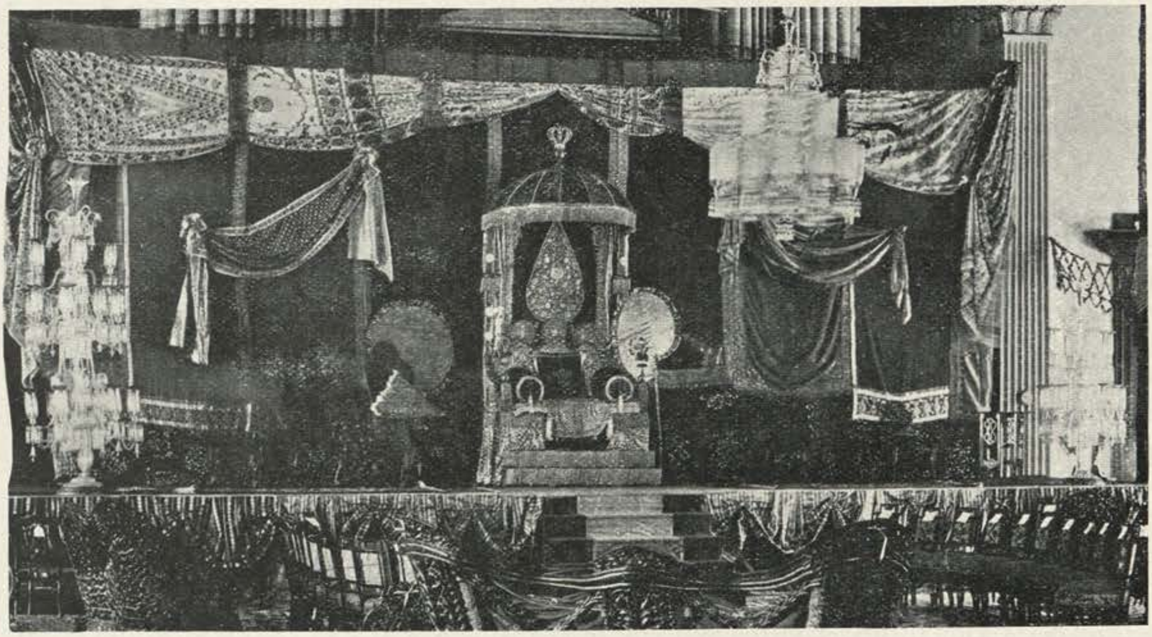


Bombay Museum : Foundation Stone Laying.

in the educational and artistic progress of the people, he added : - "It interests me to find that in this land, so strange at present to me, you are following ideas which are very familiar to us in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. Day by day we are grasping the importance of education by object lessons, and I anticipate the happiest results from the Museum, Library and Art Gallery which will one day stand upon this spot. If, as you assure us, the buildings, of which I am proud to lay the foundation stone to-day, are to be 'fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments' of this beautiful city, then we shall feel that our visit has not only brought pleasure to ourselves, but permanent advantage and happiness to the citizens of Bombay, and to the thousands of strangers who visit this busy centre of commerce and Government."

The foundation stone was laid with the time-honoured formulæ, and when His Royal Highness had declared the corner-stone well and truly laid Lord Lamington announced that permission had been accorded to call the memorial the Prince of Wales' Museum of Western India. Here the paths of the Prince and Princess diverged. His Royal Highness drove to the Royal Indian Marine Dockyard—the headquarters of the smart service which plays an important part in the defence of India—and there took launch for H. M. S. *Hyacinth*, the flagship of the East Indies Squadron, to visit Rear Admiral Poe. The Princess of Wales' carriage passed through Colaba, the little cantonment where the handful of British troops garrisoning the city are quartered, before drawing up before the old-fashioned pillared front of the Town Hall, where Her Royal Highness was received by the Committee of Indian Ladies who had organised a novel entertainment in her honour.

This gathering was one of the most magnificent and oriental ceremonies Her Royal Highness can hope to see during the Indian tour. First, on reaching the steps, a pathway was laid, beginning with royal red and ending with a cloth of shining gold, leading into the building up to the platform. The old Town Hall (famed for its unkempt ugliness) was unrecognisable. All the walls were hung with the richest of Indian embroideries and shawls, the pillars were swathed in flame-coloured scarves of silk and flowers, and the whole building lit by soft candle light from cut glass chandeliers. The throne (a copy of the famous throne of Nur Jehan, called Takht-i-Taus) was truly a marvellous creation in gold and deep crimson, twenty feet high. The top was formed like a half umbrella of solid gold, edged with golden-tasselled fringes ; the pillars, arms and seat shone in vivid brilliance as if wrought through with precious gems. Poised on each arm was a peacock shining in its own radiant colours of greens and blues. The two steps leading to the throne were exquisite in golden reds, bordered with deep fringes. On each side of this wonderful creation a lady stood in beautiful raiment swinging a large punkah of gold woven on crimson. The floor of the whole hall was covered with Persian carpets of exquisite design, those on the platform being of silk. The dresses and jewels of the Indian ladies surpass description, and the beauty unveiled by some of the ladies was a joy to look upon.



The Princess' Throne at the Indian Ladies' Reception.

Three ceremonies were performed on the steps leading up to the Hall. The first was by Lady Petit, being of Parsi origin, called "Vedhavi Levani." A sugar sweet was waved round Her Royal Highness's head three times for her life to be filled with sweetness; then a cocoanut was broken at the Princess's feet, with a prayer that all difficulties may so part and fall away from her. The second ceremony was for the Hindu ladies, called "Arti," and Mrs. Chandavarker was chosen as their representative. A lamp resting on a tray was passed round Her Royal Highness with the wish that light might always shine on her path. Next came the Begum Mumtazan Nasrullakhan, who performed the "Ameen" ceremony on behalf of the Mahomedan community, assisted by a tribe of the sweetest little maidens with nets of white flowers resting on their dark hair. These threw gold and silver at the feet of the Princess to remind her that "the poor are always with us."

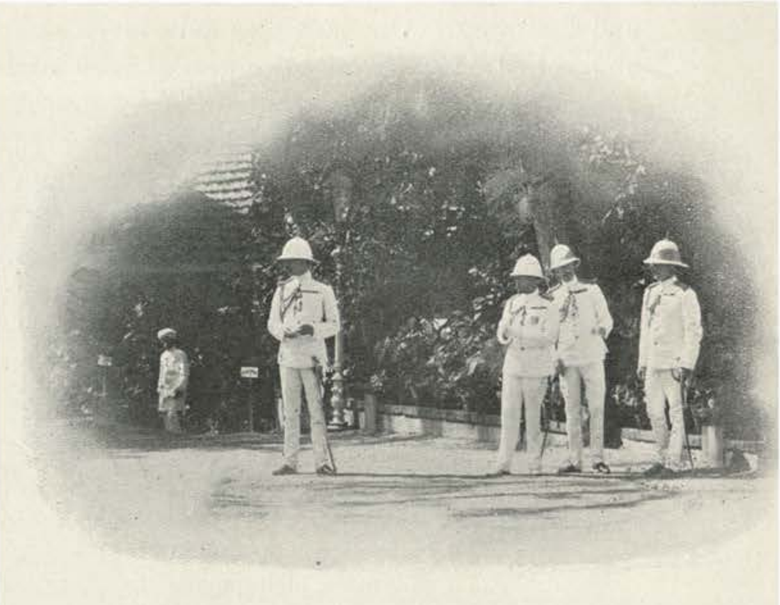
After all these ceremonies were over Her Royal Highness stepped into the Hall amidst a fresh outburst of cheers, and a rainbow-coloured shower of real pearls thrown over her by Mrs. Nuvulchund Hirachund. The Princess moved slowly down the Hall, bowing to all, stepped on to the platform, and seated herself on the throne. Then the Executive Committee were presented. The different modes of salutation to the Princess from each caste were unique and charming. One lady was quite overcome by her warm-hearted feelings, and seized Her Royal Highness's hand and laid her head on it again and again. Three addresses followed—the first read in Urdu by the Begum of Janjira, the second by Lady Bhalchandra in Marathi, the third was to be read by Lady Jamsetji, but the Princess kindly allowed her daughter, Miss Jamsetji, to do so for her.

At the end of these addresses Her Royal Highness rose and in a clear voice returned her thanks in the following words :—

> Lady Jamsetji and Ladies,—I thank you all very warmly for your kind and graceful greetings. I know the feelings which have prompted you to present this address to me, and you certainly have succeeded in making my first impressions of the women of India bright, happy, and hopeful. One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters ; for I believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned.
>
> If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then, to use the words of your address, I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will.

Then followed the presentation of an album containing five addresses in different languages, and fifteen water-colour sketches of the different castes. Her Royal Highness had a little coffee and cake, brought by Mrs. Ali Akbar, Mrs. Jehangir Petit and Miss Chandavarker. In the receiving of these refreshments the Princess pleased all the ladies immensely. Indian songs were sung by Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi girls. The Hindu maids entered with jingling bells and silver lotas. And last came ten tiny Parsi children and ten girls. Each child saluted, and not one forgot to step backwards from the throne. They all danced round a lamp singing and clapping their hands. The tiny little ones held out their arms as laying a childish blessing on the Princess and the evening closed.

The busy and eventful day terminated with a reception at Government House after dinner. Few indeed are the official residences which can compare with Malabar Point in natural beauty. The unequalled view of Back Bay from the horn of that magnificent crescent, the scarcely less charming scene looking out to sea over the Walkeshwar Temples, the restful boscage and graceful palms—these have a grace that familiarity can never stale. And seen as they were this evening, under the light of a brilliant tropical moon, their charm was intensified. True, the straggling collection of bungalows which go to make up Government House do not accord with the common conception of a lordly official dwelling such as Bartle Frere deemed necessary for the Governor of this Presidency. And yet to many it seems that the simplicity of Malabar Point, with its tiled roof and wide verandahs, is more in accordance with the atmosphere of its surroundings than a more pretentious habitation might be. The Chiefs wore their handsomest robes and finest jewels, and the scarlet of military uniforms blazed amid a kaleidoscopic array of dainty toilets. Sober black seemed a little out of place on such an occasion. Their Royal Highnesses greeted the Chiefs and Sirdars in the dining room, shaking hands with each one as he was named. Afterwards they made a State Progress through the assembly, bowing their welcome and greeting many of those who had had the honour of being presented to them. The Prince of Wales wore his naval uniform and Her Royal Highness a magnificent white costume, with superb jewellery. Then retiring to the State chairs set for them on the verandah overlooking Back Bay, Their Royal Highnesses received the more distinguished members of the company.


Government House: A Corner of the Grounds.

CHAPTER III.

A Carnival of Light.

A DAY OF REST—THE OLD CATHEDRAL CHURCH—FURTHER OFFICIAL VISITS—BOMBAY AS A MAIL PORT—COSTLY EXTENSION WORKS—STEADY GROWTH OF INDIAN COMMERCE—THE ANGLO-INDIAN AND HIS CLUB—INFORMAL TEA AND STATELY BALL—THE LESSER CHIEFS OF WESTERN INDIA—AN ABYSSINIAN ADMIRAL—MARKS OF ROYAL APPROVAL—LAST EVENING IN BOMBAY—A FEAST OF LANTERNS—DEPARTURE FOR INDORE—A VISIT OF HAPPY MEMORIES.

November 13th.

SUNDAY was a day of complete rest. The morning and afternoon were passed quietly at Government House, and in the early evening the Prince and Princess, with the Governor and Lady Ampthill, drove to the old Cathedral Church of St. Thomas to be present at Evensong. The walls of the Cathedral have looked down upon nearly two centuries of Governors of Bombay. Belonging to no known school of architecture—a mere rectangle of stone and stucco blotched with age, and with a stunted tower—not even the warmest lover of the antique could call it beautiful. Yet because the Cathedral is indissolubly linked with the days of John Company, and is one of the fast disappearing relics of the old Bombay, few would exchange its characteristic unloveliness for modern hybrid Gothic. For it was in 1675 that the Court of Directors suggested that a building should be raised and set apart for the celebration of divine worship in place of the "Hall" in the Castle. The money raised mysteriously disappeared, and the unfinished walls became a scandal and a reproach. Nearly forty years later, one Richard Cobbe, a Chaplain to the East India Company, so stoutly rebuked the religious apathy of his generation that on Christmas Day, 1718, the Church was opened, to the

Bombay Cathedral.

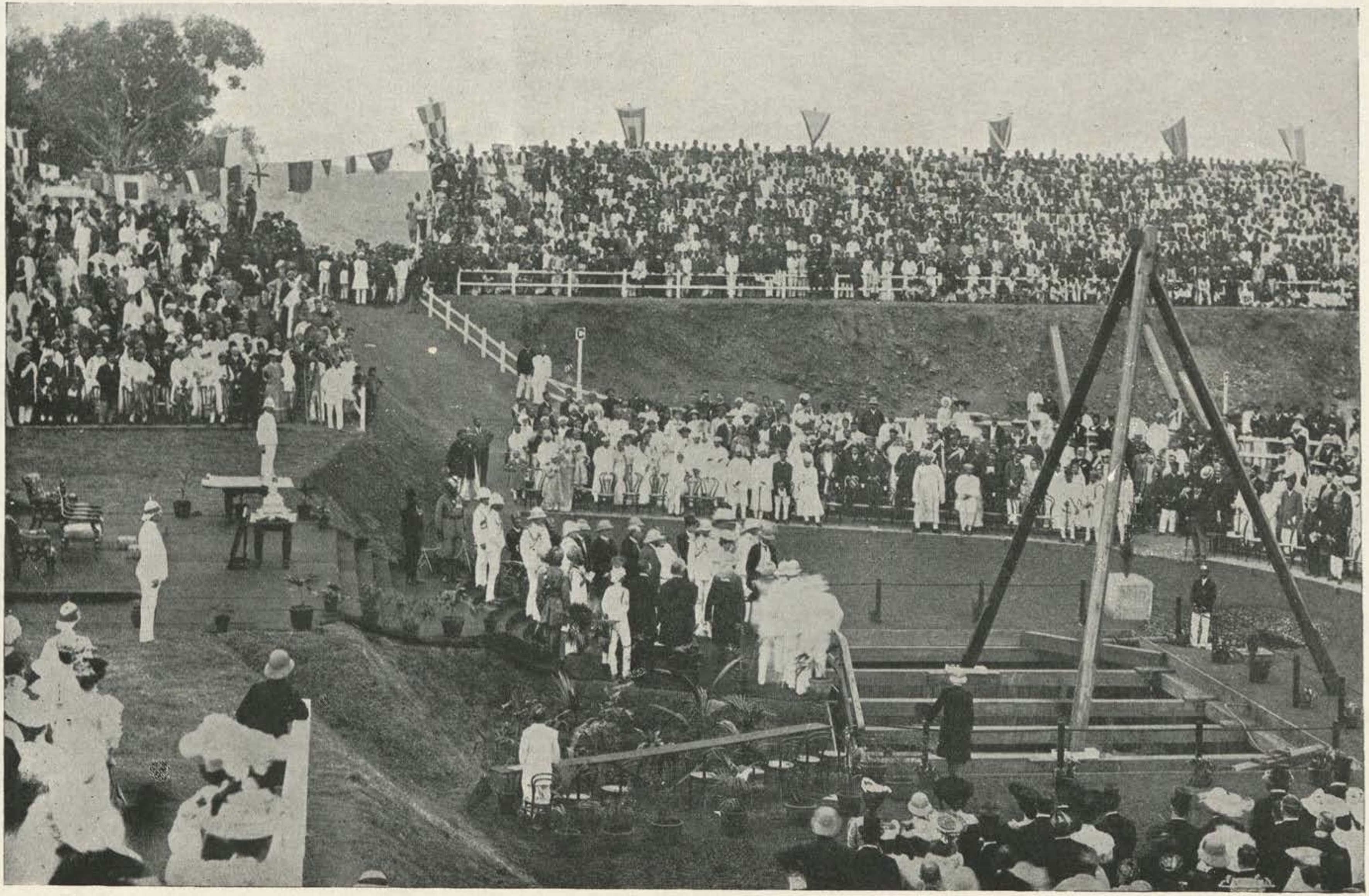
great joy of the little company of English people in the Island. Within these venerable walls the Evensong was uplifted, and the Lord Bishop, taking as his text the words of the Psalmist :—" Walk about Zion, and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, set up her house that He may tell them that come after. For this God is our God for ever and ever, He shall be our Guide unto death"—preached on patriotism.

The first official engagement to-day was to return the visits of the Ruling Chiefs who were received on Friday, and whose ceremonial calls were not repaid on Saturday. Again His Royal Highness was escorted only by the Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers, out of compliment to the patriotic Chiefs who hold an efficient contingent of their domestic troops at the disposal of the *Raj*, and in this fashion the Prince drove first to the residence of the Raja of Rajpipla. Thence to the crest of Malabar Hill to visit the Nawab of Junagadh, to the Thakur Saheb of Gondal, to the Rao of Cutch, who received his Royal visitor clad in the splendid dress of a Jadeja Rajput, and to the Jam of Navanagar. The ceremonies on all these occasions follow a rigidly-prescribed etiquette, and nothing was left undone according to the eastern code to show that the Prince was one whom the Chiefs delighted to honour.

To-day passengers to Bombay by the great mail steamers land in a manner recalling the practices of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rather than those of the twentieth. The big ships lie a mile or so from the shore, and there is a hot and fatiguing transhipment to the tender before the quayside can be reached. Although the city has a virtual monopoly of the mail and ocean passenger traffic from India, and in the handling of goods is the cheapest and best managed port in the East, not until three years ago was any systematic policy inaugurated to provide it with the facilities that obtain at every other first-class seaport. The enterprise at which the Prince and Princess assisted to-day will remove that reproach, and make Bombay the best-equipped centre of sea-borne trade in Asia. Briefly, it embraces a wet dock with an area of fifty acres and three miles of quay space, a dry dock a thousand feet long and a hundred feet wide, and a new mole to which the largest steamers may moor at any state of the tide and discharge their passengers into mail trains drawn up alongside. All these works are constructed on the basis of accommodating steamers a thousand feet long and of a hundred feet beam—that is, although vessels engaged in the eastern trade are bound down by the limitations of the Suez Canal, the new dock will take ships two hundred feet longer than the leviathians now being constructed for the Cunard Company. We often talk of the magnitude of the sea-borne trade of India and the variety of her resources without understanding very clearly what we mean. The extent of both is very forcibly brought home when it is realised that the new dock and the subsidiary works will cost three millions sterling, to be added to the capital debt of the Bombay Port Trust already aggregating four million pounds. Yet not only are these schemes necessary to meet the growing trade of the Port, but the whole of the money will be raised in the local market without difficulty.

By a curious fatality the weather, which has been abnormally hot for the season of the year, was sulky, sullen clouds obscuring the sun such as we usually associate with the existence of an atmospheric disturbance in the Arabian Sea. Yet although this was the fourth State drive through all parts of the City and the earlier curiosity of the people has been satisfied, there was not the least diminution in the really extraordinary warmth of the welcome that greeted Their Royal Highnesses from all sides, and from none more than the native community. The Prince and Princess were received by His Excellency the Governor, who presented the Hon. Mr. Walter Hughes, C.I.E., Chairman of the Port Trustees, and he in turn the members of the Trust in order of seniority. The Princess accepted from Mrs. Walter Hughes a bouquet, held in a jewel-embossed golden stem of characteristic Indian workmanship, and the ceremony commenced. First the Chairman read the Trustees' address, which mentioned that when the King laid the foundation stone of the first wet dock undertaken by the Port Trust the value of the sea-borne trade of Bombay was forty-five millions sterling : it is now ninety-eight millions. The tonnage of the shipping then entering the port was one and a half million tons : it is now three and three-quarter million. Then the Port Trust was in its infancy : it owned only part of the foreshore and possessed a revenue of but £134,000. Now it owns practically the whole harbour frontage, including a large landed estate, and its revenues aggregate £450,000 a year. The address further made allusion to the important circumstances that as the new dock will accommodate the largest battleship afloat, a first-class naval base has been added to the resources of the Empire without any charge upon the public funds, and so carefully have the resources of the Trust been husbanded that an expenditure of three millions sterling can be faced without making any increase in the charges on trade.

The address was enclosed in a casket of singularly striking and graceful design. In general style the work was English renaissance of



Laying the Foundation Stone of Bombay's New Dock.

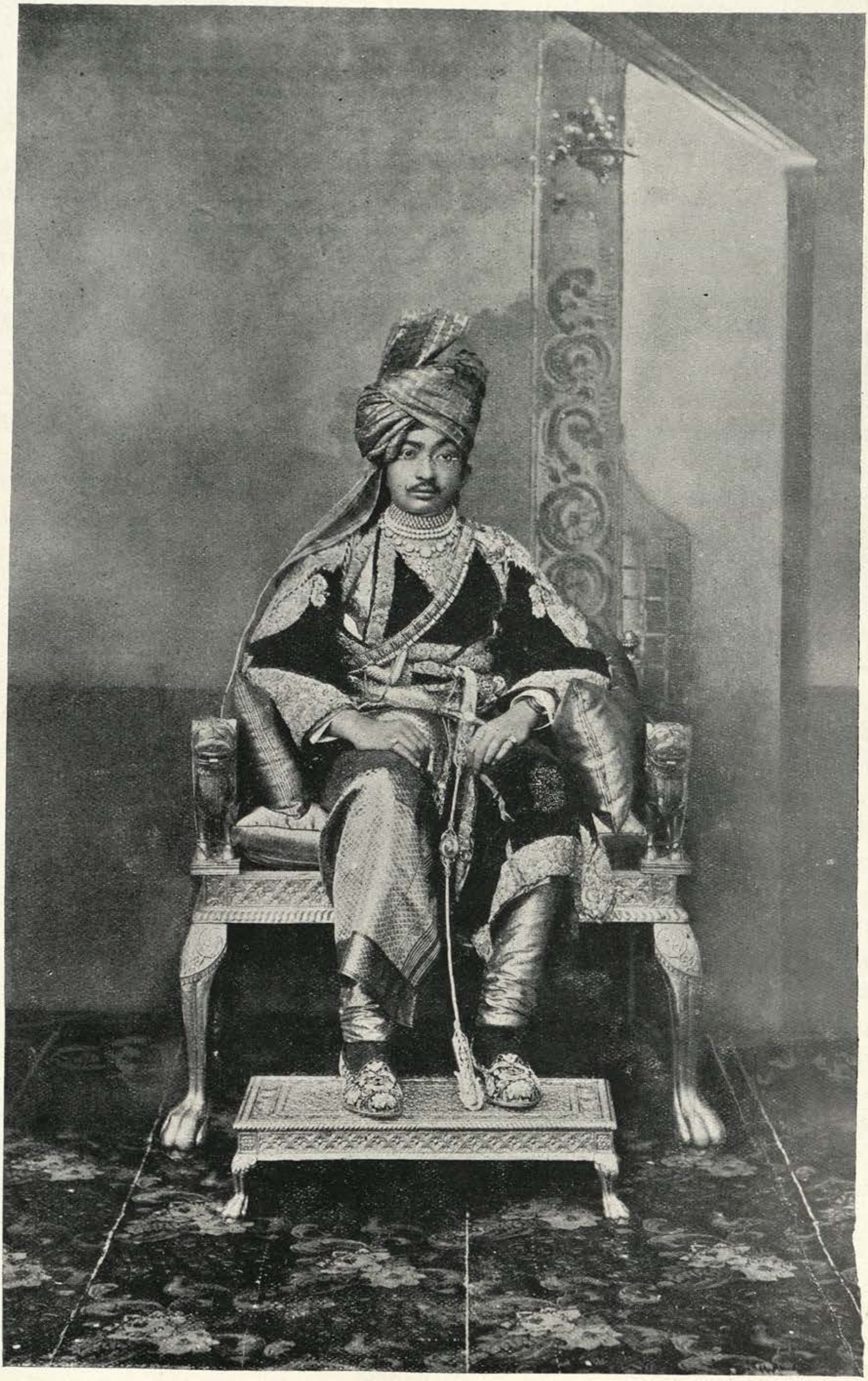
the later Jacobean period, the body of the casket having the boldly-projecting mouldings and concave sides typical of that time. These concavities held ivory panels painted to represent Bombay in 1611, 1711, and 1811, and in 1911 as it will be when the new dock is completed. The casket stood upon a carved projecting base, at each of the four corners of which was a winged sea-horse amidst breaking waves. Casket and base formed a pedestal for the principal feature of the design—a model of a ship of the reign of Charles II, and of the time when Bombay was first acquired by the British Crown from the Portuguese. Although no drawing or model of the actual ship that conveyed Sir Abraham Shipman from England to take over the new possession is known to exist, yet many pictures and models of other vessels are available, and these were consulted with a view to making the model typical of the period.

The Prince was now asked to sign the plans, which he did, and at the same time was shown the drawings of Prince's Dock to which the King appended his signature thirty years ago. The next step was to release the brake holding the foundation stone, which slid rapidly into its place. The Chief Engineer reported that the stone was bedded, and His Royal Highness declared it well and truly laid. As a sailor, it was naturally the naval aspect of the new works that first appealed to the Prince. He emphasised this side of the enterprise when in his speech he remarked that "as a sailor I am especially interested to hear that this new dock is designed to meet, not only the requirements of the mercantile marine but also of the Royal Navy, and will be able to accommodate the largest of our modern battleships. You, Mr. Chairman, and your co-Trustees are to be complimented on your far-seeing policy. For, profiting by past experiences, you have determined that the work which we now inaugurate shall not be calculated for present demands alone, but be sufficient to meet all possible needs and development of commerce for many years to come. The fact that the suggestion of the Board of Admiralty to increase the width of the entrance of the new wet and dry docks from ninety to one hundred feet was readily complied with, is indeed a proof that the spirit of patriotism inspires the administration of the Trust."

It was but a short drive from the Docks to the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, where for an hour the Prince and Princess joined in the social life of Anglo-Indian community. None of those who only England know can appreciate the part the club plays in the life of the Englishman abroad, and throughout the East no doors are flung more widely open than those of the Yacht Club in Bombay. For as this is "The Gateway City" so must every Englishman serving in India pass through it periodically on his journeyings home. How many there are who place amongst the happiest recollections of their sojourn in the East the hours spent in the light and graceful building fronting the harbour, with its verdant lawn, the music of the military bands, the frou-frou of ladies' frocks and the atmosphere of civilisation and of home? The Prince and Princess shared in this, the lighter side of life in the East, with an entire absence of formality and restraint. They took tea on the lawn, the Governor and Lady Ampthill being of the party, and sat listening to the band of the 10th Hussars and the rhythm of the tide, whilst the waves shimmered with gold "in the rosy sunset rays." In India there is no twilight worthy of the name, but just for one glorious hour the ebbing day has a charm all its own. No one could wish to spend it more happily than did the Prince and Princess this evening, when the air was soft with the sea-sweetened breeze, the bosom of the harbour was furrowed by the keels of the ocean liners and dotted with slate-grey warships tugging at their anchors, and for a brief minute the rugged hills of the mainland were wrapped in purple haze before retiring behind the purdah of the night.

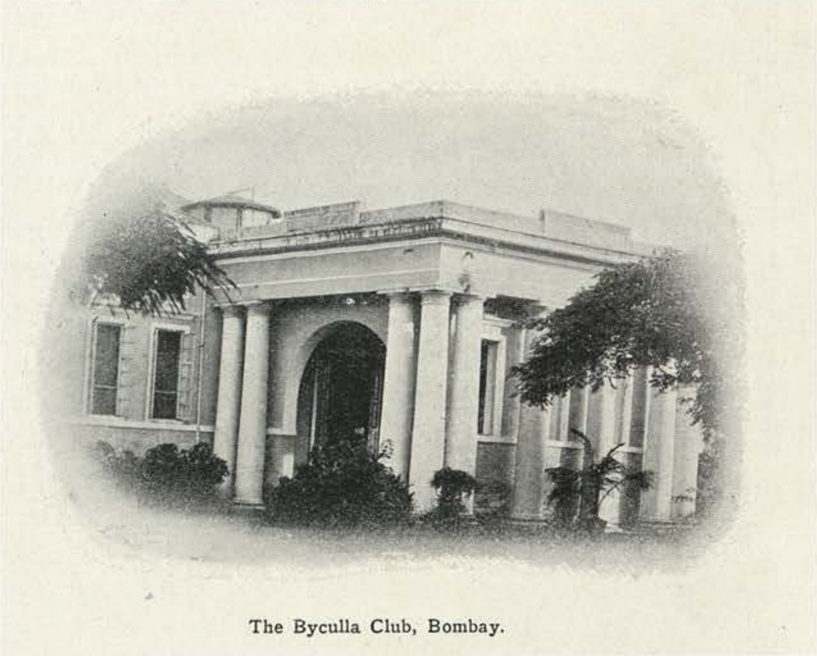
The Royal Bombay Yacht Club.

The lightness and grace of the Yacht Club represent the modern taste of the Anglo-Indian, the solid magnificence and opulent spaciousness of the Byculla Club, where the Prince and Princess were guests at a Ball, the fashion of three-quarters of a century ago. In many ways the Byculla Club is typical of the generation when the Englishman in India went home once, or at the most twice, in the course of his service. It lies in a quarter of the town deserted by the wealthier residents in favour of the wooded slopes of Malabar Hill. Its Corinthian porticoes and lofty halls, decorated with almost puritanical severity, have little in common with modern ideas of architecture and comfort. Yet if the early Victorians were old-fashioned and prim, they had shrewd ideas of the value of solidity and repose, and the Byculla Club is the one corner of busy, overcrowded Bombay where is preserved the expansive, leisurely life of Jos. Sedley's times. The Club Ball was the social event of



H. H. THE JAM SAHEB OF JAMNAGAR.

the visit, and brought within the hospitable old walls, which have looked down upon generations of Anglo-Indian revels, guests from every part of the Presidency : from Bombay, where the season is as crowded as in the Riviera, and from remote upcountry stations, where a dance is the dissipation of the year and a score of white faces a mob. It was an evening, too, to make the stranger within the gates wonder at the manner of men and women who represent Anglo-Saxondom in the Tropics. For the moist steamy air was unstirred by the faintest breeze, and the beautiful gardens, sparkling with fairy lights and glowing softly with Chinese lanterns, seemed to call every sensible man and woman. Yet an hour before Their Royal Highnesses arrived there were hundreds of couples in the great ball-room dancing as vigorously as at the Portland Rooms, with no thought of the morrow and complete abandonment to the joy of the present. On this happy throng descended the Prince and Princess of Wales a little after ten o'clock and almost immediately took their places for the state quadrille, when Her Royal Highness had Mr. Leslie Crawford, the President of the Club, for her partner and the Prince danced with Lady Ampthill. When the music died away the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, where they remained in conversation with the principal guests until the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England" announced the serving of supper. It was midnight before the Prince and Princess left for Government House, and nearly dawn before the last of the guests quitted the precincts of the hospitable Club.


The Byculla Club, Bombay.

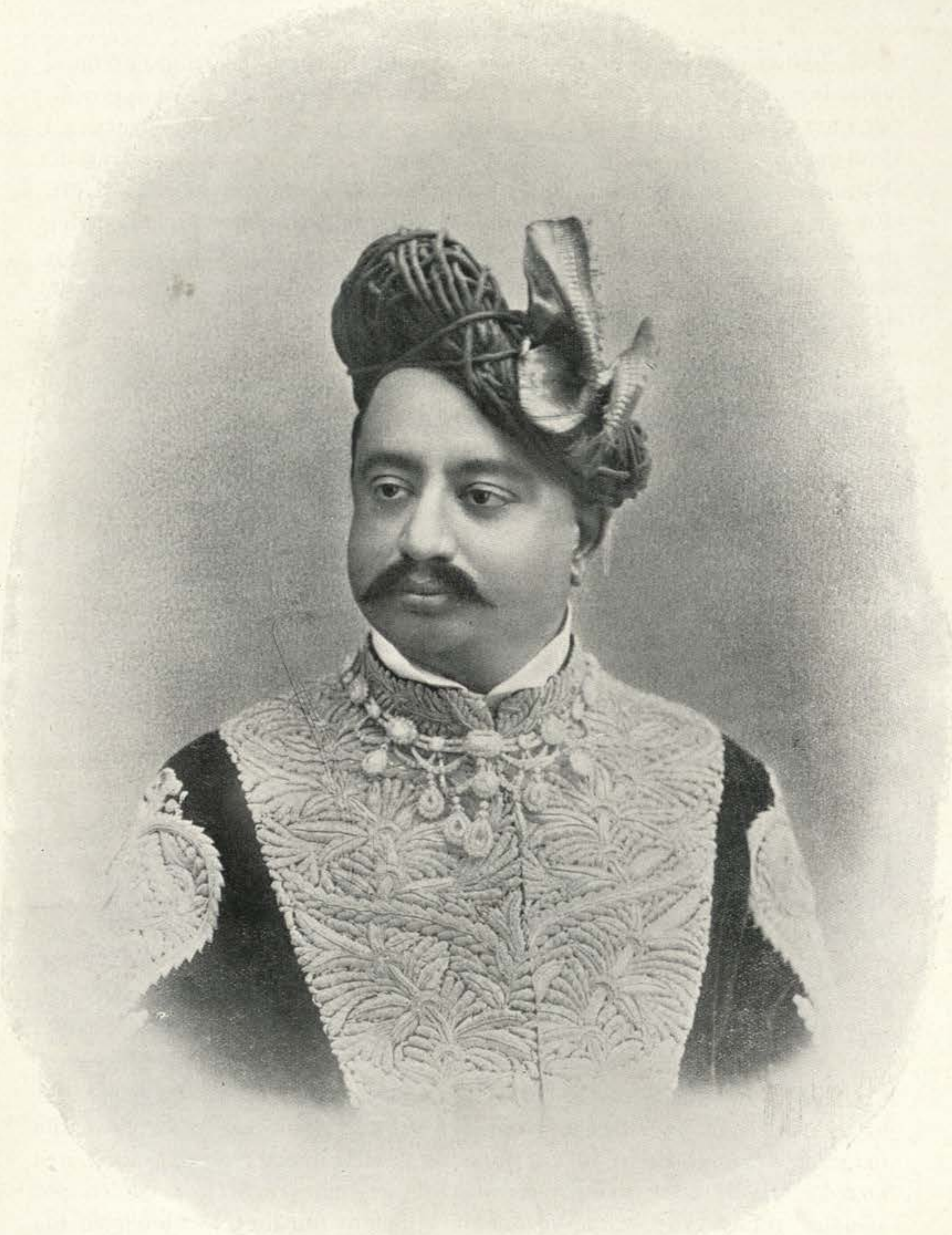
November 14th.

This morning was again spent in the observance of the ceremonial courtesies to which custom entitles the Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency. On this occasion the lesser Chiefs were received—those whose status gives them a claim to offer homage to their suzerain, although not to an individual visit. Foremost among them was the Nawab of Janjira, the only ruling Chief in India of Abyssinian stock. Four and a half centuries ago his ancestor, an Abyssinian in the service of the Mahomedan Kings of Ahmednagar, seized possession of the Island of Janjira, immediately south of Bombay, and nobody was strong enough to turn him out. Alone amongst the Western India princelets, the ancestors of the Nawab, as admiral of the Ahmednagar and Bijapur Kingdoms of the Mughal, offered a successful resistance to the rising power of the Mahrattas. He was followed by the Sar Desai of Savantwadi, a chieftain whose territory abuts on the Portuguese possessions of Goa, and who takes his title from the office of Sar Desai of the South Konkan, conferred on his family by Shivaji. Next the Sisodia Rajput Chief, the Raja of Dharampur, whose family has reigned for seven hundred years in Dharampur. Then came the Raja of Bansda, the Rajput Chief of forest-covered hills in Surat, the Raja of Baria, another Rajput driven by the Mahomedan pressure from the north to carve out a principality in Gujarat, the Raja of Sunth, the Raj Saheb of Venkaner and the Thakur Saheb of Wadhwan from Kathiawar, and many other lesser Chiefs : the Pant Sachiv of Bhor, the Naik Nimbalker of Phaltan, the Chief of Mudhol, the Chief of Miraj (senior), the Chief of Jamkhandi, Jaghirdars of the old Satara Kingdom; the Chief of Kurundwad (senior), the Chief of Ramdurg, the two Chiefs of Kurundwad (junior), from the Southern Maratha Country; the Koli Raja of Jawhar and the Rawalji of Mansa.

When all the Chiefs were assembled the Prince entered the Durbar Room to a salute of thirty-one guns. After His Royal Highness had taken his seat the Chiefs were presented in turn and paid him homage, the Nawab of Janjira offering a *nazar* of seventy-five gold mohurs, the Chiefs of the second grade fifty-one gold mohurs, and the others thirty-one gold mohurs each. Each Chief having offered his tribute, *attar* and *pan* were distributed to the Nawab and the second class Chiefs by the Prince, to the others by the Hon. Mr. S. W. Edgerley, I.C.S., Chief Secretary to Government, and to the attendants on the Chiefs by officers of the Political Department. The departure of the Chiefs was as ceremonious as the assembly.

There was an echo of the Chiefs' visits when a little later in the day the Prince received the Kumars of the Rajkumar College, who rode so gallantly in the Royal Progress. For these are the cadets of the ruling houses of the Presidency, some of whom will, in the ordinary course, succeed to the thrones of their forbears, others to commands in the Imperial Service Troops, whilst for all work of some character will be found within their ancestral domains. It was to fit the cadets adequately to perform these duties under the changed conditions of modern India that Government established the Chiefs' Colleges at Rajkot, Ajmere, Lahore and Indore, and laid down a system of training approximating, as far as eastern customs and ideals will allow, to the best traditions of the English public schools. The Colleges have become such an accepted part of the Indian educational system that it is difficult to picture the difficulties that dogged their early days. Then the College rooms of some of the Kumars were guarded day and night by ragged retainers to prevent the young Chiefs from being forcibly abducted by the enemies of their Houses, while others were watched by special officers to defeat the intrigues of poisoners. If we contrast the picture of Indian manners conjured up by these precautions with the smart soldierly young gentlemen paraded before the Prince to-day and their happy college life, we can form an idea of the silent revolution in the Native States of India. His Royal Highness expressed his pleasure at meeting the Kumars and his appreciation of their soldierly appearance in the saddle. When they came to be presented individually one "old boy" was included by the Prince's special desire, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, a cadet of the house of Navanagar. Ranjitsinhji learnt his first cricket on the dusty playing fields of Rajkot.

Rajkumar College Cadets.



H. H. The Raja of Rajpipla.

Then an even more pleasant duty followed,—the investiture of those citizens who had special claims to distinction with marks of Royal approval. The list was very short, but characteristic of the life of a great occidentalised Indian city. The Civil Service was honoured in the knighthood of the Victorian Order conferred upon Mr. Steyning William Edgerley. Mr. Edgerley is one of those officials who, scorning delights and living laborious days, helps to maintain the reputation of the Indian Civil Service as the most upright and diligent cadre in the world ; in him, under the immediate orders of the Governor of Bombay, centred the ultimate responsibilty for the official arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses' reception. Commerce was recognised in the knighthoods with which were invested Mr. Sassoon Jacob David and Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim. If any one were to enquire into the secrets of Bombay's commercial prosperity, he could be given no better answer than the qualities embodied in Mr. David and Mr. Ebrahim. Mr. David represents those families of Jews from Baghdad of whom the Sassoons are the best known, and who, emigrating to Bombay, built up their own fortunes and those of the city with them. Mr. Ebrahim is a member of the enterprising Khoja community, the boldest and keenest traders in Western India, who have not only secured a large hold on the commerce and industry of Bombay, but a virtual monopoly of the trade of East Africa as well. The English and Scots merchants, the hard-headed men of business in the Parsi, Bhattia, Khoja and Bania communities, buttress the commercial fortunes of Bombay even more firmly than her splendid geographical advantages. Then to Mr. H. G. Gell, the Commissioner of Police, whose Force controlled the vast crowds everywhere assembled without the slightest accident, was awarded the Victorian Order of the Fourth Class.

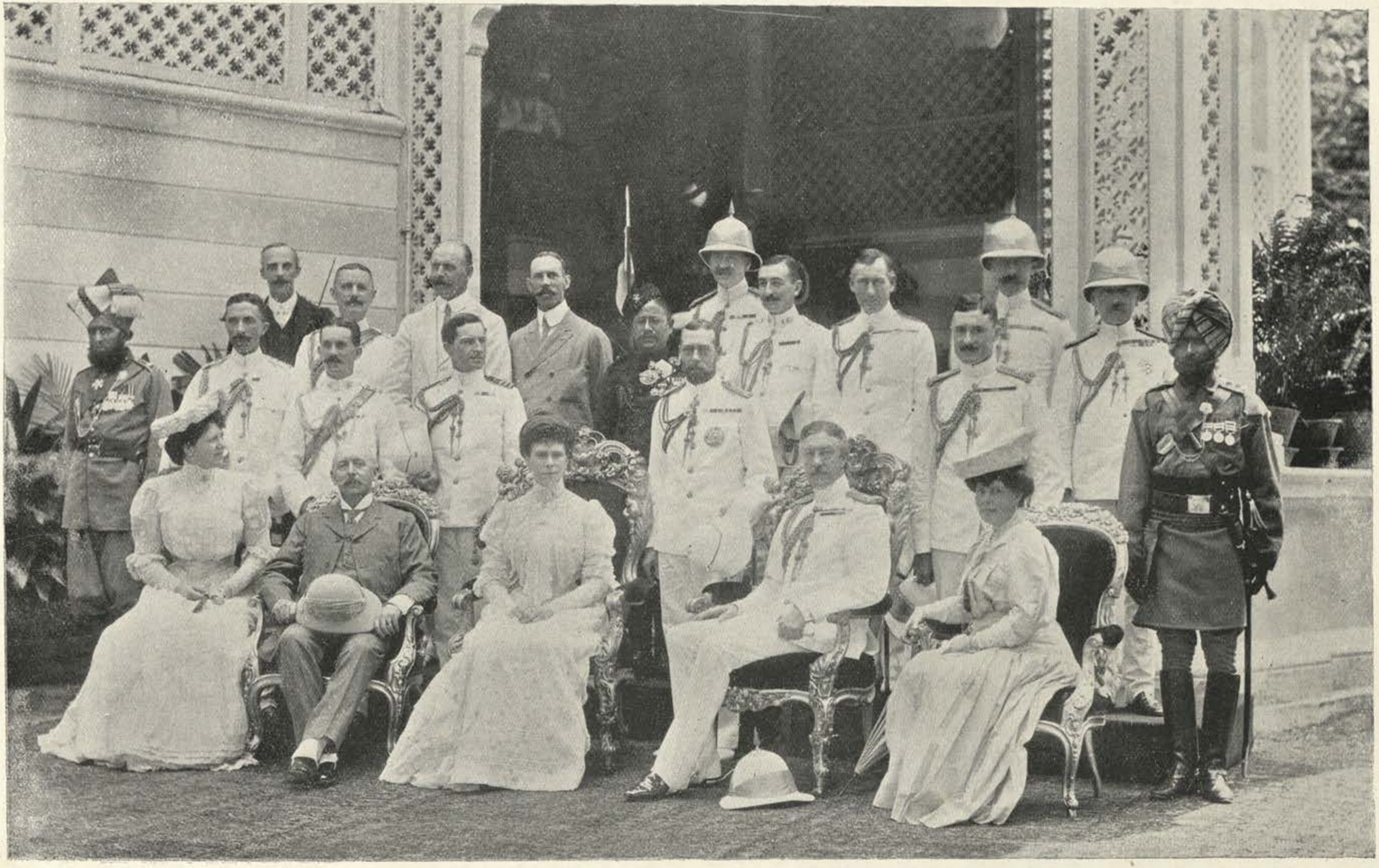
It had been arranged that the afternoon should be spent in an excursion to the famous rock temples of Elephanta, upon an island in the northern arm of the harbour, where the colossal Trimurti, the three-faced figure of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer—preserves the earlier Hindu conception of the Trinity. But as the weather was sultry and oppressive beyond words, and there was the long railway journey to Indore to be begun after dinner, the excursion was abandoned. Instead, the Prince and Princess embarked on a launch and steamed round the harbour for an hour before drawing up alongside the *Renown*, where they dined with the officers and a few guests from shore before driving through the illuminated streets to the railway station.

The illumination of an eastern city is like nothing else in the world. There are no eccentricities of the weather to be reckoned with; given the date one can calculate the brightness of the sky, the state of the atmosphere, almost the strength of the wind, with absolute confidence. Then in the East they have a way of making small things do the work of great. Electric light and incandescent gas are creeping in, but the chief decorative illuminant is still the *buttie*—a little cup of coloured glass, half-filled with cocoanut oil, whereon floats half an inch of cotton wick. And as in the East the number and cheapness of the human "hand" compensate for the lack of mechanical developments, so the use of the *buttie*, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands, vies with modern methods in the volume of light produced and at the same time yields the softness and delicacy of design and workmanship which give the best fabrics of the Indian artisan their immeasurable advantage over the finest works of the power loom. For weeks before the carnival of light, half-naked coolies were busy weaving over all the principal buildings cobwebs of coir ropes. Clinging to these like human spiders the artists sketched their designs, pencilling them deeply with laths of teak. These a little later were covered with a growth of long wire nails, which in turn became the supports of myriads of *butties*, white and green, crimson and amber. As the lamplighters flitted from web to web, coaxing each stubborn wick into flame, Bombay became merely the setting for millions of jewels, the mistress of the fabled treasures of the Orient.

The day had been dull and a slight haze hung over the city and the harbour, obscuring the distant hills and islands and blurring the outlines of the anchored ships. The haze was thickened by the dust raised by a million trampling feet, and as the sun sank red beneath the western sea and the myriad lamps sprang into life, it turned into molten gold, through which glowed blood-red rubies, emeralds and diamonds and amethysts. It was a town from fairyland, a sea furrowed by elfin ships, each house, each ship, the perfect product of the jeweller's art. Out in the harbour the warships and the merchant liners were etched in fire, from the shore they gave the impression of subtly-fashioned diamond brooches resting on black velvet. There was a roar of voices as great snakes of coloured fire soared up, hissing, from the lighted ships. Into the inky heavens fled these fiery snakes, by ones and twos, by companies of ten and twelve, making the pale moon more pale by contrast with their crimson glories. High in the sky they hung an instant, and then with a succession of dull reports burst and fell into the sea again in showers of stars, green and blue and gold, white and royal red. Report followed on report like the rapid firing of a pom-pom, whilst the sky was filled with writhing coils and bands of fire, with streams and storms of varied light, and the troubled sea, upon which rocked the little black-sailed feluccas, shone with magic splendour in the reflected glow. For an hour the salvoes of flame continued, then after one more frantic outburst the lights ceased and sank.

The streets were ablaze. Each dome and minaret, each arch and lintel, was outlined in coloured fire. The architectural glories of Bombay are an axiom in the East, and they were never more apparent than when the perfect proportions of the principal buildings were limned in living flame. On the seaward side, where the High Court, University and Government Offices face the ultramarine of Back Bay, the spectacle was superb, the main boulevards shone with dancing splendour, whilst over all the Rajabai Tower, a soaring column of twinkling light, was one of the most chaste and graceful sights when every part of the city was pregnant with beauty. The Floral Fountain, erected to the memory of Sir Bartle Frere, was the centre of dazzling cascades of light, iridescent floods outlining from spire to basement those stately edifices in the Fort that lend themselves so charmingly to illumination. The reflected glow brought into bold relief the statue of Flora that crowns the fountain, showing her garlanded with opal light, circled with white sapphires. In the handsome circus bordered by the Municipal Offices and the Victoria Terminus there was a splendid concentration of decorative effect. The Municipal Offices shimmered in a framework of jewels; sapphire and ruby, lapis-lazuli and beryl, sparkled, whilst from the summit of the belted dome glowed electric suns, pink as the roseate streaks of early dawn. Even the scintillating glories of the People's Fair were outshone by the flood of light from the Terminus, blazing with a counterfeit presentment of an engine and tender in incandescent lamps. The inhabitants of the native town are used to illumination, for each Dewali, when the Hindu business year begins, closes with a feast of lanterns. The most glorious Dewali was to-night outdone, the narrow streets were as bright as noon-day with the light of the myriad lamps that glowed in each tiny shop and flickered in every balcony. Even the restful bungalows of Malabar Hill had their part in the carnival, and the gardens twinkled with multi-coloured stars, just as if their umbrageous depths had been invaded by legions of giant fire-flies.

Through the incandescent streets there flowed a river of humanity. There is nothing the Oriental loves better than light and music, and the whole population was afoot to enjoy the most gorgeous illuminations in the history of the city. Viewed from above the crowd resembled an animated



THE ROYAL PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY.

flower bed, and it rippled along as joyously as a Devonshire trout stream. This was the accompaniment to the last drive of the Prince and Princess through Bombay. Landing at the Apollo Bunder they passed along the fringe of the Bay to Grant Road station, and a few minutes later the Royal train set out for Indore.

The visit to Bombay left none but happy memories. Its dominant characteristic was seized by the Prince when, in his farewell letter to Lord Lamington, he said:—"We have been especially struck by the affectionate demeanour of the vast crowds which greeted us as we passed through the streets and bazaars. This sympathetic attitude of Bombay has made us feel that we are at home amongst one's own people." The transcendent feature of the second Royal visit to "The Gateway of India" was the frank, unaffected joy of the people in the occasion, which, so far from abating, only grew more intense as Their Royal Highnesses became better known. Little acts of thoughtful kindness, such as the letter from the Prince to the Port Trustee who was stricken with paralysis on the eve of the laying of the foundation stone of the new dock; the sense of duty displayed in the performance of the long and exhausting ceremonials; and the obvious desire to be among the people and to know something characteristic of each section—these have won the heart of Bombay, and will serve as a talisman and passport to the other countries of India.

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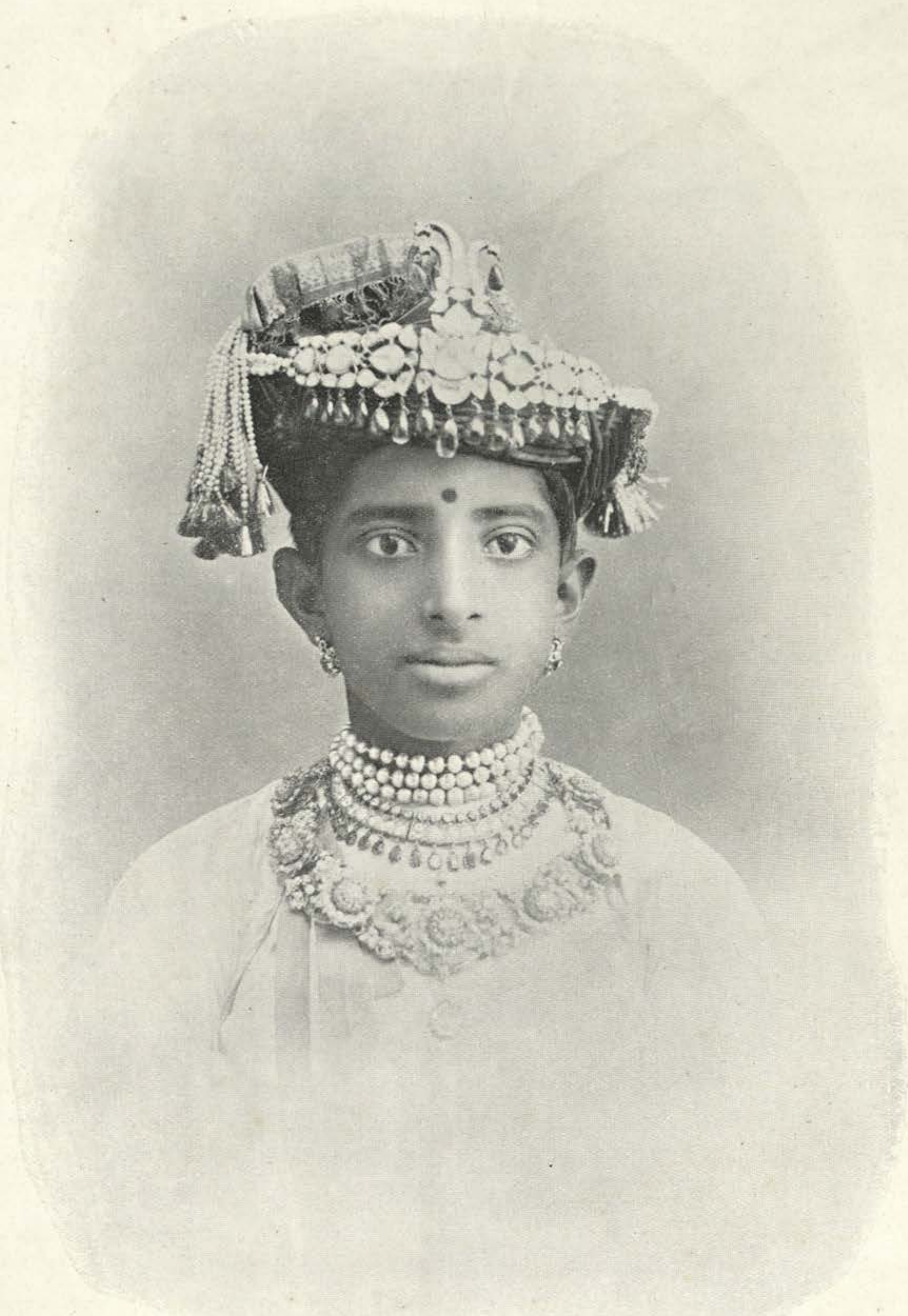


H. H. THE MAHARAJA HOLKAR OF INDORE.

Rai Nanak Chand, C.I.E., Prime Minister, Indore.

Rai Mehta Panna Lal, C.I.E., Ex-Dewan, Udaipur.

CHAPTER IV.

Central India's Chiefs.

The Journey to Central India—A Welcome Change of Climate—Vivid Display of Colour—An Illuminated Indian Garden—The First Durbar—A Happy Inspiration of the Prince—A Delightful Garden Party—The Scope for Women in the East—Investiture of the Begum of Bhopal—Women on Indian Thrones—First Review of Imperial Service Troops—York and Lancaster Regiment doubly honoured—Fruits of the Visit.

Indore, *November 15th.*

It was with a sense of relief that Bombay was left behind last night, and the second stage was commenced on the long journey of Their Royal Highnesses through India. For whilst the crowds in Bombay made the state progresses a constant feast of colour, the enthusiasm evidenced on every hand proved the real joy of the people in the presence of the Heir-apparent and his gracious consort in their midst, and the sympathy and consideration of the Prince and Princess deepened the loyalty of the citizens into a feeling of passionate devotion to the Throne and the Royal House, the weather made these six days somewhat of a trial. Why is it that the Bombay climate always appears at its worst when it should be at its best? The Anglo-Indian, fleeting homewards in May and returning in a chastened mood in October, will never believe that the Island is anything but abominably steamy and oppressive. Not even the traditional oldest inhabitant can remember worse days in the middle of November than those of Their Royal Highnesses' visit. The moment the Island was passed one entered the region of cool nights and fresh mornings. Whilst the noon-tide was hot, the air was dry. Existence had become tolerable once more.

Unfortunately as Gujarat was traversed in the dark, and the route lay by the Baroda-Godhra Chord, no glimpse was afforded of the lush fields of "The Garden of India." The first vision Their Royal Highnesses had of actual India was of the Panch Mahals, that most backward of the

Bombay Districts, where nothing is to be seen but the poorest of tillage and the meanest of habitations. Thence onward the line runs through scenery most characteristic of the Central Indian plain—long undulating grass lands, with a scanty scrub, sparsely timbered with pipal, babul and some of the finer forest trees. All the wayside stations were spotlessly swept and garnished, and even at this early hour groups of picturesque villagers were gathered in the precincts of the stopping places. At Ratlam, the junction with the metre-gauge railway, time was afforded for an inspection of the Royal metre-gauge train, the acme of comfort, and illustrating what can be accomplished with Indian labour, under English supervision, in solidity of workmanship, and fine carving and inlaid work. Nearing the Chambal the character of the scene changed, great fields of millet ready for the sickle, of cotton showing bolls and of land green with the promise of the spring harvest, replacing the barrenness of the morning; a fat land betraying every sign of agricultural wealth.

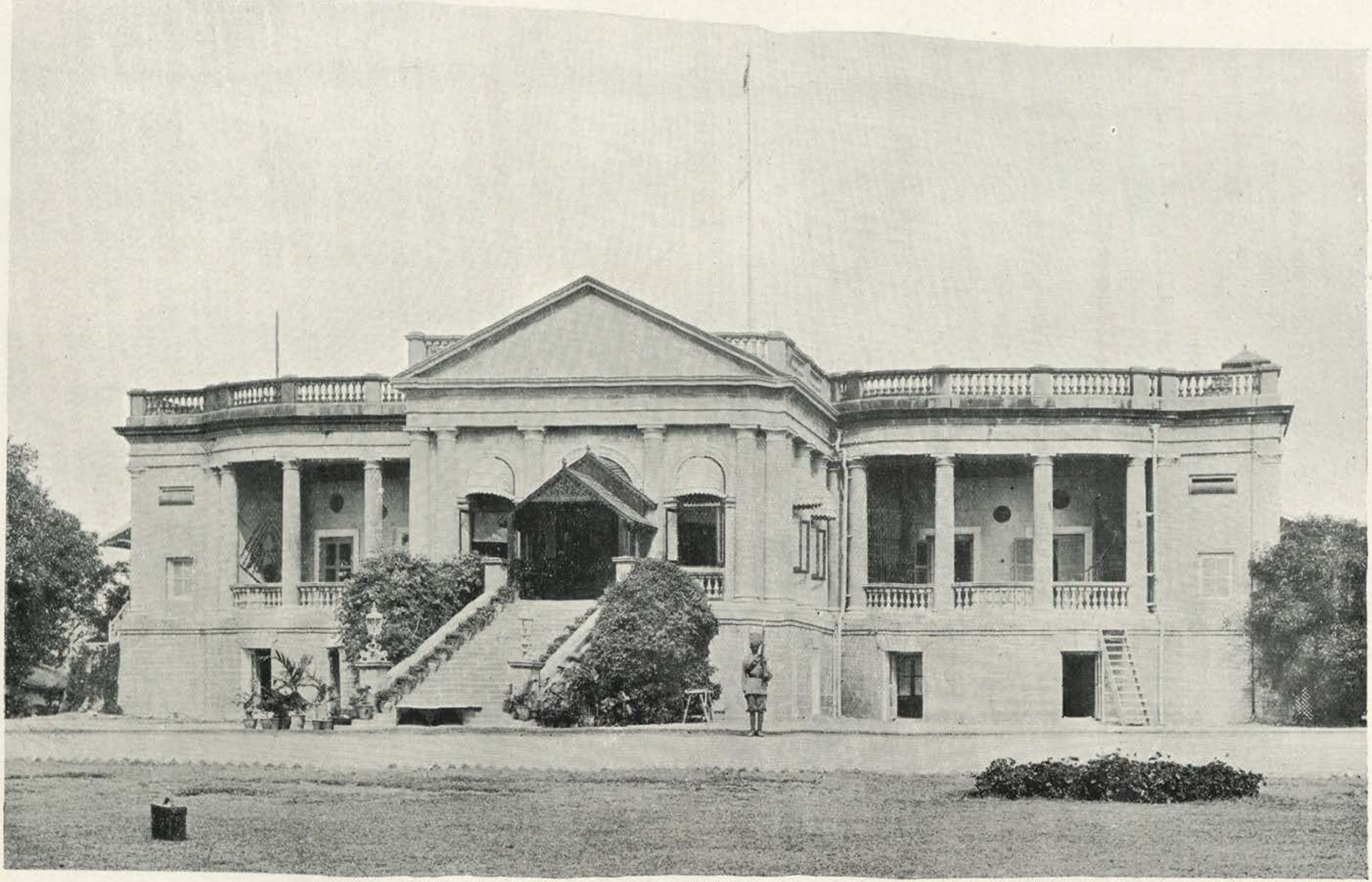
The little station of Indore does not lend itself readily to decoration, nor was anything pretentious attempted, but the spectacle was relieved from the commonplace by the extraordinary vividness of the costumes of the Chiefs. All Central India was represented here. First in order of priority was that most interesting Ruler, the Begum of Bhopal—the only Mahomedan woman in the world who rules—in the strictest purdah and dressed in a flowing lilac veil. Then the Maharaja of Rewa, clad in a costume of bright green. The Maharaja of Orchha, wearing the Star of the G.C.I.E., was in heavily gold-embroidered white silk. By comparison the fine old Maharaja of Datia was robed with ostentatious simplicity in the plainest white; the soldierly young Princes of the houses of Ratlam and Jaora, in the splendid uniform of the Imperial Cadet Corps, typified the most important development in the education of the Indian aristocracy. The Maharaja of Charkhari blazed in a surtout of emerald green lavishly braided with gold, and the Nawab of Baoni was resplendent in a costume of orange and gold surmounted by a species of crown. No less remarkable than the dresses were the types

Central India Types.

represented at this little wayside station, the Rajput with his fiercely-curled whiskers, the Mahratta with his more studious physiognomy, the Mahomedan Rulers of Bhopal and Baoni—a microcosm of the chaos from which the spread of British power rescued the Central India States.

The ceremonies attendant upon the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses were of the simplest. As the Royal train steamed into the station the Prince was standing on the platform of his saloon, wearing the uniform of a vice-admiral and the ribbon of the Star of India. Under the usual salutes he stepped on to the platform with Her Royal Highness and Sir Walter Lawrence. Sir Walter presented Major Hugh Daly, C.S.I., C.I.E., son of the famous Sir Henry Daly whose name is indelibly associated with the history of the Central India Horse. Major Daly in turn presented the young Chief who has the honour of being the first native Ruler to entertain the Royal visitors, the Maharaja Holkar of Indore, just sixteen years of age. The Rulers entitled to salutes were presented in order, commencing with the Begum of Bhopal and followed by the Maharaja of Rewa, G.C.S.I., the Maharaja of Orchha, G.C.I.E., the Maharaja of Datia, K.C.S.I., the Raja of Dhar, the Raja of Dewas, the Maharaja of Samthar, the Nawab of Jaora, the Raja of Ratlam, the Maharaja of Charkhari, K.C.I.E., the Maharaja of Bijawar, the Nawab of Baoni, the Raja of Sitamau, the Raja of Sailana, K.C.I.E., the Raja of Rajgarh, the Raja of Jhabua, the Rana of Alirajpur and the Rao of Khilchipur. This was followed by the presentation of the leading British Officers, with the General Officer Commanding the 5th Division, Major-General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., K.C.B., at their head. The guard-of-honour was inspected and the chief ceremony was over. Their Royal Highnesses drove direct to the historic Residency, which is to be their abode during their stay at Indore.

The procession, like all else in the welcome of Indore, was an epitome of the varied interests which constitute what is geographically and politically Central India. The escort was made up of a squadron of the Central India Horse, whose reputation so deservedly stands high amongst the Indian Cavalry regiments, next a squadron of Holkar's Imperial Service Cavalry, and another of the Bhopal Victoria Lancers superbly mounted on Arabs. The Royal carriage, in which Sir Walter Lawrence sat opposite the Prince and Princess, was drawn by four matchless bays, driven by two men of the Royal Horse Artillery in red and gold jackets. Then came the Chiefs in order of precedence with a display of barbaric state which provided a kaleidoscopic feast of colour. The Maharaja Holkar's carriage was of a pale lemon hue with footmen in gorgeous orange. The Begum drove in a closed



The Residency, Indore.

landau escorted by sowars in chocolate. The state carriage of Rewa was a blaze of silver and blue with an escort garbed in yellow. Orchha's horses jingled with bells like a Russian sleigh, whilst the Rajas of Dewas, senior and junior branches, were attended by retainers with gorgeous *chowries* of peacock feathers. As the lesser Chiefs joined the cortège the magnificence diminished, but not the interest, for now one came to groups of those quaintly-garbed horsemen on half-broken country-breds which still survive in the smaller States of the Dependency.

In full state Their Royal Highnesses thus drove through the unpretentious streets of Indore—an unpretentiousness lost beneath the loyal decorations displayed on every hand. Scarcely a house in the Sadar Bazaar went unadorned and the fine buildings of the Canadian Mission were resplendent. Behind the state troops, many of them still armed with old Enfields, who lined the streets, was a dense crowd of townsmen and thousands who had flocked in from the country-side to welcome the Heir-apparent to the Empire and his consort. An Indian crowd does not cheer, except where it has become half-occidentalised, as in a cosmopolitan city like Bombay, but the reverential *salaams*, the profound respect manifested, revealed none the less surely the loyalty of those who had come to gaze on the person of the Emperor's eldest son and to pay him homage. Through scenes such as these the Royal carriage drove until it passed within the gates of the Residency to the thunder of guns.

Their Royal Highnesses dined quietly at the Residency and there viewed the illuminations from the roof of the building. All Indore was ablaze with light, from the humblest dwellings in the city to the public offices of the Agency. The night was one of peerless splendour, the moon shone clear and cold, the sky was of purest blue, and not a breath of wind stirred the dry bracing atmosphere. Nothing therefore marred the picturesque effect of the myriads of tiny lamps and Chinese lanterns. Whilst the whole station and city looked beautiful, the most charming effect was secured in the lake in the Residency Gardens. The surface of this magnificent sheet of water is broken by numerous islets, clothed with gorgeous clusters of feathery bamboo and graceful palms. In the still moonlight their delicate foliage was reflected in the deep shadow of the placid bosom of the lake. Amongst the trees and round the mere were arranged thousands of little lamps and many-coloured lanterns, whose soft light was not only thrown into picturesque relief by the dark foliage, but was reflected with extraordinary brilliancy in the inky blackness of the shadows. On the water's fringe, from one of these islets, the soft music of a half-concealed band answered the more militant strains of the musicians in the Residency Gardens. It was a scene of indescribable grace and charm, rendered the more enjoyable by the hospitality of the Chiefs of Bundelkhund.

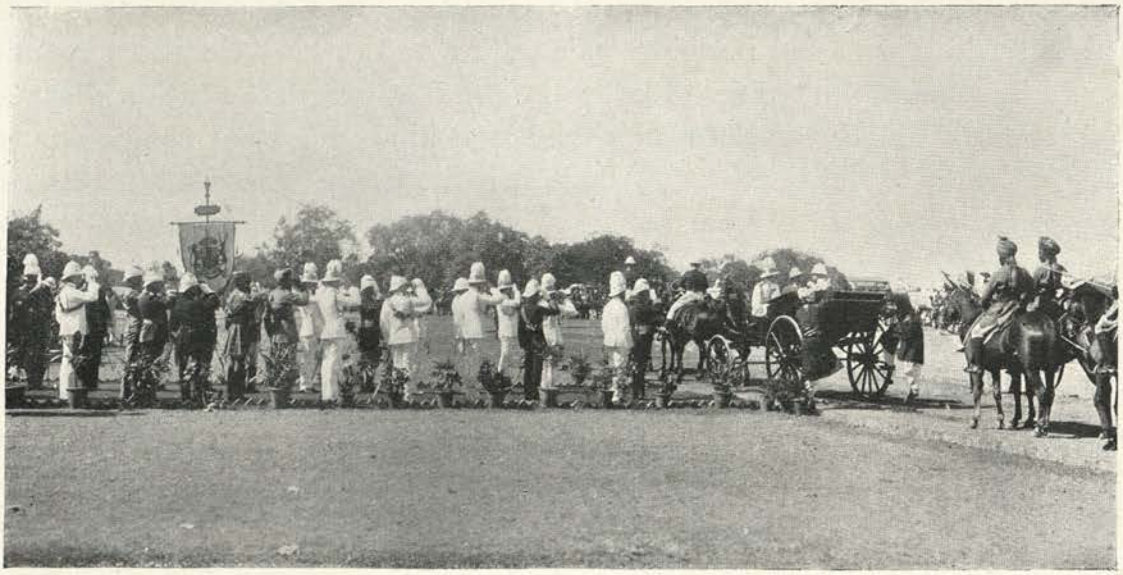
Residency Gardens, Indore.

November 16th.

Indore is one of the modern towns of India. It was at Kampail, eighteen miles to the south-east, that Malhar Rao, the shepherd's son, who carved out a great Mahratta state, established his capital: it was from Kampail that he set out in 1724 as a trooper of Mahratta Horse to enter the service of the Peshwa, rising until he became Commander-in-Chief and General of the right wing on the fateful day of Panipat. It was not until after the death of Malhar Rao that Ahalya Bai built the city of Indore, and in 1818 the court was removed to the new centre. It is too new to possess many objects of archæological or antiquarian interest, too prosperous to present the picturesqueness sometimes associated with poverty, not wealthy enough to boast the architectural beauties on which from time immemorial pious Indians have loved to spend their wealth. The storied gateway of the palace, the Lal Bagh, and the Residency, scarred with the bullets of the Mutiny, are the only features that detain the curious. Now, however, it is relieved by the unwonted bustle and animation of the thousands who have streamed into the town to join in the general rejoicings. There are sixty Chiefs in camp and their followers crowd the narrow streets. More interesting still are the rustics from the country-side—hardy Mahratta peasants with wisps of turbans and coarse hand-woven clothing.

Quite early to-day the stillness of the fresh morning air was broken by the familiar booming of salutes. The representatives of the Chiefs of Central India were performing the office of *mizaj pursi*; that is, calling at the Residency to enquire after the health of Their Royal Highnesses. It was originally intended that the Prince of Wales should visit the camps of some of the Chiefs informally in the course of a morning ride, but owing to the fatigues of the journey this purpose had to be abandoned. The day, therefore, opened with the *mizaj pursi*, and this was the prelude to the great state event of the visit, the public Durbar at which the ruling Princes, gathered in honour of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses, were presented with the pomp and ceremony custom attaches to these functions.

The scene of this Durbar was a large *shamiana* pitched near the Residency, with harmonious hangings of red and gold and Star of India blue, with gold embroideries. On a crimson carpet at the far end stood the dais, covered with cloth of gold, with the state chairs—a silver one for the Prince and a smaller seat, a little in the rear and outside the strict area of the Durbar, for the Princess—under a handsome canopy borne upon four silver pillars. On either side of the central aisle sat the Chiefs in order of precedence, the Rao of Khilchipur as the junior of those received being the first to arrive and the Begum of Bhopal, the senior, last. The Chiefs wore their finest robes and most costly jewels, and their scarcely less gorgeous followers sat immediately behind them. Soon after the Begum had taken her seat the Princess arrived, attended by the Lady Eva Dugdale, entering quietly through the portal behind the dais; then to the thunders of the Royal salute His Royal Highness drove up, and a stately procession of his Staff and the political officers preceded him to the dais. Major Daly, Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, asked permission for the Durbar to open and, consent having been given, the picturesque ceremony of the presentation commenced.



The Prince arriving at the Indore Durbar.

First came the graceful little Begum of Bhopal, veiled in a lilac *burka* and wearing a pale blue robe. Her Highness, who was far more self-possessed than many of the robustly masculine Chiefs, enjoyed a unique privilege; she alone among the assembled Rulers offered no *nazar*. The Maharaja of Rewa, a dashing figure in lilac and green, followed; he like all the other Chiefs presenting his *nazar*, which was touched and remitted. The Maharaja of Orchha was resplendent in a pale blue watered silk streaked with salmon, and the ribbon of the Indian Empire; the Maharaja of Datia was again conspicuous by the simplicity of his attire and his splendid jewels; the Raja of Dhar wore a royal blue surtout broidered with gold; His Highness of Dewas, senior branch, cardinal, and his colleague of Dewas, junior branch, lilac silk. The Nawab of Jaora was splendidly arrayed in royal blue and a salmon pink turban; Ratlam in a white surtout and emerald green; Charkhari made a fine figure in royal blue and emerald green; and Baoni in pale yellow and green. So the gorgeous procession went on. His Royal Highness graciously acknowledged every salute, and the scarlet-clad chobdars behind the state chairs dipped their *chowries* of yaks' tails and bore aloft the golden *chatri* and the blazing *suraj mukhi*. The mere recital of these primary colours may suggest something of barbaric crudeness and display, yet so perfectly did they harmonise with the environment and spirit of the scene that there was never a suggestion of harshness or of a jarring note. The retirement from the dais was an ordeal several Chiefs found no little difficulty in facing, but there was no bating one jot of etiquette.

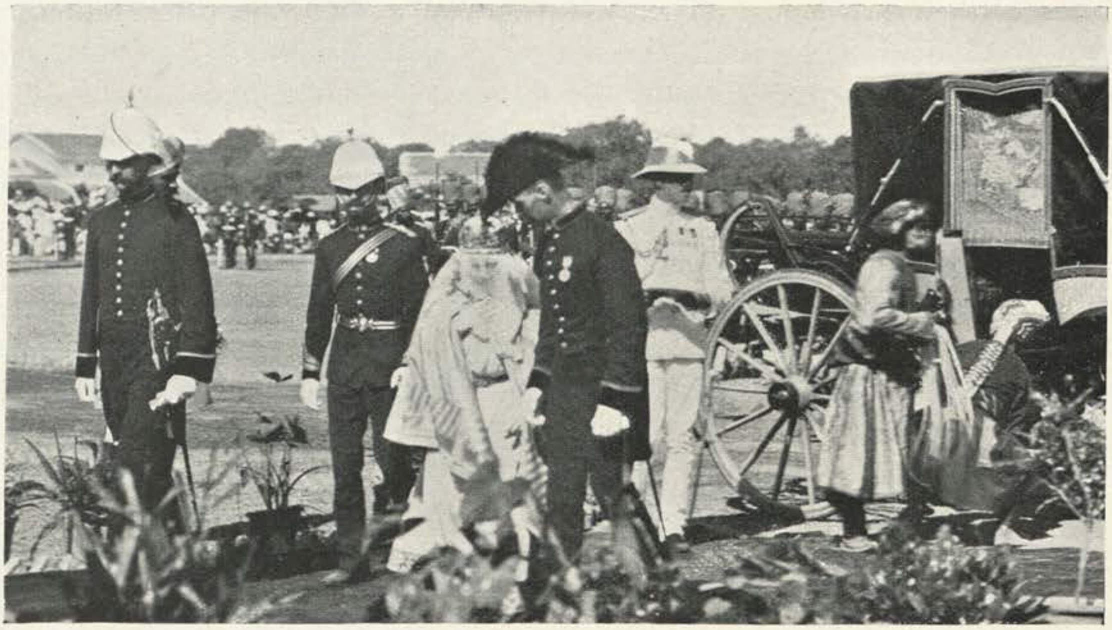
The presentations over, His Royal Highness, rising and addressing Major Daly, who was standing near the dais, said in a voice which was heard all over the *shamiana*:—

> Will you tell the Chiefs of Central India how glad I am to have this opportunity of seeing them. As they already know, I had hoped to meet some of them at Agra where I should have exchanged visits with them. But owing to the scarcity which has befallen Rajputana our tour has been changed at the last moment, and I have been enabled to come to Indore where, by a fortunate chance, nearly all the Chiefs of Central India are assembled. I wish you to explain to them that I, like the members of my House, attach great importance to the observance of ceremonial customs, and if time had allowed I should have exchanged visits with the Chiefs as I did in Bombay. But time does not allow and I must count myself fortunate that I am able to see them at to-day's Durbar. My visit here is of a somewhat informal character and I wish you clearly to explain to all present that any omission which arises purely from a lack of time is to form no precedent, nor detract from privileges and customs which I cherish and esteem as dearly as any Chief in India.

The terms of this message, so completely in accord with the sentiments of the ruling Chiefs, who dearly cherish their ancient ceremonial privileges and are mortified at any unnecessary curtailment of them, was received with a murmur of applause from those who understood English. This satisfaction was generally reflected on the faces of all present when Major Daly read aloud a Hindustani translation of His Royal Highness' address. It was a happy inspiration of the Prince, for at the great Delhi Durbar, owing to want of time, certain ceremonious observances were omitted. There was therefore a natural anxiety on the part of the Chiefs as to the interchange of visits, and the Prince's earnest manner and well-chosen words convinced them all that in His Royal Highness they have a staunch supporter of their privileges. There now remained only the presentation of those traditional marks of oriental courtesy,—*attar* and *pan*. Two retainers clothed in scarlet stepped forward bearing silver vessels containing the *attar* and the *pan*. His Royal Highness presented these to each Ruler in turn, commencing with the Begum of Bhopal. Mr. Reynolds of the Political Department performed a like office for the principal attendants of the Chiefs, the first served being the stalwart eldest son of the Begum, who, with his little brother, was in attendance on his mother. The ceremonies were then at an end. Once again the stately procession wended its way down the crimson aisle and the Prince of Wales departed, escorted, as upon his arrival, by the Central India Horse.

The Garden Party at the Residency in the afternoon was one of the most pleasant and profitable entertainments of the visit. For there, in the grateful coolness of the declining day, Their Royal Highnesses met, with an entire absence of formality, many of those who were presented with pomp and circumstance at the Durbar in the morning. Most of the assembled Chiefs were there as the guests of Major Daly, and were again received by the Prince and Princess who greeted them with unaffected cordiality. Major Daly and Sir Walter Lawrence undertook the office of interpreters when occasion arose. This friendly intercourse was very deeply valued by the Chiefs, and it was, moreover, a charming reception. The gardens form a delightful splash of restful green in the brown plain in which the Residency stands. The band of the Central India Horse played and the performing elephant of the Raja of Datia gave a curious exhibition of his tricks. The spectacle of this huge beast, with a purple head and trunk and chain mail on the forehead and quarters, dragging his huge bulk on three legs, or walking erect, was the quaintest thing in animal training that India can show.

Is it not a remarkable illustration of the power woman wields in the world, even in the East, that the principal figure in this great gathering of Chiefs from all parts of Central India should be a woman, and one, too, who is closely veiled to all men save to those of her immediate family—the clever, capable Ruler of Bhopal? At the reception of the Royal visitors it was on the Begum of Bhopal, shrouded in her *burka*, that all eyes were bent. At the Durbar the Begum was not only the first in order of precedence, but the cynosure of all eyes as she paid homage to the Heir-apparent. This afternoon Her Highness had the honour of being accorded a private audience by the Princess of Wales at the Residency, and of showing her the historic treasures of Bhopal which are to be housed in the Museum, which is to be an important branch of the monumental Victoria Memorial at Calcutta. These treasures include priceless embroideries, portraits of Bhopal sovereigns, and the armour and weapons of the fighting Chiefs who carved out a kingdom for themselves in Central India in the chaotic days preceding the arrival of the British. This afternoon, though in double purdah—behind the veil and within her tent—the presence of the Begum could be felt at the Garden Party. The Prince, for whom Major Daly acted as spokesman, conversed with the Begum at first through the curtain of the tent, and then Her Highness came forward in her durbar dress to acknowledge her appreciation of this honour. Her stalwart sons, the



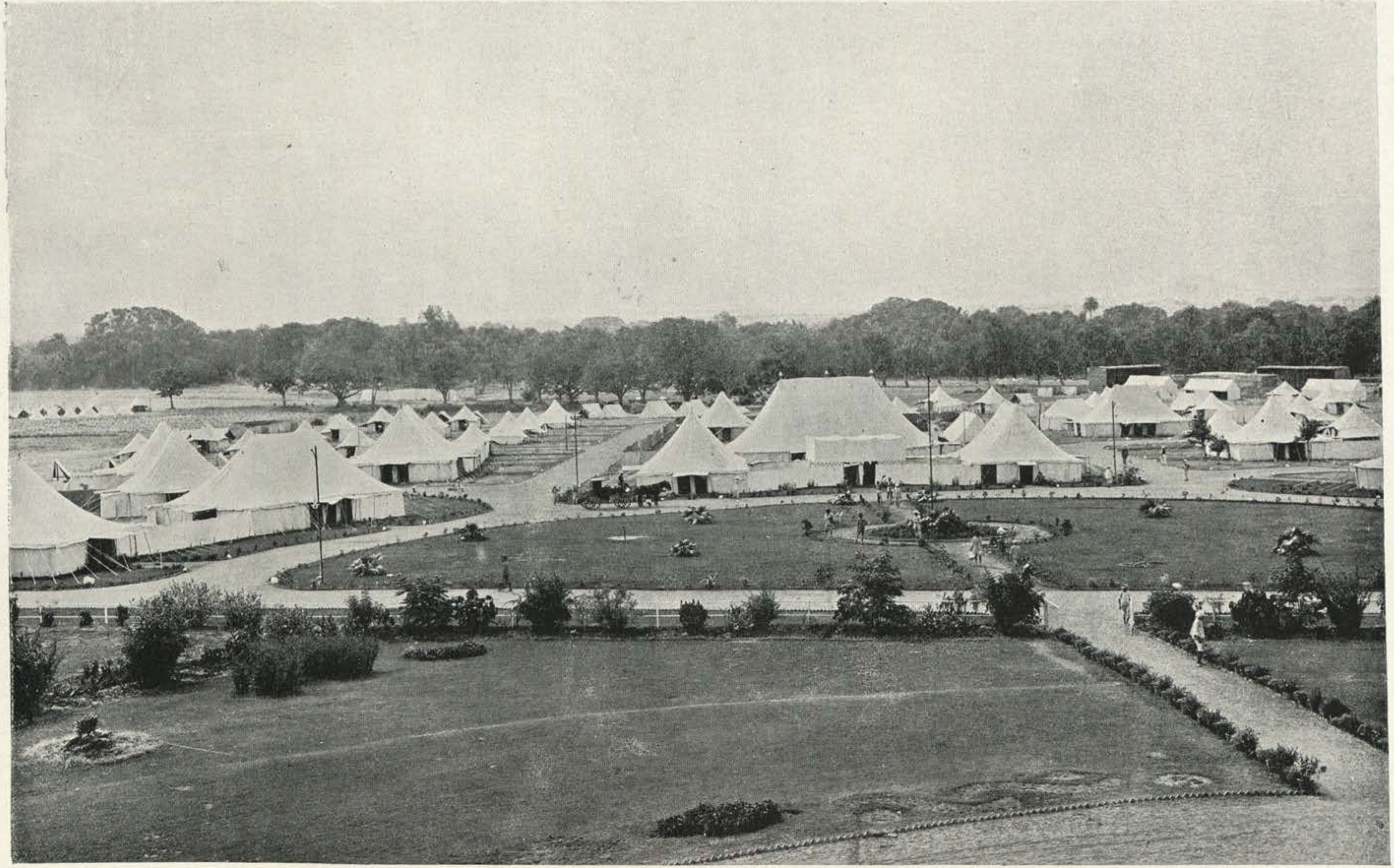
The Begum of Bhopal at the Indore Durbar.

heir to the *gadi* and the Commander of the State Forces, were presented to Their Royal Highnesses, as well as the youngest child—the charming boy of eleven years who acted as Lord Curzon's page at Delhi. Who can say that woman has not still a great part to play in India?

One other pleasant episode in the day merits chronicling. In the midst of these state ceremonies the poor were not forgotten. Through the consideration of the Camp Demonstration Committee, the *bataki* was beaten in the streets inviting all who would to feast in honour of the Royal visit. So at five o'clock the maimed, the leper and the whole, the mendicant and the refugee from withered Marwar, met at the Dhar Kothi, and were nobly regaled on *puris* of flour and wheat fried in ghee, on sweetmeats and vegetables. After sunset the Mahomedans, who were still celebrating their fast, joined the throng. None in Indore necessarily went hungry and all were made to feel that this feast was in honour of their future King and Queen.

The State Dinner was served in a large *shamiana* close to the Residency. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a General in the British Army and the ribbon of the Indian Empire, and Her Royal Highness a handsome costume of eau-de-nil with a magnificent collar and tiara of pearls and diamonds. On the right of His Royal Highness sat Major Daly, the Princess of Wales, Major-General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., Lady Eva Dugdale, Sir Walter Lawrence and the Honourable Mrs. Salkeld; on his left Mrs. Daly, Sir Arthur Bigge and Lady Creagh. The company numbered over a hundred and the *shamiana* glittered with the uniforms of the officers of the Staff and the corps stationed at Mhow. After dinner His Royal Highness proposed the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor, and Major Daly the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The gathering now broke up in preparation for the investiture.

Two honours were conferred,—the G.C.I.E. on the Begum of Bhopal and the K.C.I.E. on the Raja of Sailana. Once again the Begum became the centre of the whole of this assemblage. Does not this provoke some reflection on the elasticity of the conditions which have grown up under our rule in India? Here is the second Mahomedan State in the Dependency ruled for the third time in succession by a woman who preserves the strictest purdah. Nor is she a mere puppet in the hands of some mayor of the palace. Her Highness knows every detail of the administration of her State. She travels widely in it, receiving petitions, hearing complaints, judging for herself of the condition of her people. By all accounts she



THE ROYAL CAMP, INDORE.

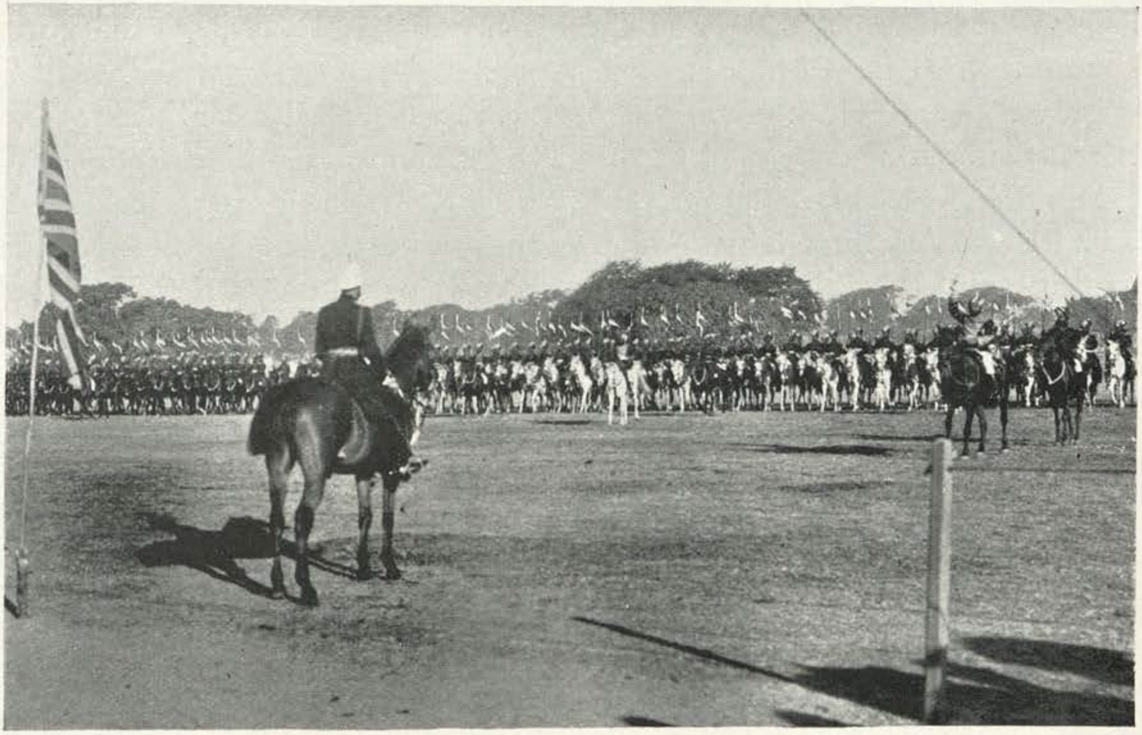
rules it uncommonly well too, and in many respects Bhopal leads where States under a purely masculine régime lag. The line of Begums has been maintained so long and they have been so highly capable, so loyal to the *Raj*, such unique examples of what, notwithstanding the absurd restrictions custom imposes, women of character can accomplish in India, that one is tempted to regret that the line must come to an end, as Her Highness has sons and they have male children.

The procession was marshalled in the ante-room and then, preceded by their Staff in full dress, Their Royal Highnesses walked slowly to the dais whereon the chairs of State stood under a portrait of His Majesty the King-Emperor. Captain Lord Crichton, a stalwart soldierly figure, bore the insignia of the G.C.I.E. on a cushion, bowed and stepped aside. Sir Walter Lawrence now led the Begum to the dais, a graceful dignified little figure, still clad in her pale blue *burka* and wearing the rich flowing cloak of the Indian Empire upborne by two fascinating little pages, sons of her Minister. Major Daly rolled out Her Highness' titles, Lord Crichton offered the insignia and His Royal Highness placed them round the Begum's neck. A significant little incident followed. His Royal Highness shook hands with the Begum, but clinging to the Prince of Wales' palm she bent low over it and in tones of deep feeling murmured her thanks. In somewhat broken English she said : "I thank Your Royal Highness from the bottom of my heart for the distinguished honour you have done me in personally investing me with the insignia of this great Order. I pray God to bless and preserve our beloved King-Emperor and also Your Royal Highnesses." Bowing profoundly again Her Highness moved to the side of the dais, where she remained whilst the Raja of Sailana, a worthy Chief who has done much to promote the cause of education in his State, was invested with the K.C.I.E. The Prince and Princess then left the dais and spent some time in conversing with many of those present before retiring.

November 17th.

This morning Their Royal Highnesses were early abroad and before breakfast were the principal figures in two bright little ceremonies,—the inspection of the Bhopal Imperial Service Lancers and the presentation of new colours to the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment. The venue was the *maidan* near the Residency, which, when the Prince and Princess arrived, was a perfect picture of mofussil India. There was the khaki plain, browned and cracked by the blazing sun, the whitewashed church, the towers of Daly College, the square unpretentious Government buildings glistering in the dry air. In how many upcountry stations from Cape Comorin to Peshawar can this little scene be paralleled? Nothing could have been more characteristic of the outward and visible signs of British paramountcy on the plains of Hindustan.

The Prince of Wales, in the undress uniform of a British General and bestriding a handsome bay, took up his position by the saluting post, whilst Her Royal Highness and the Begum of Bhopal watched the proceedings from a small tent. First the Bhopal Victoria Lancers, commanded by Colonel Sahibzada Hamid-ullah Khan, the Begum's third son, marched past at a walk by troops. A smart, well-set-up, workmanlike body they appeared to be, well-horsed and well-equipped, raised for the most part in the State from the descendants of those Afghans who carved out the kingdom of Bhopal. They made a brave display in their dark green *lungis* and *kurtas*. The trot past by squadrons was equally good; the gallop quite creditable, horses well in hand and line well kept; then the horsemen advanced in review order and halted, facing the saluting post. His Royal Highness rode forward and warmly congratulated Colonel Hamid-ullah Khan on the soldierly appearance of his command. He said he was very pleased with the appear-



Review of the Bhopal Lancers.

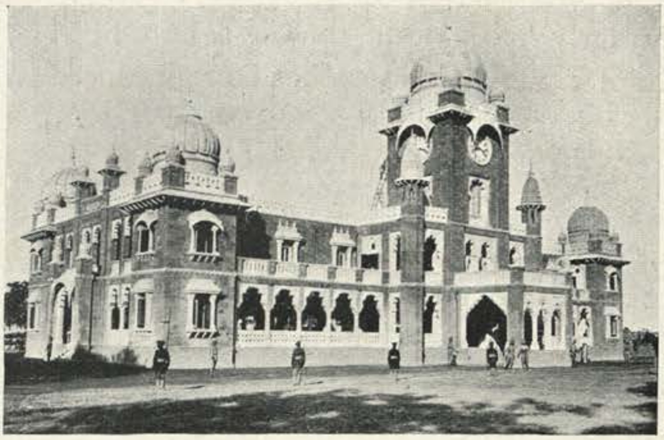
ance of the squadrons, complimented them on their drill and added that he especially admired the gallop.

The Dewan of Rajgarh.

The Lancers marched off, the York and Lancasters marched on, and the picturesque ceremony of presenting the colours commenced. A little anecdote will show that the Prince possesses in full the faculty of his House for remembering incidents and names. When he inspected the guard-of-honour of the York and Lancasters on arriving at the Residency, the Prince at once recollected having presented colours to the other battalion of the Regiment at Barbadoes, when he was serving in the Navy, fifteen years ago, and readily consented similarly to honour the first battalion now. Nowhere outside the British Empire could this incident be reproduced; the two battalions of a regiment receiving their colours from a Prince of the Blood Royal,—one in the distant West, the other, after an interval of a decade and a half, in the East. The York and Lancaster Regiment is a fine one, which deserves the double honour conferred upon it; the record of service of the 1st Battalion, the old 65th, extends from Bunker's Hill to South Africa, including the relief of Ladysmith, and it participated in some of the hottest fighting at El Teb and Tamai. Another interesting coincidence which gave point to the parade is that the Regiment received the old colours from Lady Mayo at Agra in 1871. Surely the ceremony of presenting new colours needs no description! Suffice it to say, then, that the old colours were marched round the Regiment to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the short religious service was earnestly conducted. The Prince made a brief speech, saying that he was proud to think that the colours now carried by both battalions of the Regiment were presented by him, and committing the colours to the keeping of the Corps, confident that they would remain untarnished in their hands. Colonel Mayne, in acknowledgment, said the receipt of the colours from His Royal Highness would spur the Regiment to even greater deeds in the service of their Sovereign and their country.

After breakfast there was the state visit of the Maharaja Holkar to His Royal Highness, conducted with all ceremony, and the return visit of the Prince to Holkar, while the Princess paid an informal visit to the Begum. The final engagement of the visit was the opening of the King Edward Hall, erected by the Indore Durbar in commemoration of the ascension of King

Edward to the throne. The Maharaja Holkar met Their Royal Highnesses at the steps of the building, and walking slowly up the centre of the hall they took their places in great silver howdahs, placed on red and gold carpets, on either side of which were silver palanquins. The young Maharaja, in a clear voice, read his speech, acknowledging, on behalf of the Chiefs of Central India, their sense of good fortune in that they had been able to express, for themselves and their subjects, their enthusiastic loyalty towards their suzerain and to the Royal House. As a special memento of the visit they proposed to raise a memorial in the symbolic form of new courts of justice. The Prince, standing in his howdah, declared the hall open, and pressed the button, which flooded the building with light. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess walked round the hall, and received many of the Chiefs in the garden, conversing with them for nearly an hour. When the sun sank there was a brilliant display of fireworks. The departure was quite informal. At the station the Prince thanked Major and Mrs. Daly, their attentive hosts, for all their trouble, and after a little talk with General Creagh and the Maharaja Holkar, Their Royal Highnesses entered their saloon and the train steamed out of the station.



Indore : The Edward Hall.

The visit to Indore was an unqualified success. Their Royal Highnesses met in formal durbar all the leading Chiefs embraced in the Central India Agency ; they met them again *sans* ceremony at the Garden Party at the Residency and at the investiture and entered into close personal intercourse with them. Henceforward the tie which binds the Rulers of Central India to the Royal House will be more than a deep sense of loyalty and one of personal attachment to the Prince and Princess. Although there was a certain sense of disappointment at the enforced abandonment of the ceremonial visits, this disappeared before the gracious message and Their Royal Highnesses' unaffected charm of manner. Not only the Chiefs but everyone prominently occupied in the public life of these States was presented and afforded an opportunity of discussing his work.

CHAPTER V.

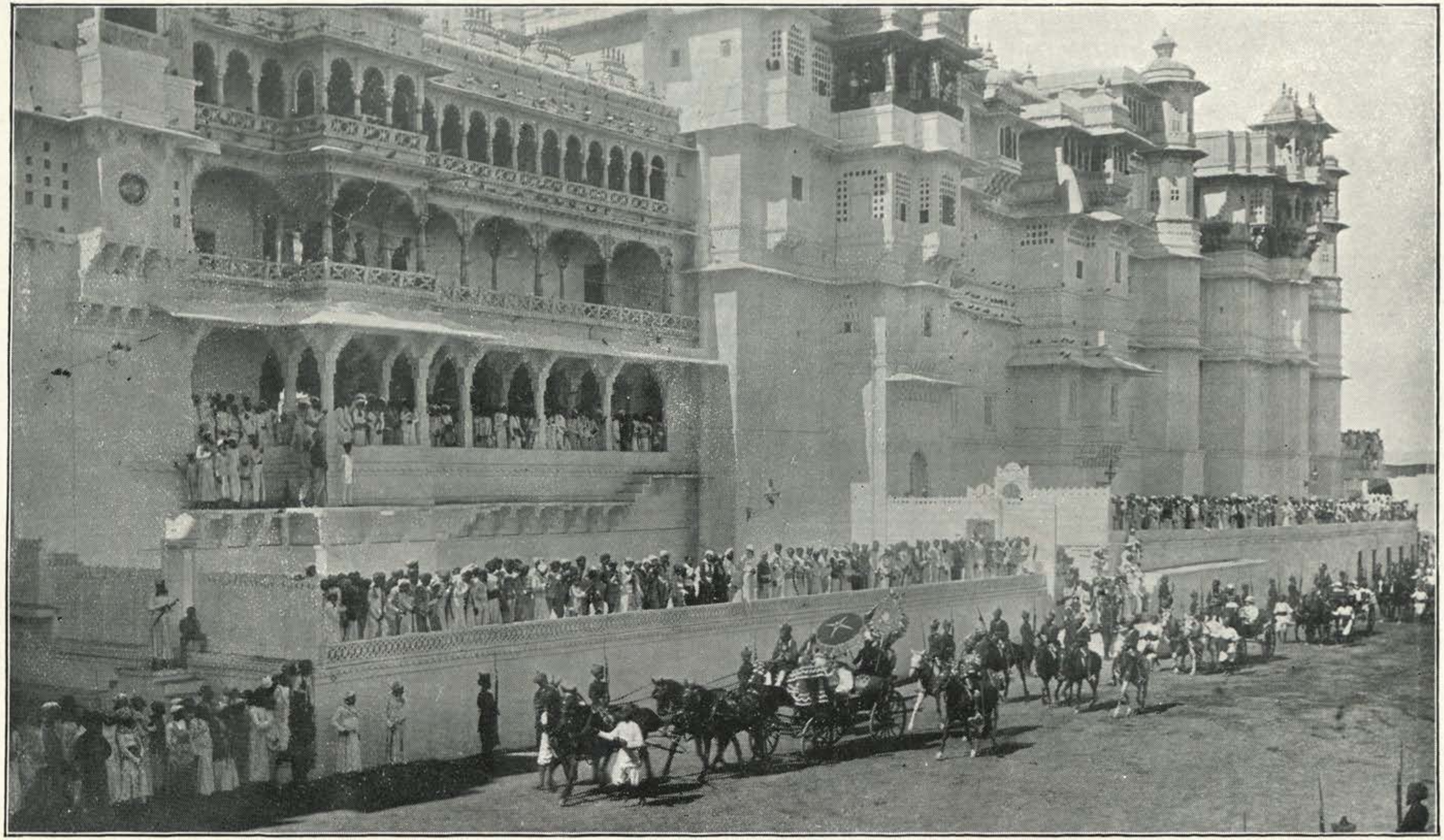
"City of Sunrise."

Amongst the Rajputs—An Indian Epic—The Beauties of Udaipur—A Picture from Mediæval India—An Eastern Fairyland—Stout Pledge of Loyalty—Feeding the Wild Pig—Shooting in the Jungle—The Ruler of Udaipur—His High Ideals and Austere Character—Old-fashioned but Happy Government—The Duties of an Indian Prince.

Udaipur, *November 18th.*

FROM Indore the route of the Royal progress lay to Udaipur, the most romantic and the most fascinating city in India. For the Maharana of Udaipur, who is now Their Royal Highnesses' host, is of the bluest blood of the East. Of the elder branch of the *Surya Vansa*, or Children of the Sun, he is regarded by the Hindus as the direct representative of Rama, from whom was descended Kanak Sen, the founder of the Udaipur family. In the history of chivalry there is no epic transcending the heroic struggle of the Sesodias of Mewar against the growing Mahomedan power. What parallel is there in the annals of the West for the great sacrifice which preceded the sack of the ancient capital, Chitor, by the Tartars, when, thirteen hundred women having been immolated to preserve them from pollution or captivity, the survivors of the garrison sought death with reckless gallantry in the crowded ranks of Allah ? Or of the even greater tragedy which accompanied the second capture of Chitor, when high-souled Rajput women preferred death to dishonour, and found it before the scant remnants of the city's defenders died fighting the army of Bahadur of Gujarat ? And when Chitor—whose ruins, crowning the rocky mass that rises like a gigantic battleship from the plain, frown upon the railway as it plunges into the hills in search of the new city—was finally sacked by Akbar, the gallant Pertab maintained the unequal struggle with a fortitude which makes his heroic deeds the common heritage of all Rajputs.

In all Hindustan there is no more picturesque city than that Udai Singh, when driven from Chitor, founded amongst the mountains. The

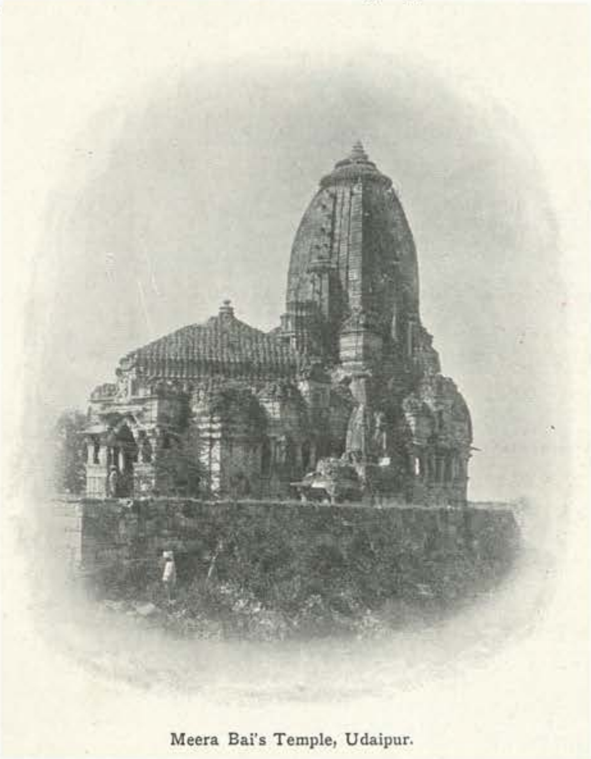


The Prince returning the visit of the Maharana.

beautiful Pichola Lake, hemmed in by the forest-covered, sepia-tinted hills, is an exquisite oasis in the brownness of much of southern Rajputana. The palace, standing upon the very crest of a ridge running parallel to the lake, but considerably elevated above the margin of the water, flanked with octagonal towers and crowned with cupolas, owns no more striking or majestic structure in the East. The city, one of those rare instances of a town rising around and dependant entirely upon the Court, is stamped indelibly with the impress of a dominant Hinduism, which has not begun to disintegrate before occidentalising influences. And the view from the far side of the lake, with the noble proportions of the palace rising sheer from the water's edge and reflected in its bosom, the slender water palaces of Jag Mandir and Jag Newas of glistening white, with the soft brown hills in the background, is one of unforgettable beauty.

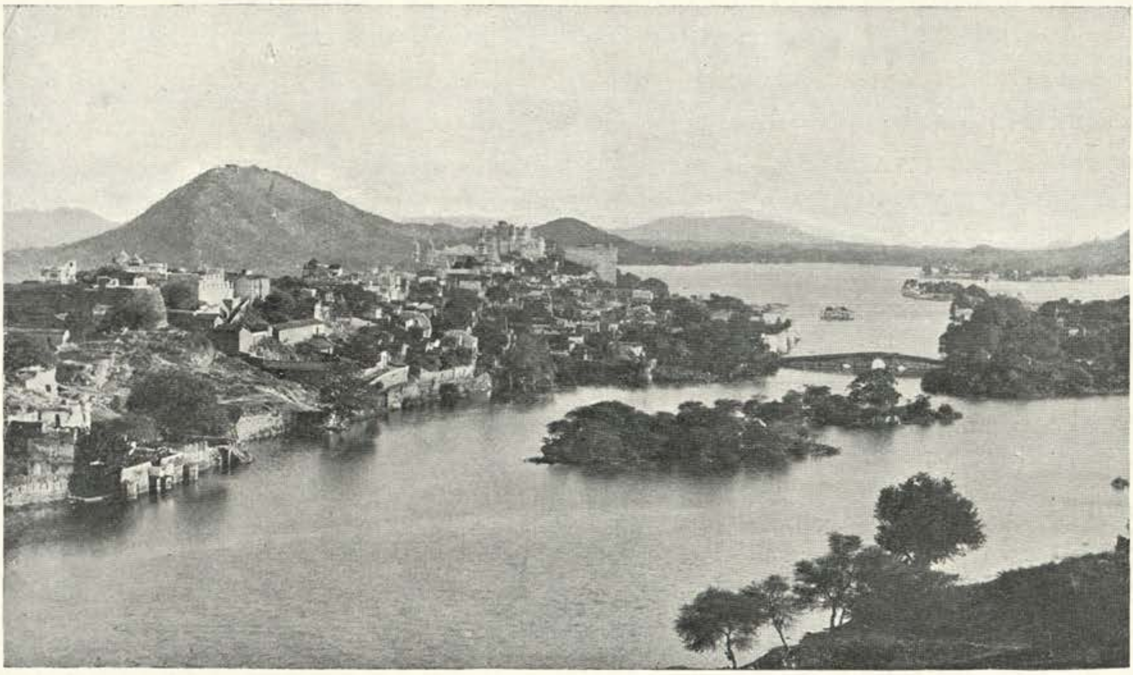
The reception Udaipur gave to Their Royal Highnesses was characteristic of a State which remains singularly true to tradition. The Maharana met the Royal visitors in the early morning, and drove with the Prince of Wales to the Residency, Her Royal Highness following with the Honourable Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana. The route lay amid scenes which have had no like in India since the review of the retainers of the Chiefs at the Delhi Durbar. All the feudatories of the State were assembled to pay honour to the Royal visitors, and many came in the fashion of centuries ago. Here were tough old Jagirdars, clad in gorgeous robes, mounted on squealing stallions whose heads were enveloped in scarlet cloths as the only means of controlling them ; warriors in chain armour with huge panels of untanned hide protecting their horses' flanks and quarters ; warriors in buff jerkins, their lances tied to the stirrups with string ; and warriors in coats of quilted cotton. Here were, too, camelmen, and elephants with painted trunks, and rustics from the countryside by the thousand, each with a weapon, if only a broken fowling piece or a battered sword. Some sort of rude order was maintained, but little, for the stallions plunged and kicked, the camels bit, and the ponderous elephants ploughed along regardless of everybody, whilst through this bit of mediæval India a company of the state infantry, in discarded scarlet British tunics above their loin-cloths, shouldering Enfield rifles, marched serenely along utterly unconscious of the bizarre in their appearance. It was indeed a panorama of those fast-disappearing parts of India where custom and tradition have withstood the exotic influences which are robbing us of most that is picturesque in native life and character.

The formal visits of the morning introduced yet another phase of Udaipur life. The Maharana paid a state visit to His Royal Highness at the Residency, and it was almost immediately returned by the Prince of Wales, the Princess being a most interested spectator of the ceremonies. The route lay by the Hathipol Gate, past the Juggernath Temple, and through the most typical parts of the bazaar. The native city of Udaipur, though one of cramped and rude-paved streets, is distinctively Hindu, and the many temples and tanks preserve it from any approach to flatness. Unfortunately the Durbar Hall was in the new wing of the palace, an addition satisfying to the external appearance, but containing nothing remarkable internally, except its meretricious adornments. The Sirdars, however, made a brave display in their gorgeous raiment, and the noontide sun blazing through the entrance hall up the aisle, which was lined by the Chiefs and the Staff, to where His Royal Highness sat with the Maharana on his left, made the silks and satins and jewels literally scintillate. The first to be presented was the minor Chief of Baidla, wearing the sword which was presented to his grandfather by the British Government for services rendered during the Mutiny. *Attar* and *pan* were afterwards distributed, and it was the same self-possessed young gentleman, still clinging to his cherished weapon, who presented these emblems of oriental hospitality to the members of the Staff. When His Royal Highness departed the Maharana distributed *pan* to his feudatories, who, though respectful enough now, are inclined to be a thorn in the side of Mewar, because of the extent of their feudal privileges and the limited means the Overlord possesses of coercing them in these degenerate days.



Meera Bai's Temple, Udaipur.

In the afternoon Their Royal Highnesses, in the course of a pleasant drive round the Fateh Sagar Lake, saw the palace and lake bathed in the glory of the setting sun, in that exquisite hour of the Indian day which tones all harshness, softens all crudities, and even in the scorching months of May and June compensates for the burden and heat of tropic life. But the crowning glory of a splendid day was the progress to the palace by barge for the state dinner, when the city was illuminated with a brilliancy that baffles description. The drive to the Mission Ghat from the Residency was through serried lines of twinkling lights, which crowned each fortalice and glimmered bravely on the little white fort which dominates the landscape from the summit of the highest of the hemming hills. Then as we stepped into the manned and masted barges and pushed into the unruffled blackness of the bosom of the lake a vision from fairyland burst upon us. The castellated walls, the edge of the water, the ghats and buildings, were outlined with dancing fire. The night was one of velvet blackness, not the vestige of a zephyr stirred the dry, cool air, and each one of the myriad little lamps shone as gallantly as if upon its efforts depended the whole decorative scheme. The barge moved on with measured stroke towards the great Pichola Lake, whose even greater glories were dimly indicated by the glow which hung over the city.



Udaipur: The City from the Lake.

We were now traversing slowly the small lake which connects Pichola, on which the palace stands, with the Fateh Sagar, on the outskirts of the city. Shooting under the Chandpol, for all the world like the Rialto at Venice decked with stars, and through a deep, dark lock, we debouched on to Pichola, and there opened out at once a scene of amazing beauty. The lake was a dancing sheet of molten gold into which ran streaks of living fire, from ghat and step, house, palace and temple. The crowded ghats and the approaches to the palace were sheets of flame. The vast bulk of the palace itself was illuminated with a simplicity which only heightened the general scheme. That broad face of the olden building, which bluntly fronts the lake, was crowned with but a single streak of light, the more effective from its contrast with the fire streamers which stretched in every other direction. Then in the very bosom of the lake those exquisite water palaces, Jag Mandir and Jag Newas, were sketched in fiery lines which plunged sheer into the molten gold of the lake's surface.

> Each purple peak, each flinty spire
> Was bathed in floods of living fire.

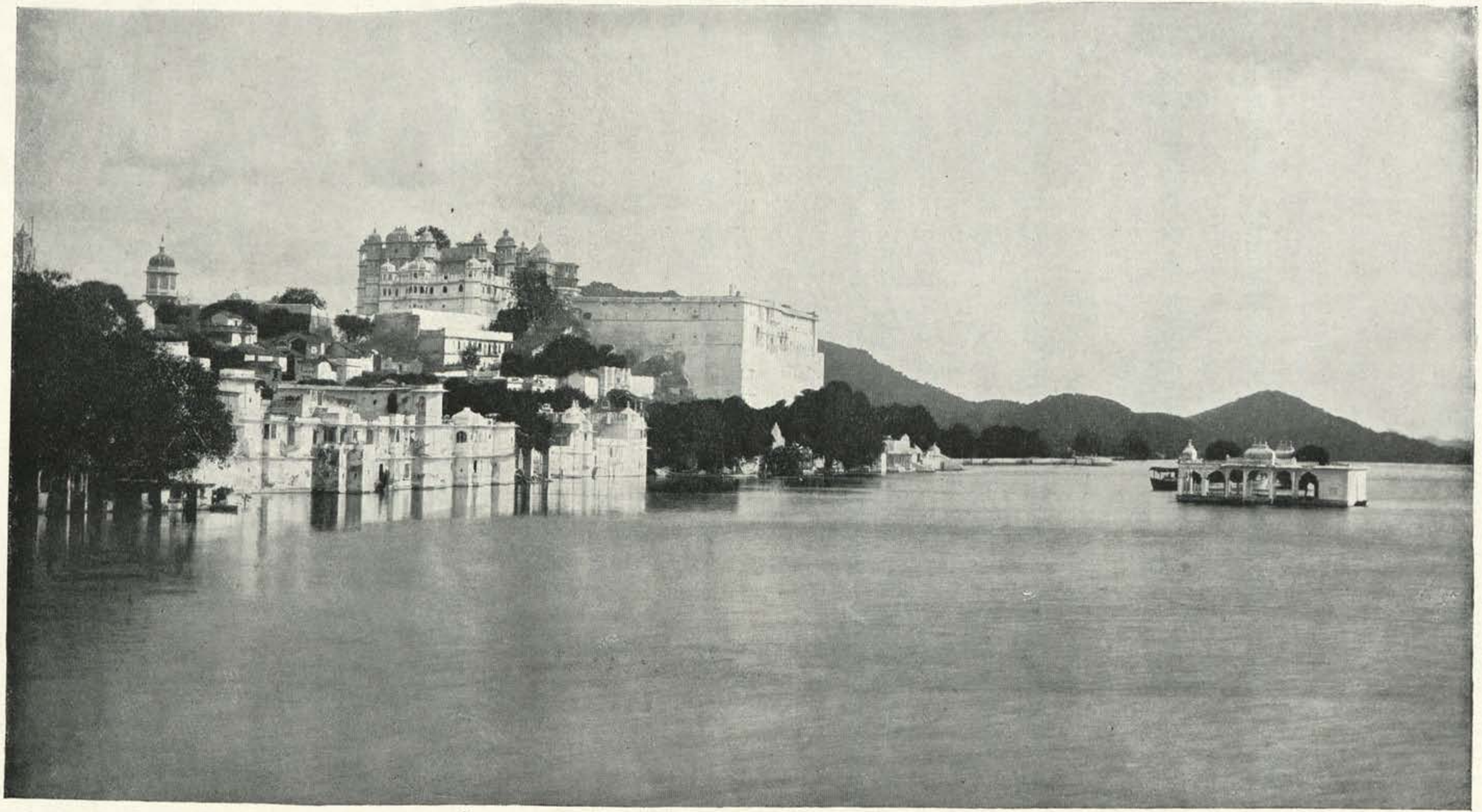
And this was not the hard cold light of electricity, or gas, or any of the western illuminations. Each little flame was flickering gently in the still night air, and this, with the slight smoke, lent a grateful mildness and softness to the whole scene. Scarcely less remarkable was the roar of the crowd, which overbore all other sounds. The whole population of Udaipur, and half the countryside, were in the streets, demonstrating their joy in the splendid spectacle with cries and exclamations which blended into one impressive volume of sound. It was with a feeling of infinite regret that, disembarking at the palace steps and climbing the steep ascent to the courtyard, one turned to take a last look at the fairy spectacle. Nor was the natural admiration of this triumph of illuminative skill lessened by consideration of the means whereby it was obtained. Nothing more elaborate was employed than a tiny earthen saucer, a rude cotton wick, and a few drops of cocoanut oil. What a comment upon our mechanical development, when with this primitive means a decorative effect can be secured in a suitable environment yielding nothing to the costly splendours of the West !

In the anteroom to the banquetting hall the Maharana awaited his Royal guests and thence the Prince led the way to the hall, the reception room of the morning, whose modernity jars after the beauty of the exterior of the palace buildings. One cannot reconcile Udaipur, the City of Sunrise, the home of the oldest dynasty in India, with glass electroliers and Bombay furniture. After dinner the Maharana joined his guests and proposed the health of the King. Then rising in his seat he stood, whilst Major Pinhey read a literal translation of his speech welcoming the Prince and Princess as the first of their station to visit Udaipur—when the King toured in India the city was beyond the scope of his itinerary owing to the lack of railway connections. Then touching on state questions for a moment the Maharana acknowledged that the British Government "has always shown great consideration to this State and taken great interest in its well-being and prosperity. This State has always been loyal to Government and will always remain so. I assure Your Royal Highness and, through Your Royal Highness, His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, of my everlasting friendship and loyalty." The Prince's reply was singularly graceful and felicitous. "We have heard much of the Rajputs," he said, "and have had the pleasure of meeting those of your class in England; but to realise the splendid traditions of chivalry, freedom and courtesy, which are the proud possessions of the Rajput, one must see him in his own home; and for the Princess and myself I say, in all sincerity, that all we have heard and read in praise of Rajputana is dwarfed by what we have seen in one short day."

An adjournment was now made to the flat roof of the new wing of the palace to witness the fireworks. Although extraordinary iridescent effects were produced by the reflection of the set pieces on the lake, many would have been better content to watch the undimmed illuminations. After being garlanded by His Highness, some returned to camp by water, others by road, and not the least vivid picture of a memorable day was the sight of the illuminated streets, hazy with dust and dense-packed with a chattering, joyous throng.

November 20th.

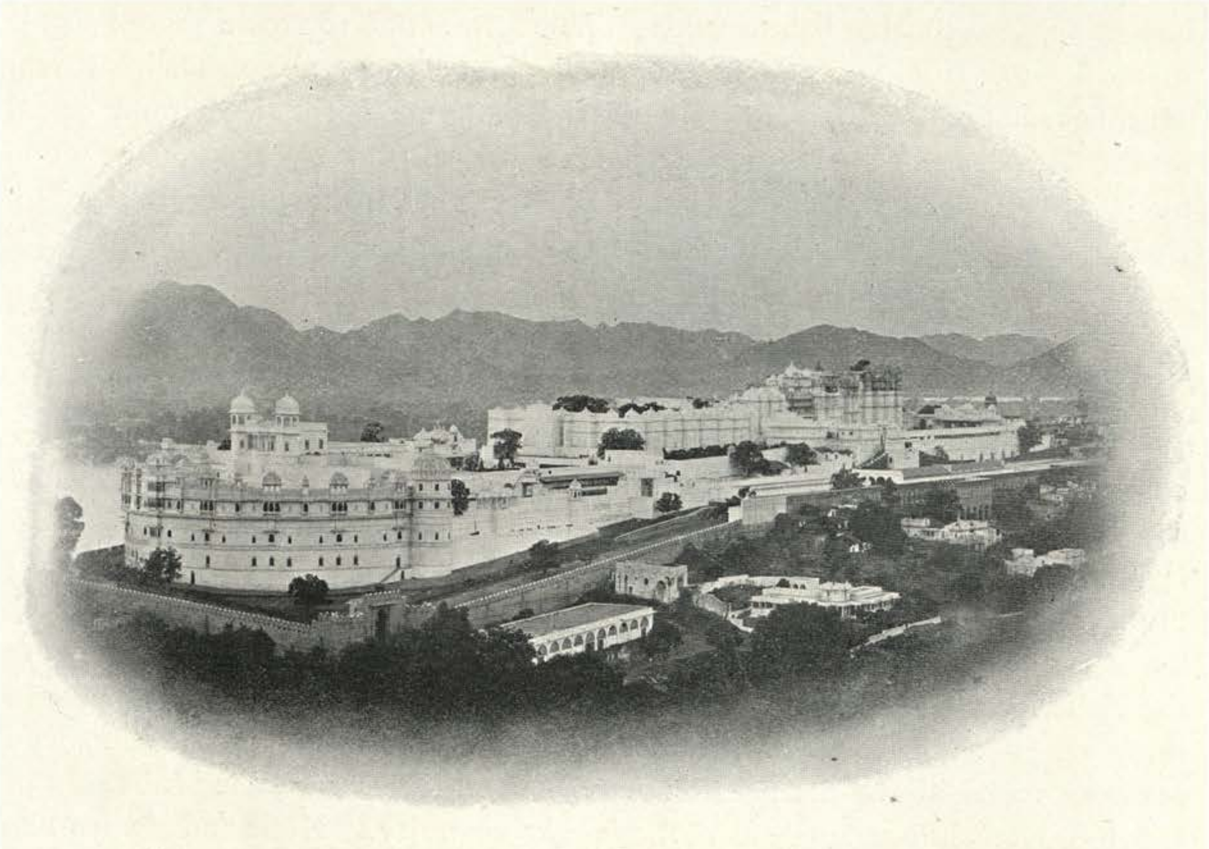
Sunday was a day of complete rest. Their Royal Highnesses attended divine service at the familiar little Mission church in the morning. Then in the early afternoon they took boat and were rowed to the island palace of Jag Mandir, in the middle of the lake, dear to the memory of all Englishmen because it was there that a small band of their countrymen found refuge in the darkest days of the Mutiny. There, under the graceful shade of the arcade commanding a view of the palace, tea was served. Afterwards a very short row led to the Khas Oodi, the quaint little tower where night and morning the wild pigs are fed. The tradition of the town is that the Khas Oodi is two centuries old and that from it the jungle swine have been fed for the whole of that period. Without subscribing to that tradition, it is a fact that the practice goes back much farther than the memory of any living Udaipuri and the present Maharana favours it sufficiently largely to extend the daily rations. Some hundreds of pig were gathered on the rough ground at the foot of the tower and liberally fed with maize. A large tiger, and subsequently a captive boar, were afterwards permitted to roam in the sunken arena overlooked by the tower, where in the old days fights between the boar and the tiger were common, and even now these combats take place on festivals and holidays. It was more interesting to turn from this tame performance to watch the never-fading beauties of the palace buildings lit by the glow of



The Palace, Udaipur, from the Lake.

the setting sun. The scene was indeed one of surpassing loveliness. The sky was flecked with light clouds, which caught the orange and purple and pink glow that overspread the land; the surface of the waters, stirred by a light breeze, assumed the hues of the rainbow; the western hills were sharply defined, with their crowning forts or isolated fanes; and as the sun sank slowly into the desert far beyond, the softly-tinted twilight bathed mountain and valley, lake and island, in one delicate sheet of colour.

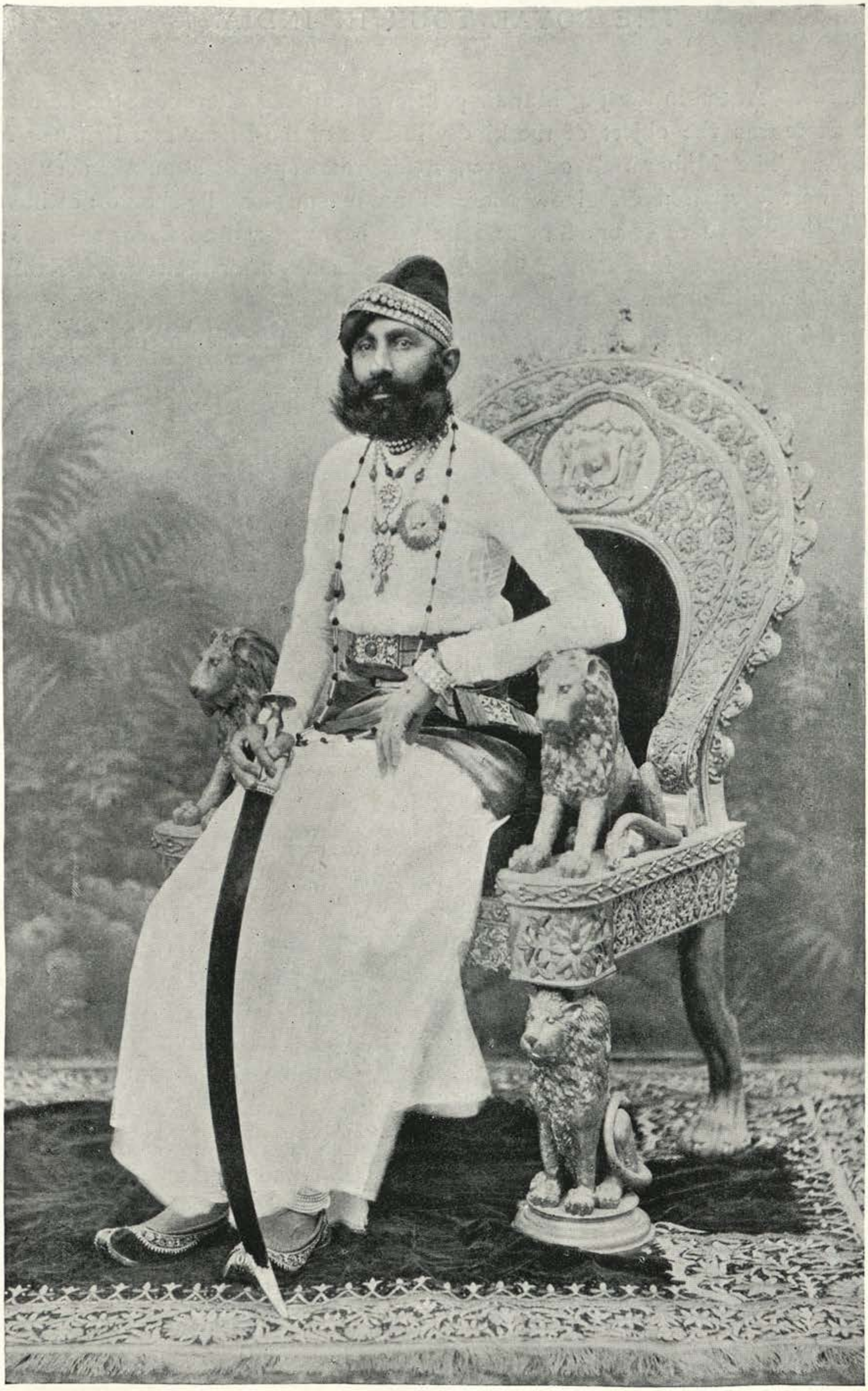
The last day in Udaipur was free from ceremony and official functions. In the morning, which was delightfully cool and fresh, the Prince made his first acquaintance with the Indian jungle. It was originally proposed to arrange a little shoot for duck and snipe on the Pichola Lake, but birds were so scarce that this had to be abandoned for a beat for larger game. This was not unproductive, and one chinkara, three hyenas and four boars fell before His Royal Highness' rifle. The bag, however, was the least important part of the expedition. It served to introduce the Prince to Indian shooting conditions, more especially in the matter of light, which will stand him in good stead when he comes to tackle his first tiger at Jaipur.



Udaipur: The New Wing of the Palace.

Nor must these shooting expeditions be measured in the light of mere hunting excursions. In the frank comradeship of the field and the unceremonious intercourse of the camp His Royal Highness will come to know more of the Indian Chiefs than in formal visit and public reception, and as one of the main purposes of the Royal progress is to strengthen the personal link between the great feudatories and the throne, these shooting parties constitute no mean factor in the programme which has been so cleverly drawn up. Whilst the Prince of Wales was in the jungle, the Princess drove through Udaipur to visit some of the chief lions of the town—the palace, the beautiful palace gardens with their interesting zoological collection, and the Jagdish temple. The day was one to crown the pleasant memories of Udaipur, for it was cooler than any since Their Royal Highnesses landed in India. In the late afternoon the Maharana called at the Residency to bid farewell to his Royal guests, who leave none but the happiest impressions behind them. Then quite quietly, to a salute from the guns of Eklingarh fort, the Prince and Princess left for Jaipur.

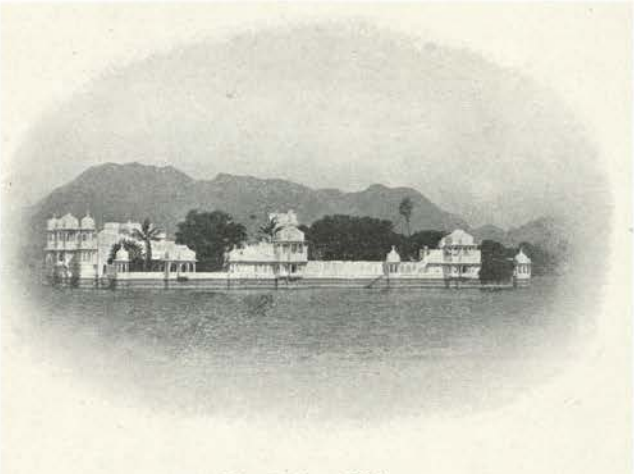
It was with a feeling of the keenest regret that every one bade farewell to Udaipur. For here one not only saw a beautiful city under idyllic conditions, but was vouchsafed a glimpse of the India that is fast passing away—the India of those dreams that vanished at the touch of the occidentalised centres where the Anglo-Indian does most of his eastern work. Here one met the virile survivals of the feudalism which knit the gallant Rajputs into a great fighting nation, and on the Royal progress from the station saw something of the manner and garb of the men who made the annals of Mewar the most heroic epic in the history of Hindustan. Nor has it lessened the pleasures of the visit to be the guests of a Prince who corresponds, so far as is possible in these placid days, to the ideals of Rajput chivalry. So high in the social scale as to be above the social laws that bind lesser men, the Maharana of Udaipur yet chooses to lead a life of rare austerity. He is and always has been strictly monogamous, temperate almost to the point of asceticism, and whilst despising the meretricious sportsman's life which has been the ruin of other Rajput States, he keeps in hard physical condition and is a splendid rifle shot. Scorning delights and living laborious days, he finds his work in the governance of his State and his simple pleasures amongst his own people. At every state ceremony the spare dignified figure of the Maharana, his erect bearing, his refined features, have commanded unqualified respect; nor can anyone doubt that if the times demanded it, he would prove a worthy descendant of his warlike ancestors. The most pleasant episode of the visit was the evidence afforded that His Highness has not been without his



H. H. The Maharana of Udaipur, G.C.S.I.

rewards. At tea in the Jag Mandir palace on Sunday afternoon, the heir to the State was the object of the kindly interest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Maharana's only son, a few years ago his strength, even his life, were despaired of. Now there is no reason why he should not have many happy years before him and he has been passed as fit for rule. In this blessing the Maharana must find compensation for the rubs of fortune that none in high places are exempt from.

The Maharana is the Chief of his State in deed as well as in name, and is virtually his own Dewan. His ways are not our ways, his ideas are not our ideas. Consequently it is the fashion to call Udaipur backward and unprogressive; to sigh for the days when more modernised views will prevail. Well, if Udaipur is backward its people look happy; they are not unprosperous; and such difficulties as the Maharana may have with his feudatories and his Bhils are arranged without scandal and without offence. Is not this enough? Is no part of India to be safe from the Moloch which we call progress? Unhappy the day if Udaipur ever becomes the victim of the destroying influence of half-digested western practice. The heir-apparent is spoken of as kindly and intelligent and more liberal-minded than his father. The best fate that can befall him is to find some sage counsellor to show him that progress is not necessarily associated with horse-racing and polo ponies, nor is enlightenment best revealed in motor boats and motor cars, in visits to Europe and western notions. Living amongst his own people, leading them gently forward without destroying their racial habits and customs, manners and traditions, improving their material condition without disintegrating the bases of their social life, are the directions in which the enlightenment of an Indian prince can best find scope.


An Island Palace, Udaipur.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pink City.

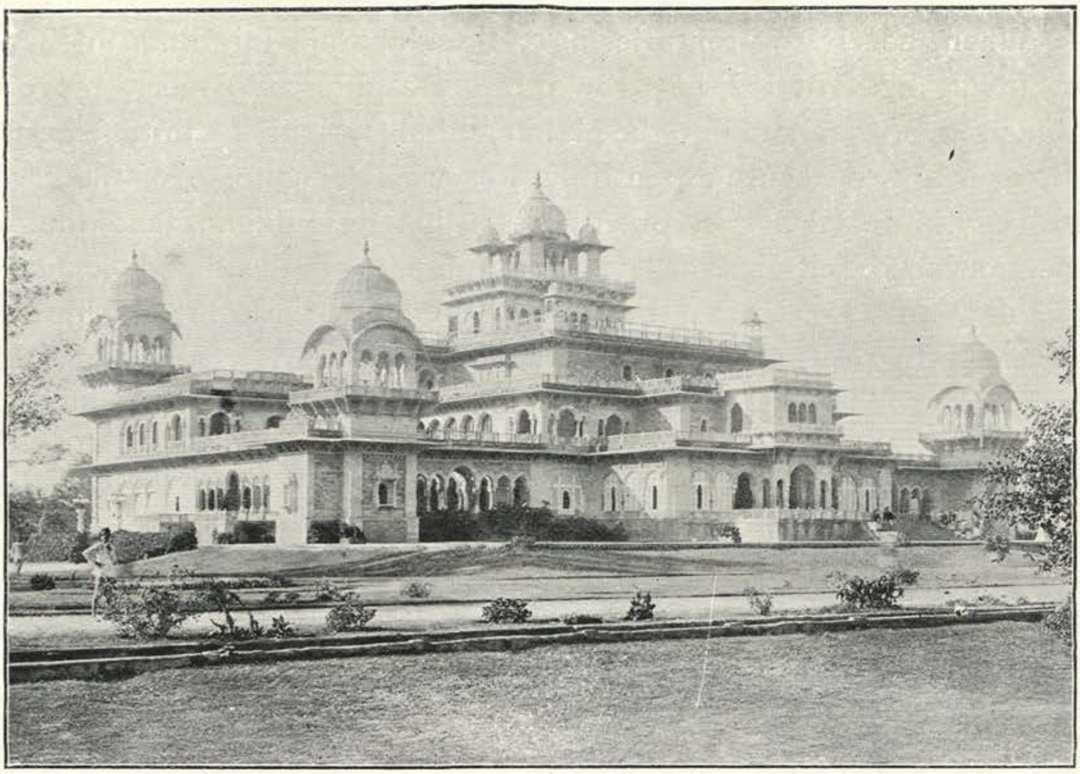
A Reproduction of Mediæval India—Rajputana after the Advent of Gunpowder—Jaipur, the "Chessboard" City—The Taint of the Jerry-builder—Unusual Marks of Oriental Respect—Good Duck Shooting—The First Tiger—A Morning's Pig-sticking—The State Banquet—The Maharaja's Princely Munificence—The Second Shoot: a Blank Day—Departure for Bikanir.

Jaipur, *November* 21*st*.

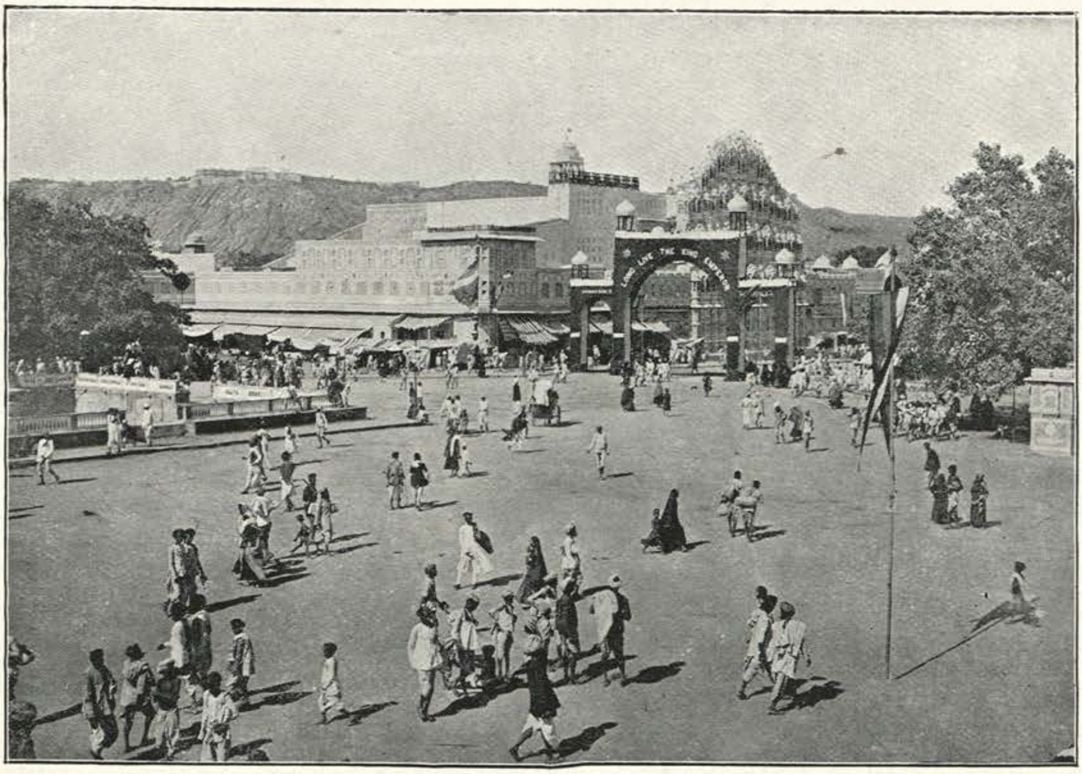
THE scene which met the Prince and Princess of Wales when they drove away from Jaipur station this morning was brimful of oriental life and colour. From the station a broad straight road stretches for two or three furlongs before it turns sharply to the right towards the Residency, and this was lined with the retainers of the Maharaja and his feudatories in their most picturesque and characteristic garb. One thought that at Udaipur was presented a unique reproduction of mediæval India; yet the scene this morning fully equalled it, though it dealt with an India of a century later. For here were the Maharaja's runners, lithe, active, bare-legged Nagas in green jerkins edged with gold, white turbans with feather aigrettes, and striped as to the lower extremities like a Muharram tiger. Brandishing their gauntleted swords, they pranced around with the uncouth antics which we associate with Africa rather than with India. Their musician bore a noble war-horn on which he blew a weird conch-like blast. There were apparitors by the score, gorgeously dressed in scarlet and bearing silver staves; orange-robed messengers, spearmen by the hundred, and matchlock-men in olive green, the guardians of the Maharaja's sleep. Now came camels with huge kettledrums, horses with kettledrums, and dancing horses gaily caparisoned in tinsel and green. A score of elephants themselves made a brave sight, with their gilded howdahs, trailing cloths of green and red and gold, and painted foreheads. And these served but as a further introduction to palanquins manned by red-coated bearers, bullock palanquins in red and in green, with the horns of the splendid Gujarati oxen brightly enamelled. Then came a bullock battery with the tiniest of guns and camelmen with great swivel blunderbusses mounted on the pommels of their saddles and Sirdars on boisterous stallions. All this motley throng was arranged with an excellent eye to effect, and it formed a perfect picture of the Rajputana of the day when the gallant horsemen had come to realise that they could not prevail against the Moslem unless they descended to the use of villainous saltpetre.

Through this fascinating throng drove His Highness the Maharaja, in a carriage and four covered with a golden canopy, to receive his Royal guests, and he alighted at the station to the braying of war-horns and the strains of a most original anthem. When the train steamed into the station the Maharaja, in the simplest costume of black with a little gold embroidery, gracefully laid his sword at the feet of His Royal Highness as a token of fealty, and then performed the same ceremony to the Princess. The usual presentations followed, the leading Sirdars of Jaipur, who were in attendance upon their feudal Chief, being brought in turn before the Heir-apparent of the Overlord. The Prince and the Maharaja entered the golden-canopied carriage and drove to the Residency, followed by the Princess. If the assemblage was picturesque in the early morning, it was infinitely more so now, when on the ugly houses behind the state retainers was gathered a corrugated mass of the people of the city, greeting Their Royal Highnesses with solemnity, but with every sign of oriental respect. It was even more picturesque when the carriage having passed, the serried lines of elephants and camels, of horse and foot, melted into a lively blaze of vivid colour as each unit found its way to its accustomed station.

The remainder of the morning was given up to state visits. First, four Sirdars attended for the *mizaj pursi*, and then His Highness the Maharaja paid his formal visit. The Residency at Jaipur is one of the most handsome in Rajputana and the charming grounds, beautifully kept, are a joy to one who has an eye for flowers and trees. But British surroundings do not lend themselves gracefully to oriental ceremonies and the Prince's reception of his host could not vie in picturesqueness with the return visit. This was paid in the Durbar Hall of the palace in the centre of the city. The drive thither was through the principal of the famous pink streets of Jaipur, lined with an expectant crowd and looking even cleaner and better kept than their wont.

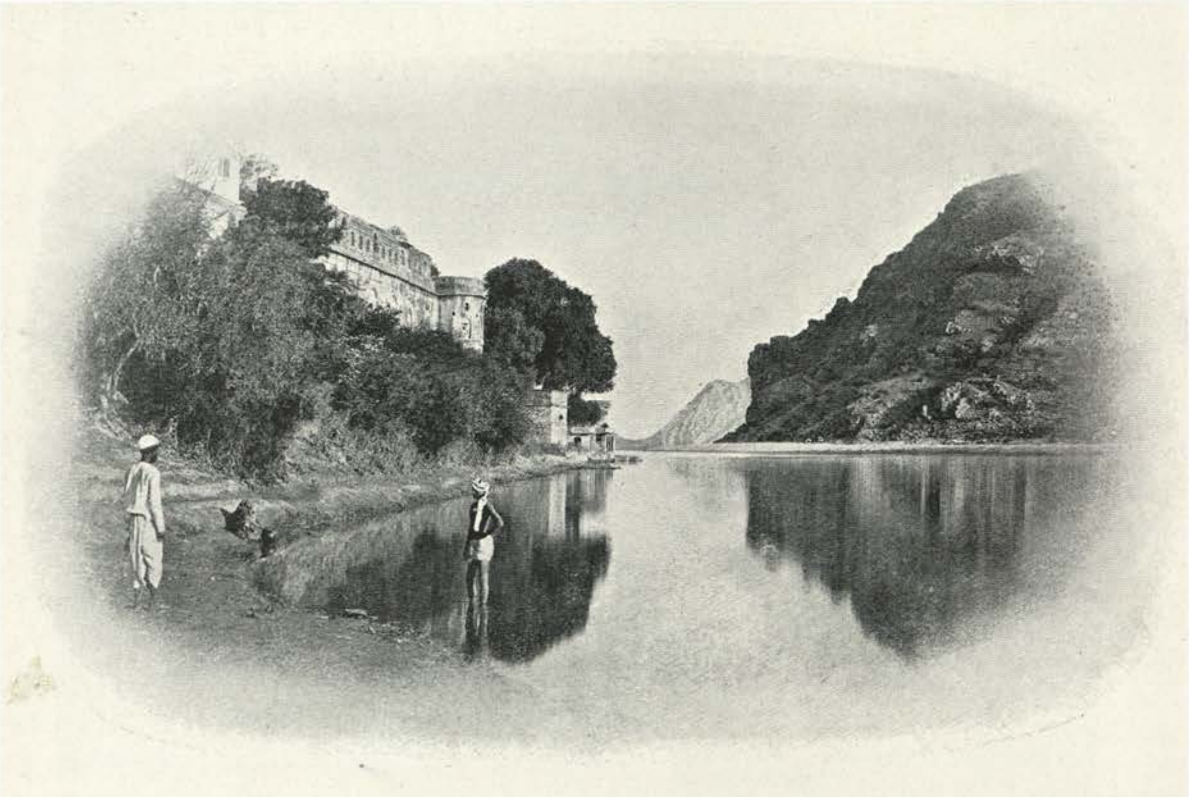


The Museum, Jaipur.


LONG LIVE THE KING EMPEROR

A Street Scene, Jaipur.

When, nearly two centuries ago, the Maharaja Jai Sing, finding that the encircling hills fretted the growth of his capital at Amber, moved the head-quarters of the State into the plain and built Jaipur, he initiated a movement one is apt to regard as entirely western. The home of the "chess-board" city is not America, or Australia, but Rajputana; these long wide streets, cutting the city into a series of rectangles, are the venerable ancestors of what the Yankee fondly imagines is "the brightest thing" in township design. Nor was Jai Singh's modernity confined to this enterprise. He found Amber rich with the solid work and patient labour of the earlier Hindu architects; he knew that Akbar had built at Fatehpur Sikri a city warm with the glow of red sandstone, luxuriant with carving as riotous as that of the Burmese pagodas. But Jai Singh was in just such a hurry as the Californian who raised his Alhambra of wood. Where his forbears wrought in marble he worked in brick, where Akbar carved in enduring sandstone his medium was painted plaster. To parody the boast of the vainglorious Roman, he found the capital of Jaipur marble and left it—stucco. Not all the breeziness of these wide streets, the delicacy in certain lights of the machiolated walls and unvaried façades of pink madder, can disguise the taint of the jerry-builder.



Jaipur: Scene on the Banas River.

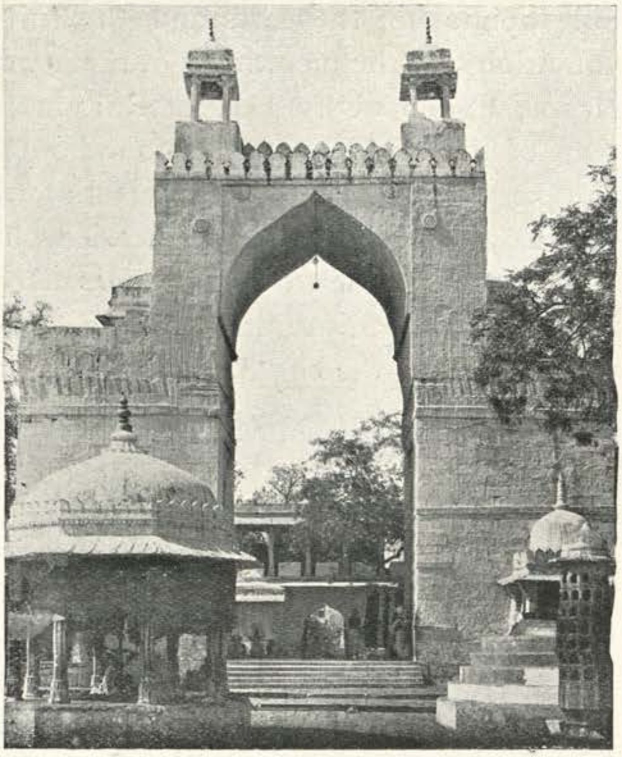
The scene within the palace was, perhaps, the most gorgeous that has yet met the eyes of Their Royal Highnesses. The Durbar Hall stands on one side of a paved courtyard, whose walls are of the true Jaipur pink and white. The pillars upholding the roof are of marble, the arcades and the roof being frescoed in crude colours. Over the gold and crimson state chairs was raised a canopy of the richest oriental fashion, massively embroidered; the carpets were of the handsomest and the hangings of the brightest. Yet even in Jaipur, where in many respects such an excellent standard of oriental taste prevails, we could not escape that touch of the bizarre which seems inseparable from every organised Indian display. The Durbar Hall was hung with glass chandeliers of the most incongruous pattern and in one angle of the courtyard was a shed of corrugated iron, with equally ugly pillars, which was literally an outrage. Seated in his chair of state, the Maharaja awaited his Royal visitor, a fine dignified figure, still clad in simple black lightly broidered in gold and crossed with the Star of India ribbon, and wearing a turban of golden cloth ringed with pearls in front of which scintillated a superb diamond pendant. On his left were gathered his principal feudatories to the number of thirty-seven, the assemblage being restricted owing to the scarcity which prevails in the State and makes it impossible to find the fodder required for a large assemblage. In the gallery behind the chairs of state sat the Princess surrounded by the ladies of her suite.

To the rumbling of guns, the wailing of war-horns, and the strains of music, His Royal Highness' carriage clattered into the courtyard and drew up at the foot of the scarlet steps, the approach to which was guarded by matchlock-men in green and footmen in red,—the first occasion on which the carriage of any guest, however honoured, has passed within the portals of the inner courtyard. At the meeting with the Prince at the carriage steps, the Maharaja again laid his sword at his feet and, rising, Prince and feudatory slowly advanced to the dais. A long conversation followed, in which both His Royal Highness and the Maharaja were evidently keenly interested. This was interrupted whilst the leading Sirdars were presented and offered their *nazar* and the Maharaja gave *attar* and *pan* to the Prince and garlanded him. Her Royal Highness was also wreathed with a handsome garland of gold thread, as well as the ladies in attendance. After further intimate conversation with his host the Prince departed, the band playing, the war-horns wailing and His Highness standing on the steps till the Royal carriage disappeared through the portals of the courtyard, and then remaining seated until the muffled boom of the last

H. H. The Maharaja of Jaipur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

gun of the farewell salute had died away. This was one of the most brilliant and dignified ceremonies in which His Royal Highness has participated.

Continuing a very busy day, His Royal Highness received after lunch a deputation from the Municipality of Ajmere. An island of British territory in the sea of Rajputana States, the district of Ajmere-Merwara is at once an emblem of British authority and an example of British administrative methods, and for these reasons, as well as for its great historic interest, the city would have been included in Their Royal Highnesses' itinerary had it not been for the great scarcity which unfortunately prevails in the neighbourhood. The address recognised that 1818, the year of the British occupation, inaugurated an era of peaceful progress, chequered only by famines, and that no thoughtful citizen could look back on a century of British rule without thankfulness, or forward to the future without hope. The casket enclosing the address supported a model of one of the royal pavilions built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, which has recently been restored by the Government of India. In his reply the Prince alluded to the message of sympathy he had already sent to the citizens of Ajmere from England, and continued :—"If anything could add to our sincere regret that we should be receiving you here in Jaipur and not in your own city, it is the very charming description which you have given of Ajmere's history and attractions. We both feel strongly for you in your troubles, and after the long series of your misfortunes we hope that a happy period of prosperity is in store for Ajmere and Rajputana."

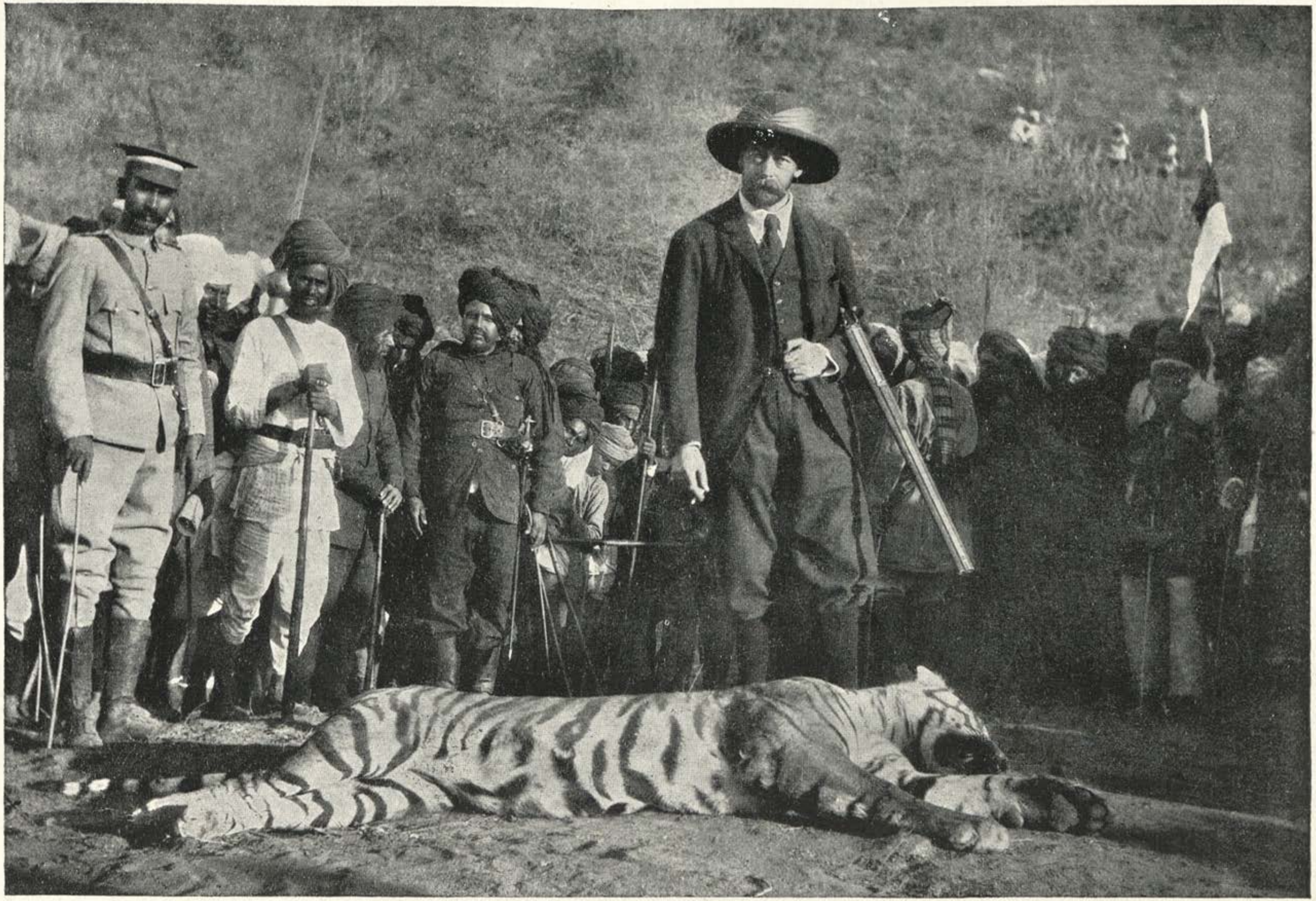

The Arhai-din-ka-Jhopra Gateway, Ajmere.

Afterwards the Prince inspected, in the Residency grounds, the smart Imperial Service Transport Corps the Maharaja holds at the disposal of the Imperial Government, which proved its worth in the Frontier War of 1897, and which comprises 1,200 ponies and 600 carts. For half an hour the

Commandant, Rai Bahadur Danpat Rai, C.I.E., stood by the Prince, explaining his patent folding carts and new pattern carts with boiler and cooking stove. Danpat Rai has shown that he is an inventor of genius by building in the Jaipur workshops a carriage carrying a camp stove whereon water can be boiled and tea made on the march. He has designed an ambulance cart for the field which can be taken over the roughest country. One of the folding carts was dismantled and then remantled, the whole operation taking less than five minutes. Several officers with campaigning experience were with the Prince, and all expressed the same favourable opinion of the carts and the turn-out. The ponies were in capital condition and the men, most of them wearing the Frontier medal with several clasps, fit and well. Danpat Rai is ready to entrain with his corps for any part of the world at twenty-four hours' notice, fully equipped and horsed to take the field. No less interesting than the carts were the pack ponies loaded with field trunks for service when the roads are too bad for wheeled transport. In the afternoon His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Maharaja and Sir Walter Lawrence, had half an hour's shooting, finding splendid sport, the bag being four buck and forty duck.

November 22nd.

To-day was almost wholly given over to sport, and the Prince had his first shot at a tiger. The conditions were unpromising. Although tigers were known to be in the vicinity, there was no news of a recent "kill," and it was at one time doubtful if a beat would be attempted. After lunch, however, it was decided to make a trial and the Prince, accompanied by General Stuart Beatson and the Hon. Derek Keppel, started. They drove for the first ten miles, teams of six horses being required to draw the carriages over the sand. Then, mounting elephants, they proceeded to the *machans*—the shooting platforms concealed in the trees—and the beat commenced. The country was sandy and covered with a scrub which gave a fair amount of cover. The tiger was on the move when the shooting party arrived and very soon a fine beast came galloping through the scrub. The Prince shot and wounded him in the spine and then, firing again, struck him just behind the near shoulder and bowled him over. As the brute was wriggling over the ground the Prince fired a third shot and killed him. It turned out to be a fine beast, just under nine feet long. The Prince's first tiger, and indeed his first big game, was killed with a facility the oldest hunter might envy. The tiger was a good hundred and twenty yards from his *machan* and galloping, and was by no means an easy shot; but the Prince's first bullet practically settled him. Curiously enough His Royal Highness' father killed



The Prince's First Tiger, shot at Jaipur.

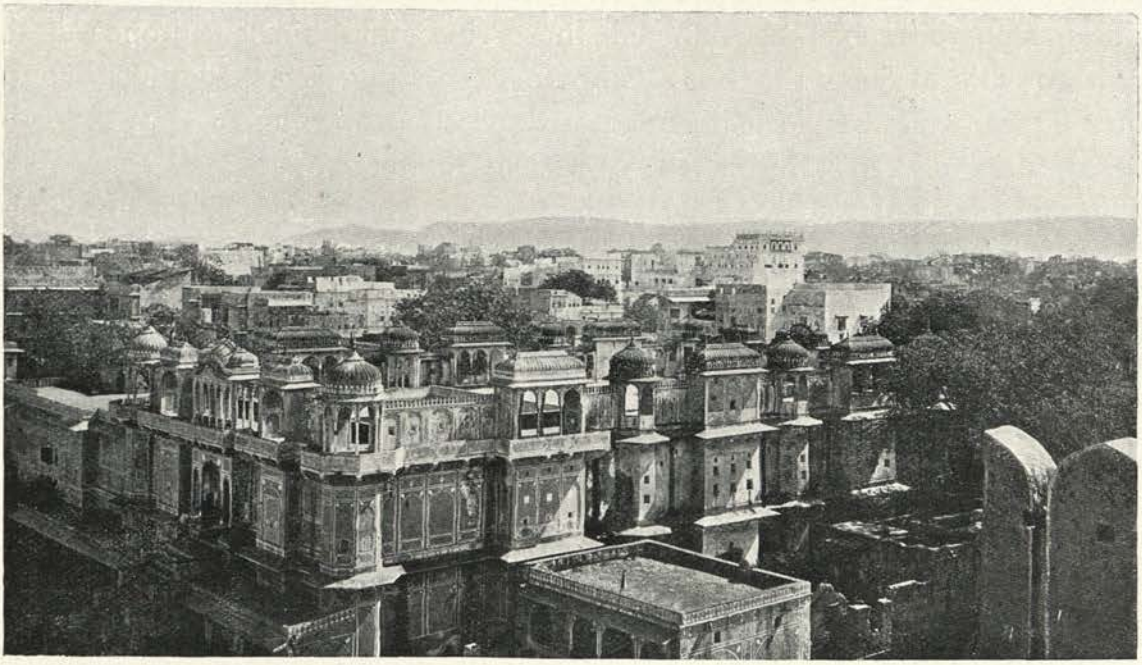
his first tiger at Jaipur on his memorable tour in India. The Prince, who is a thorough sportsman and enters upon his shooting excursions with every zest, was delighted with the afternoon, as indeed he had every reason to be.

As intelligence of the prospects of the tiger shoot had to be awaited, Mr. Stotherd, the State Engineer, who so worthily carries on the splendid work of Sir Swinton Jacob, and Captain Wigram, A.-D.-C., organised a little pigsticking for the Staff of Their Royal Highnesses and such of the visitors as cared to join. Two parties were made up, the first under Captain Wigram, including amongst others Lord Crichton, Sir Pertab Singh and Sir Arthur Bigge, and the second, under Mr. Stotherd, with whom were Mr. Dugdale and Lord Shaftesbury. A start was made from the Residency about half past five o'clock, in that darkest hour before the dawn, and the four-mile drive to the rendezvous in the dry, crisp air,

> "As the morning broke in roseate streaks,
> Like the first faint flush on a maiden's cheeks,"

was almost too short. There horses and ponies were waiting in readiness, generously provided by the Maharaja, with an abundance of beaters, and a move was at once made for the cover where boars had been marked down. Both parties enjoyed an excellent morning's sport. The country round Jaipur is excellent galloping champaign with no pitfalls except one bad nullah, which was carefully avoided. Pig were plentiful and the Maharaja mounted his guests well. In the course of the morning the two parties accounted for nine pig, which, though varying in calibre, gave them some hard galloping. Whilst the gallant boar was being ridden hard on the outskirts of the town, sport of a very different character was in progress in the *atishi*, or palace stables. Animals of all sorts, sambhar, black buck, cheetal, rams and bulls, were admitted into an arena and pitted one against the other. Except, however, the rams and the bulls, none of the animals entered into the spirit of the game, and they were led into the arena and held with ropes so that they should not seriously hurt each other. But this is not a pastime over which it is possible to be enthusiastic. It lacks every element which goes to provide sport in the true English sense of that much-abused term—the elements of personal skill, address, courage and perhaps risk—and it cannot be rated higher than the cock-fighting and bull-baiting of our forefathers. The small company which gathered round the arena included neither His Royal Highness nor the Princess of Wales, nor can it be said that they were either edified or amused.

Does it seem inappreciative to say that it is unfortunate in one sense that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Udaipur so early in their tour? The "City of Sunrise" is such an exquisitely-fashioned and perfect gem that almost every other Indian town suffers by comparison with it. And certainly Jaipur, with its painted walls and stucco houses, seemed even more unreal and artificial than usual after a delightful sojourn at the home of the House of Mewar. But this impression has worn off with acquaintance, and one has come to see that Jai Singh, in laying out his hundred-foot streets, painting all the houses pink and insisting on an absolutely uniform style of architecture, had an eye for decorative effect, artificial perhaps, but extraordinarily picturesque in softer lights. So indeed it was this evening when the city and its suburbs were splendidly illuminated in honour of the Royal visit. The Nahagarh, or Tiger's stronghold, which occupies such a commanding position on the Ridge to the north-west of the city, was outlined in shimmering light, and its scarped face bore a gigantic welcome to the Royal pair. On the trees lining the broad road from the station to the city hung thousands of coloured lanterns, glowing softly in the dusty haze. Then the city itself was ablaze with tiny lamps, whose light, owing to the width of the streets, was even more mellow than is customary. Through these graceful scenes the guests of the Maharaja drove to the palace for the state banquet.

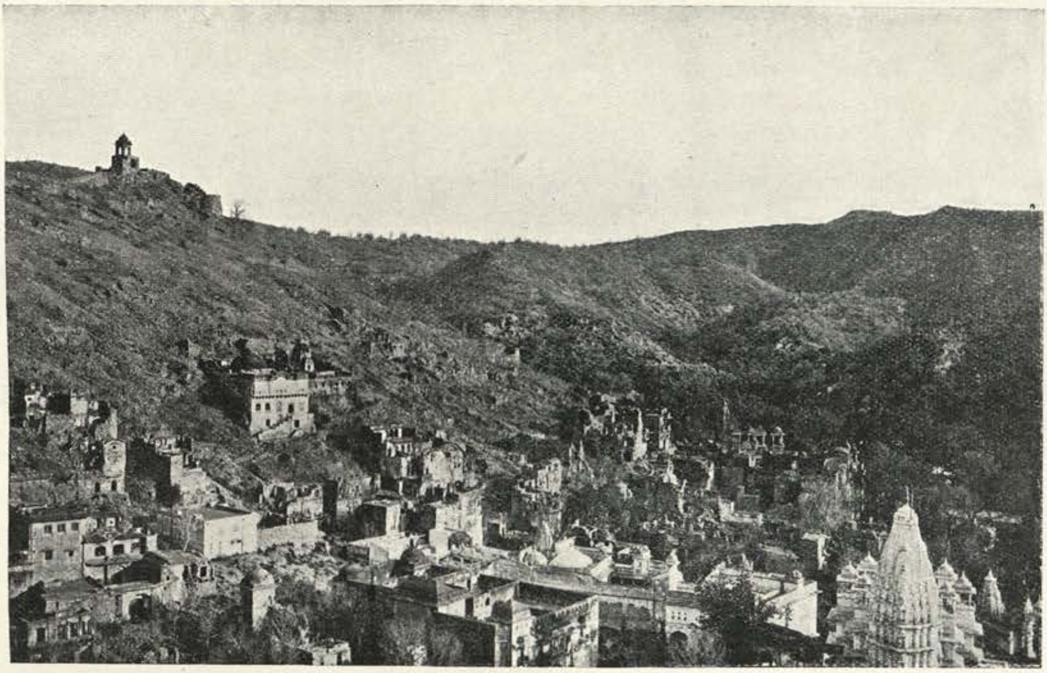


Jaipur: the City from the Sanganir Gate.

The banquet was remarkable in many respects. It was splendidly served in the handsome "Hall of Audience" and everyone was delighted at the success of the Prince in his first pursuit of big game. But nothing was more noteworthy than the intense pride and joy of the Maharaja in the entertainment of his Royal guests. He eagerly awaited them at the entrance hall, and conducted them to the chairs of state, the Princess—a truly regal figure—splendidly attired and wearing a magnificent necklace and tiara of diamonds. Then, when the curtains of cloth of gold were rolled back and Their Royal Highnesses passed into the banquetting hall, the Maharaja remained in the reception room, conversing with his Ministers whilst dinner was in progress, instead of retiring, as is customary with the Rajput Princes who observe the caste restrictions of their race. As soon as the wine was on the table, he rejoined the Prince and himself proposed the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor, standing, a fine dignified courteous figure, while his Minister read the speech proposing the health of the Royal visitors. In all this there was a dominant personal note. The Maharaja met and was received with every consideration and courtesy by the Prince and Princess of Wales on his visit to England for the coronation ceremony. To the honour of entertaining the Heir-apparent and his consort was added the privilege of returning the kindness of valued friends, and the Maharaja showed his appreciation of it in every look and gesture.

The speeches were remarkable for the evidence they afforded of the splendid generosity of the Maharaja. When in 1899 India was desolated by the greatest famine in modern history, the Maharaja instituted the Indian People's Famine Trust, the interest on which was to relieve the distress which must occasionally afflict parts of India as long as three-quarters of the population are entirely dependent upon agriculture and the seasonal rains are likely to fail. To that Fund he has contributed at various times nearly a hundred and forty thousand pounds, and this evening he announced that in commemoration of the visit he proposed to add to the Fund twenty thousand pounds, whilst the Maharani would give another six thousand in memory of the first Princess of Wales to come to India. The Prince acknowledged that they were "greatly touched by this fresh proof of Your Highness' generosity and of your sympathy with those in distress. Believe me," he added, "that no building—no form of memorial of our visit—could be more acceptable to us than this addition to the funds of the great national work of which you yourself were the founder."

After the speeches, a charmingly informal hour was spent in the inner courtyard of the palace, where a band of native musicians played in the plaintive minor key which distinguishes all Indian music, and Their Royal Highnesses entered into unrestrained conversation with all who are doing good work in Jaipur, in whatsoever capacity. But the centre of interest was the Prince's tiger, which was borne in on a litter and admired, whilst old sportsmen pointed out how cleanly and well His Royal Highness' rifle had done its work. Very pleasant it was, too, to notice Her Royal Highness' keen pleasure in the spoil of her husband's rifle. The Princess of Wales, whilst dignified and stately in repose, has a singularly bright and gracious air when animated. She enjoyed the telling of the story of the afternoon as much if not more than His Royal Highness himself, and lent a ready ear to all who could speak with authority on the merits of the afternoon's sport. It was indeed one of those rare hours when the reserve their exalted station imposes upon the members of the Royal Family was brushed aside for the moment, and one caught a glimpse of that simple family life which does so much to endear the Royal House to their people.



The Deserted City of Amber.

November 23rd.

As news of tiger was received from two quarters it was hoped that His Royal Highness might repeat his success of yesterday. The most encouraging reports came from Sanganir, about five miles from Jaipur, where a tiger was located, and soon after eleven o'clock the Prince left for the rendezvous by special train.

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But it was not to be, for only half an hour before the Prince arrived the brute broke away and disappeared. Recognising at once that this was to be a blank day, His Royal Highness returned to the Residency. It was thought that the Princess might like to visit the ruins of the city of Amber, four miles from Jaipur, which was abandoned by Jai Singh when he built the present capital of the State, but the Princess preferred to remain quietly at the Residency, whence the Royal train left privately for Bikanir at six o'clock. Many did, however, visit Amber and came to the conclusion that, whatever his merits as a builder might be, Jai Singh was a Goth to leave Amber for Jaipur.

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CHAPTER VII.

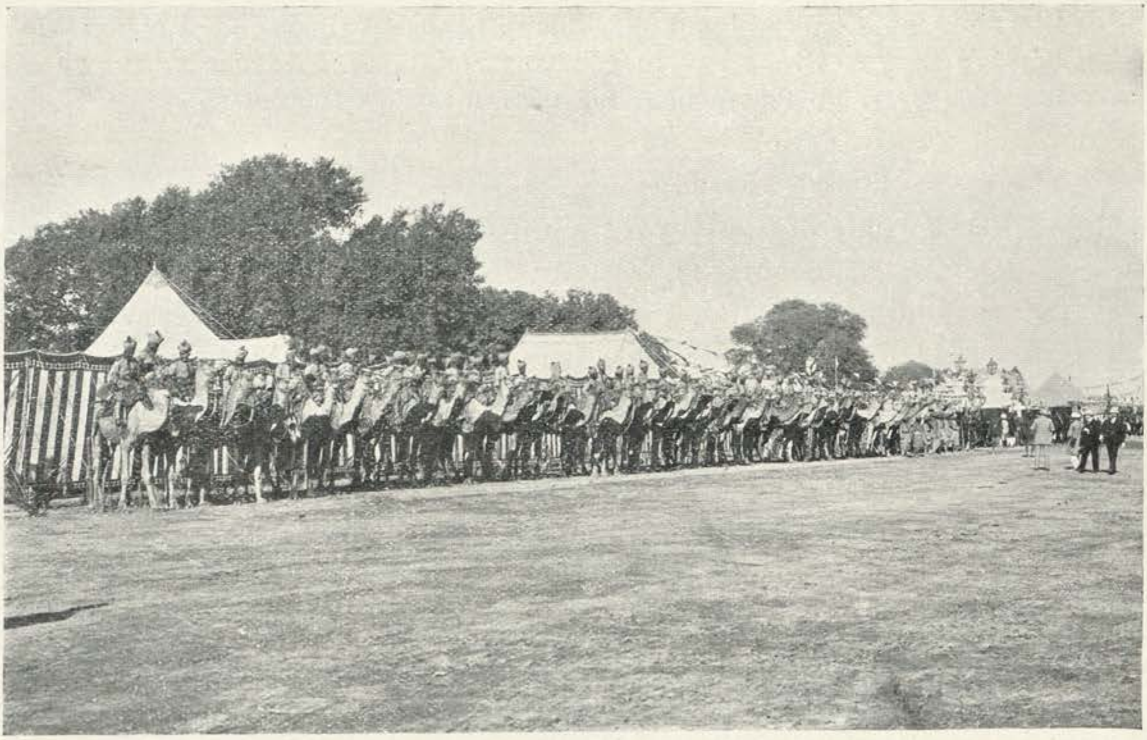
The Desert City.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT—THE STAMP OF THE NOMAD—SUPREMACY OF THE CAMEL—WARRIORS IN CHAIN ARMOUR—IN BIBLE LANDS—A SHOOTING HOLIDAY—THE PRINCE'S LOVE OF SPORT—A HUGE "BAG" OF GROUSE—NATURE OF THE SHOOTING—THE STAFF GO PIGSTICKING—SIR PERTAB SINGH'S HORSEMANSHIP.

BIKANIR, *November 24th.*

THE route of the Royal train from Jaipur to Bikanir lay across the fringe of the western desert and over great stretches of undulating land, sparsely broken by patches of scanty scrub. Here at Bikanir we are in the heart of the desert, in a city in a sea of sand, which breaks against the dull red battlemented walls. Many of the preparations made fittingly to receive Their Royal Highnesses were stamped with the impress of the desert and with those distinctive characteristics which a half-nomadic life leaves on peoples all the world over. The Guard of Honour of Imperial Service Troops—the Bikanir Camel Corps—was composed of as fine a body of men as we have seen in these travels, a lean, hard-bitten posse, most of them wearing the emblems of good service in Somaliland and China. Faultlessly equipped in scarlet and white and orange, as became the troops of an Aide-de-Camp to the Prince, they were a credit to the State. Outside were drawn up more sowars of the Bikanir Camel Corps, splendid men on splendid animals; and from this point it was the camel, that emblem of desert life, which dominated the scene.

First, however, came the State Lancers, in their restful uniforms of silver, blue and claret. Then a wild array of the camelmen of the principal Sirdars, mounted on scraggy beasts and clothed in flowing garments of sage-green and yellow. Carrying long and curiously-wrought *jezails*, they looked more like the untameable Arabs who tormented the French in Algeria than any race commonly associated with India. Camels drawing luggage vans rattled past on the way to the station and camels bore immobile warriors clothed in chain mail from head to foot. We returned to traditional India for a moment with a group of giant elephants, painted in Royal fashion, and to the India that is so fast slipping away in the spectacle of an enormous double-decked vehicle, like a decayed omnibus, to which two fine elephants were harnessed abreast. And then we merged into what we are in danger of regarding as the commonplace, with a mile or so of the green-robed swordsmen who constitute the city guard. The artist who designed the state liveries of Bikanir is a genius in his way. What could be more grateful to an eye tired by illimitable stretches of red stone and tawny sand than these lines of olive-green footmen?

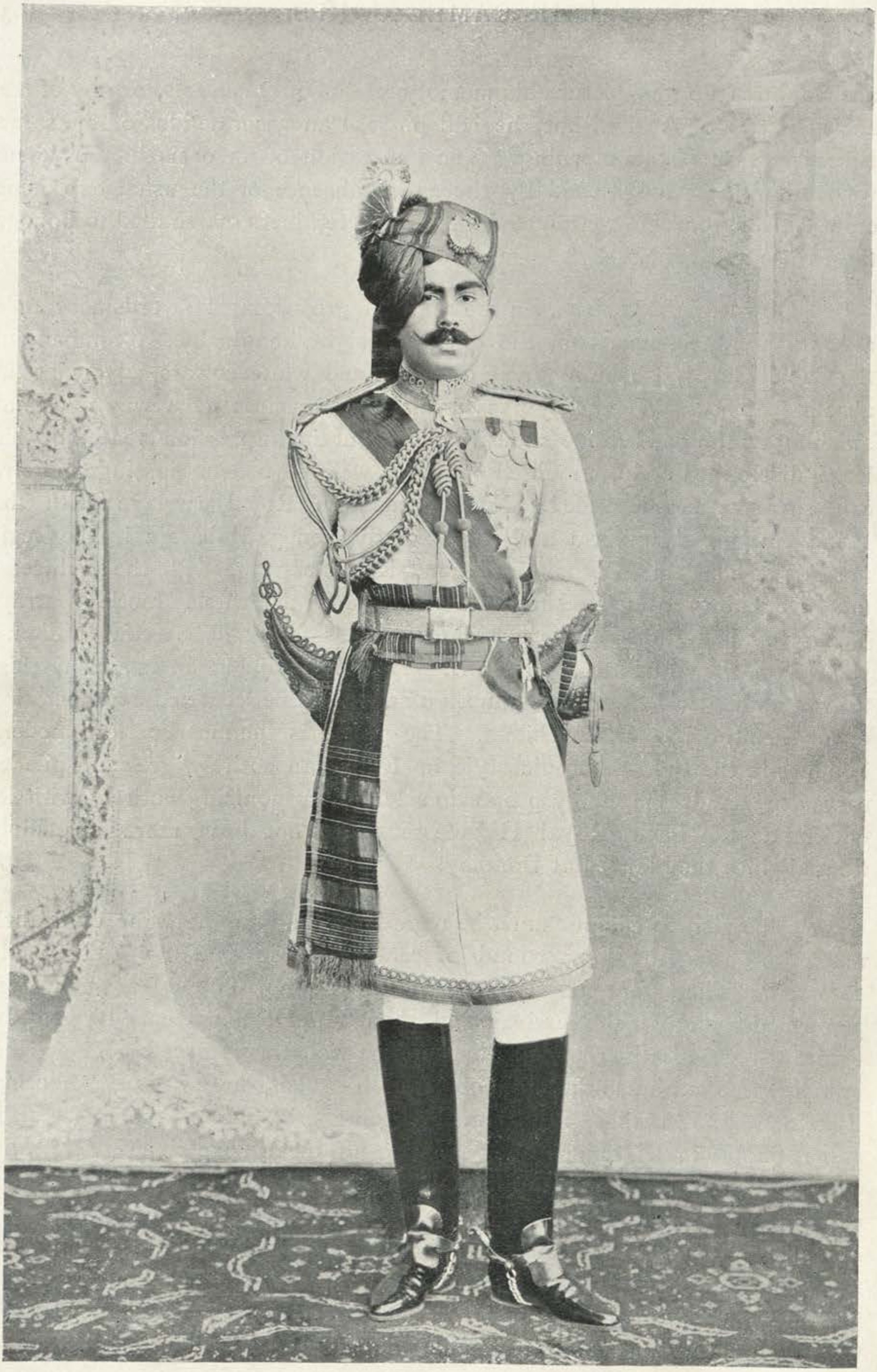


The Bikanir Camel Corps.

The Royal route lay from the station, past the walls of the town, under the shadow of the old palace and out into the open, where stands the Maharaja's new and princely abode, on land literally won from the desert. The view about a mile from the station afforded the most perfect spectacle of a desert city the heart of man could desire. Here were the dull red battlemented walls, the fretted windows and graceful *chatres* of the old palace and temples and houses of the town, stretching away till lost in the khaki waste beyond; opposite, a scanty series of low sun-baked walls, ending abruptly in the desert which rolled away into the most complete mirage conceivable. If any one conjures up the picture his memory retains of Damascus, or any of the ancient cities of Asia Minor, he will possess an accurate idea of the scene Bikanir presented this morning. The impression of an oasis in the desert was still further heightened by the entire absence of the usual expectant crowd. The roadside contained none but the retainers marshalled to honour the Prince and Princess.

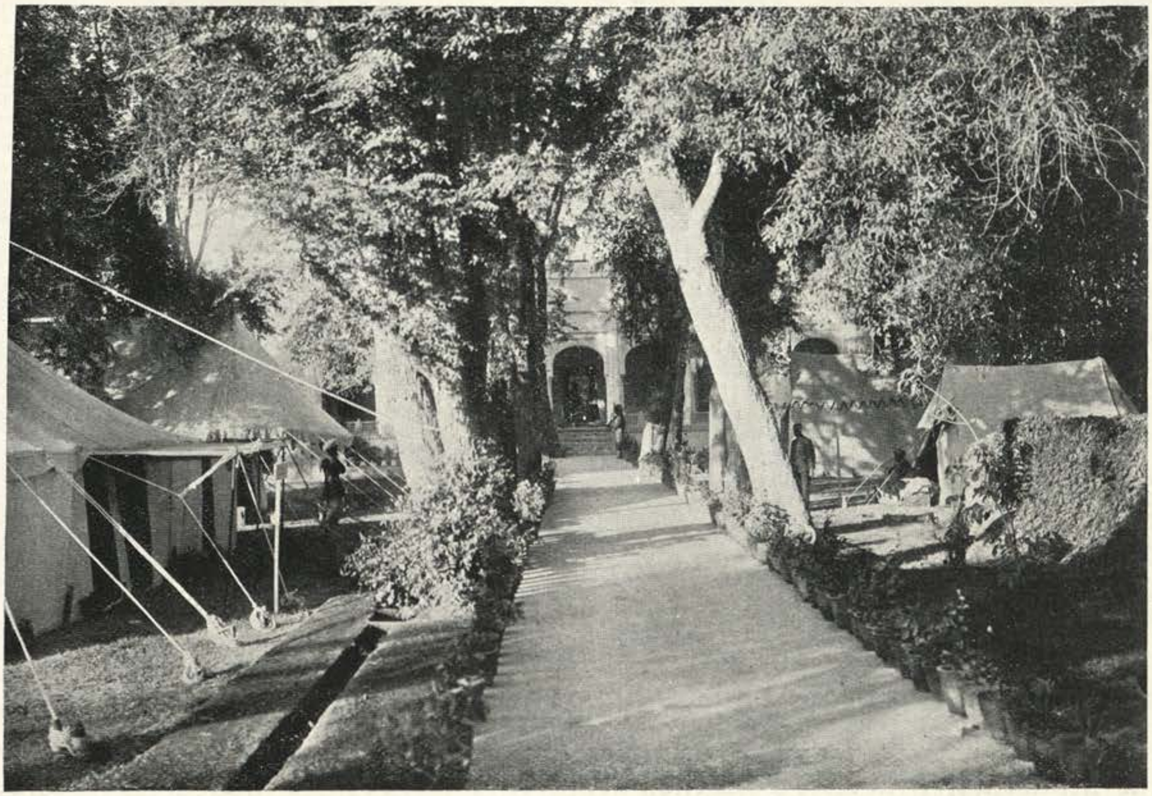
Down this road, between the ranks of green-coated swordsmen, rode a solitary camelman; then, the quaintest sight imaginable, a company of the Camel Corps, a bobbing array of scarlet and white sowars advancing in absolute silence. When they passed this noiselessness gave way to a faint swishing as the padded hoofs met the dust, but the impression created by this large disciplined body, mounted on huge, well-fed beasts, passing mutely, can scarcely be described. Next came the Royal carriage with the Prince in naval uniform and the soldierly young Maharaja in the regimentals of his Camel Corps, the second Royal carriage with the Princess, more bobbing camels, smart Lancers, and the whole motley array. Their Royal Highnesses drove straight to the stately and beautiful Lallgarh Palace on the outskirts of Bikanir. The Maharaja is fortunate in this, that when he decided to build himself a new home he secured the co-operation of Sir Swinton Jacob as Architect. The palace is the most perfect modern building in the Indo-Saracenic style in India—an entirely graceful pile of carved red sandstone, nobly proportioned and harmonising entirely with its environment. Their Royal Highnesses have not been more splendidly housed since they landed at Bombay.

The visit to Bikanir must be regarded mainly in the light of a little relaxation after the long round of ceremonies so carefully and exactly observed. There are no long state functions. The *mizaj pursi* was performed soon after the arrival, and then His Highness called upon the Prince at the Lallgarh Palace, where the visit was returned. The Prince was now free to pursue the main object of his visit, a few days' shooting. Everyone knows that His Royal Highness is one of the finest small game shots in England, and men of no mean experience were filled with admiration at the way in which he used his gun in the bit of duck-shooting provided at Jaipur. Not everyone is aware, however, that he is a real whole-hearted enthusiast in the pursuit of game. Those who know say that His Royal Highness going shooting is—the phrase is used with all respect—like a schoolboy out for a holiday, so ardent, fresh and keen. Certainly, everything points to his having one of the shoots of his life here.



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANIR, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

In the neighbourhood of Bikanir is the best sand-grouse shooting in India, perhaps in the world. The species chiefly visiting those parts is the imperial grouse, about thirteen inches in length and seventeen to eighteen ounces in weight, and amazingly strong and rapid on the wing. The great resort for the birds is the Gujner tank, about twenty miles from the city. The character of the shooting there can best be indicated by what happened last November. On the Gujner tank and the adjoining sheets of water eleven guns accounted for 2,841 head of game in two days. Sir Philip Grey Egerton, well known as a fine shot at Hurlingham, secured 307 birds to his own gun in a single day. As there are reported to be fifteen thousand grouse on the lake, and all the smaller tanks in the vicinity have been "stopped" and the birds will be driven to drink at Gujner, the prospects of the shoot are sufficiently indicated.



The Shooting Camp, Gujner.

The imperial sand-grouse invariably proceeds to the nearest water pool between quarter to eight and eleven o'clock in order to quench his thirst, and all the big shooting is done between those hours. As for the manner of the shooting, one of those who participated in last year's *battue* wrote :—"Shortly after sunrise and about half-past seven o'clock the first grouse made their appearance. Now and then they arrived in couples, now in packs of ten to fifty. Sometimes they appeared to be whirling over the water in thousands. Between eight and nine o'clock the fusillade was extraordinary, as pack after pack came flying in, only to be fired upon and to disappear in another direction for their morning drink." The shooting is from butts carefully screened by boughs. If anything were wanted to complete this picture of a most promising shoot, it would be that on the fringe of the water stands the Gujner Palace, a charming shooting box in a delightful old-world garden.

November 25th.

This afternoon news came of the progress of the *battue.* The shoot was excellently organised and most successful. Twenty-one guns were out, His Royal Highness with the Maharaja and a small party shooting on the Gujner lake itself, and the other guns on pieces of water in the vicinity that had also been specially reserved. The birds were plentiful, but were a little wilder than usual, so that the shooting was more difficult than it has been on some previous occasions.

The Desert Water-Carrier.

The Prince was in excellent form and secured a bag of 207 birds to his own gun. The second best bag was that of the Maharaja, who shot from the butt next to that of the Prince and accounted for 109 birds. The shoot commenced at 7-50 in the morning and lasted just three hours, during which time 1,090 imperial grouse, 24 small grouse, 15 duck and one hare were killed. The mere recital of these large figures may lead to the impression that sand-grouse shooting at Gujner is easy business, which is by no means the case. The "imperial" is not a facile bird to bring down. The leading bird of a pack approaching the water often gives the gun a comparatively easy shot, but to make sure of securing another bird with the second barrel taxes the skill of the most expert. At the first report of the gun the grouse twist and turn with almost incredible swiftness, and, in the words of an experienced shot, are far harder to bring down than driven birds on a Scotch or Yorkshire moor. Nor is it a bit of use trying to brown the birds. Very strong on the wing, they require to be hit fair and square and carry away an extraordinary amount of "number four" shot without appearing a bit the worse for it.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the morning, the Prince was out again in the afternoon for an hour's sport, when he was accompanied by the Maharaja. He bagged a chinkara. The members of the Staff and the Maharaja's personal guests had a little pigsticking. Gujner is almost as famous for its pig as it is for grouse. There is excellent cover for boar near the lake, where they are fed night and morning in much the same fashion as are the fortunate Udaipur pigs from the Khas Oodi. His Royal Highness' Staff, a band of very keen sportsmen, deserve the best that can be given them. At Jaipur Sir Arthur Bigge, Lord Crichton, Mr. Frank Dugdale and Lord Shaftesbury held their own in very good company. One achievement of Sir Pertab Singh's, which was not talked of until afterwards, deserves recording. His Highness was running down a boar which turned and charged gamely. As the brute came up Sir Pertab jumped his pony over him and, simultaneously striking downwards with the spear, laid the good boar low. It was a pretty feat of horsemanship and skill. Advancing years have not yet weakened this gallant Rajput's seat in the pigskin nor dimmed the keenness of his eye. But to return to Saturday's pigsticking. Four boar were speared, one of which showed stubborn fight and gave the English visitors an excellent idea of what a Rajputana pig can do.

Sunday, as has been the case hitherto and will be throughout the tour, was a quiet day. Divine service was held at the Gujner Palace in the morning.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"The Lord of the Desert."

THE FOUNDING OF BIKANIR—AN OFFSHOOT OF JODHPUR—A CITY KNEE-DEEP IN SAND—THE CHARMS OF DESERT LIFE—A STRONG ARABIAN INFLUENCE—WHERE EAST MEETS WEST—THE NEW BIKANIR—THE MAHARAJA'S REFORMING HAND—HIS PERFECT HOSPITALITY—ANOTHER GROUSE SHOOT—STATE DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY—A SCENE FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—THE BIKANIR CAMEL CORPS—THEIR FINE RECORD—SERVICE IN CHINA AND SOMALILAND—MEMORIALS OF THE VISIT—DEPARTURE FOR LAHORE.

BIKANIR, *November 27th.*

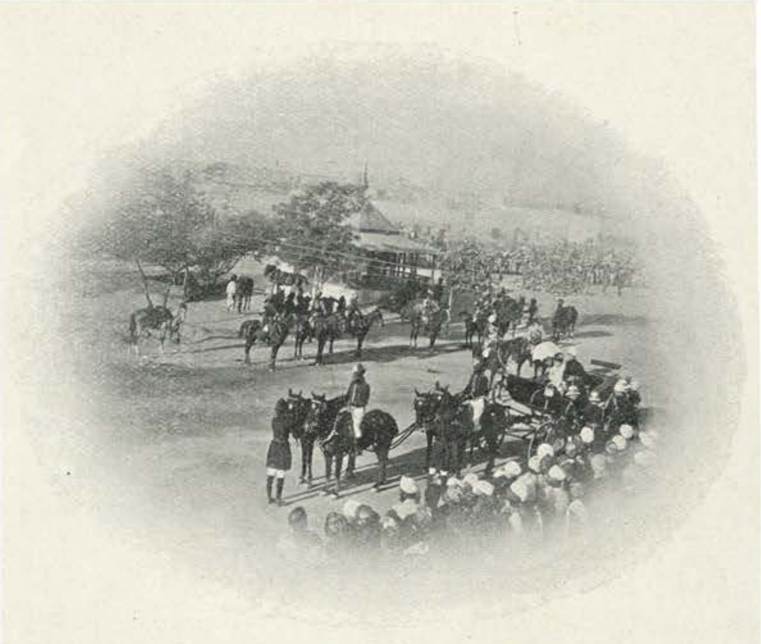
LITTLE less than a century and a half ago one Beeka, a cadet of the Ruling House of Jodhpur, led three hundred of his clansmen into the heart of the desert. Those three hundred Rahtores went forth to slay or be slain, and, like the hundred men of Marseilles who, knowing how to die, consummated the French Revolution and changed the face of Europe, they could not be withstood. After early successes against outlying tribes Beeka came by agreement to rule over the Jats, the strongest and most numerous of the desert peoples, and on a little limestone ridge at "the back of beyond" laid the foundations of his capital. History does not tell us how he and his people supported life in this practically rainless country whilst wells three hundred feet deep were being dug; but the grip of the Rahtore cadet on the land never relaxed: hardened and protected by the desert, this foray was the beginnings of a great warrior state, the Bikanir of to-day.

The very existence of Bikanir as a city seems to be an insult and an affront to Nature. There is absolutely no ostensible reason for its being. The sun-baked, wind-worn, machicolated walls stand knee-deep in a vast sea of sand, which laves the very bases of the fortifications. North, south, east and west, the watch-tower looks out upon this tawny waste, broken only by little patches of poverty-stricken scrub and by a tiny temple or two, which are obviously offshoots of the capital. To this desert city came Their Royal Highnesses and their Staff, frankly for the purposes of a little shooting to vary the strain of a long round of ceremonies, and with them others, who were not to shoot and who anticipated with some little distress four days' idleness in the wilderness. But whilst these came with heavy hearts they remained with light ones, for they were days of unrestrained joy. The charms of The Desert City lie not on the surface, but they are there for all who have eyes to see.

The fascination of the desert has grown on everyone ; the dignity and solemnity of these vast, untameable wastes. And with that fascination has come the exhilaration of this bracing, sand-dried air, the joy of the golden sunsets. Does it seem absurd to call the desert beautiful ? Yet in the hush of dawn when, after a moment's hesitation, the glorious sunlight floods the sky, bringing with it the faint stirring breeze, it is nothing less. At eventide when, in the unbroken stillness of the barren land, the sun goes down, wrapping the sky in delicate yellow, fading into the exquisite green which we associate with clear winter evenings at home, it can leave none untouched. Even on the outskirts of the city the desert has its little mysteries, criss-crossed with tracks which begin nowhere and end nowhere, traversed by hard, lean, sun-burnt peasants moving with the unhastened gait of the East, coming from and disappearing into the empty horizon.

The Fruit Market, Bikanir.

The desert has left its mark upon Bikanir and its peoples. The city is like nothing else in India, and is more Arabian or Saracenic than Hindu. The dessicated and red-coated walls, the flat roofs, suggest Damascus and Asia Minor rather than Hindustan. Whilst the main streets of the bazaar are as bright as those of any Indian town, crowded with clamorous vendors and shrill-tongued buyers, in the side roads rules a silence rare in the East. The desert has also left its impress upon the manner and habits of the people. Physically it would be difficult to find a harder set of men than these dried, spare, wiry peasants, and their habit is of the simplest. A coat and turban of the coarsest country cloth suffices for the men, nor do the comely women seem to indulge in finery. Bikanir bazaar is about the best example of genuine *swadeshi to be found in a town of its size in India. Some foreign wares must be imported, but the proportion is trifling. Such glimpses as were afforded of the homes of the people revealed a cleanliness as exact as that of the desert.


The Princess' Carriage, Bikanir.

When the characteristic life of the bazaar palled there were the quaint antiquities of the palace and the fort. Tradition says that no Ruler of Bikanir should dwell in the halls occupied by his predecessor, and hence has grown up, within the walls of the fort that clings to the city's defences, a great irregular pile, without harmony and without design. On the walls of the outer portal are impressed marble models of the little hands of those widows burnt with their lords ; within is everything incongruous that the East can show. Shady courtyards where fretted walls and balconies look into the cool depths of a marble tank—veritable haunts of ancient peace—open into chambers splashed with the cheapest and most tawdry colours. Marble halls with gold and silver chairs of state are but the annexes to rooms

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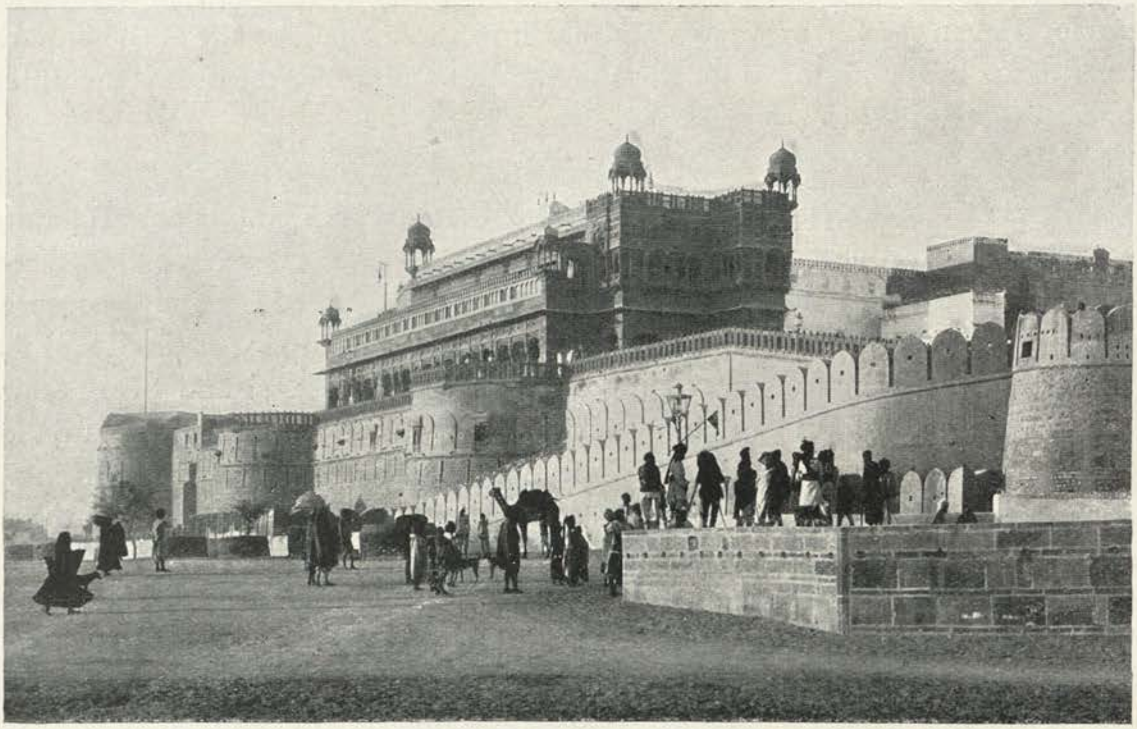
* Swadeshi : literally, belonging to the country.

hung with degraded green chandeliers and walled with willow pattern plates. Here appalling engravings of the early Victorian period hang on walls painted with scenes from the Hindu mythology ; there crude drawings of an elephant chariot and a palanquin sandwich a sketch of a locomotive. In the well-kept armoury the weapons of Rajput chivalry hang side by side with Moorish jezails, Andrea Ferrara blades, and maces brought to Palestine by the Crusaders. Cheek by jowl with those relics of the centuries is the new wing, a mass of carven sandstone, lighted by electric light. Then, as the Maharaja and his circle have removed to the new Lallgarh Palace, the silence of abandonment broods over all, whilst from window and balcony you look over the khaki wastes and listen to the melodious cry of the bullock driver as he urges his oxen down the ramp to draw water from the three hundred foot well.

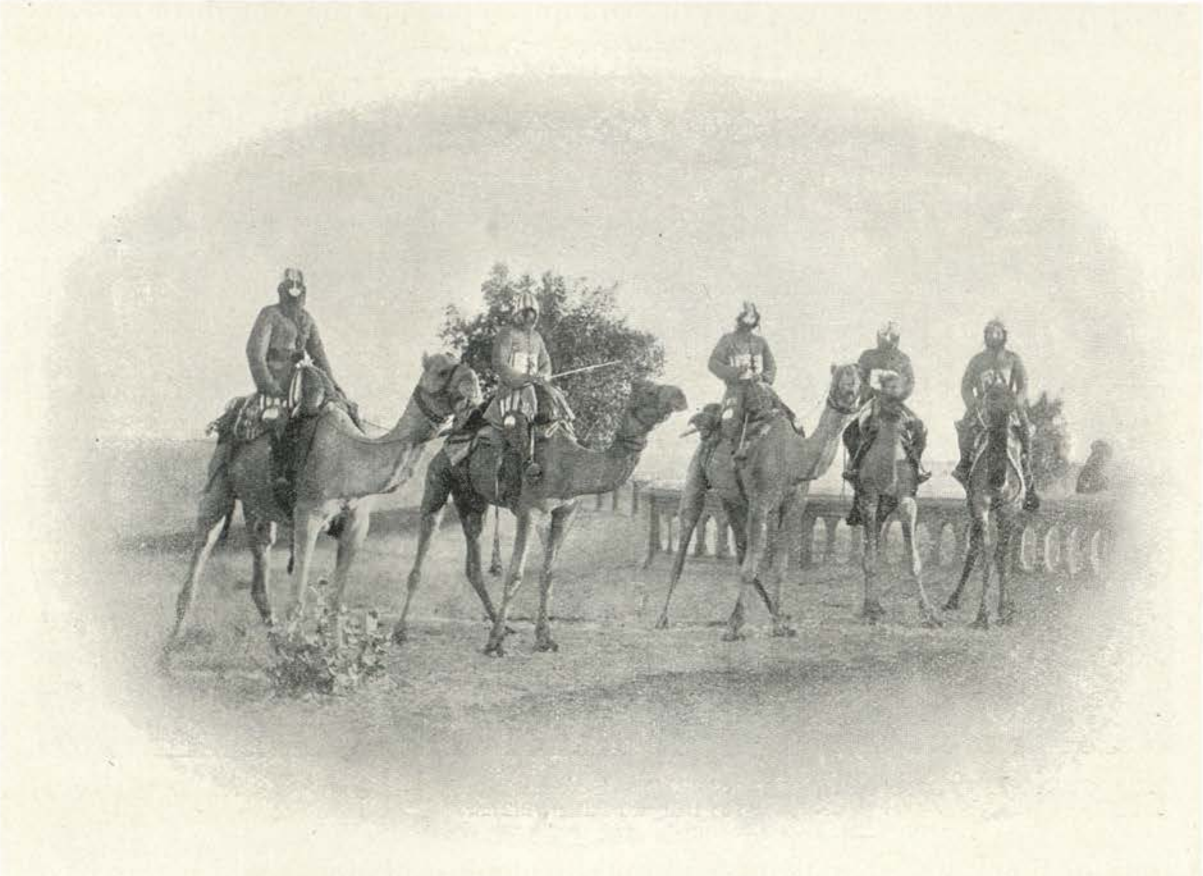
Side by side with these memorials of the past is arising a new Bikanir. In their tour through Rajputana Their Royal Highnesses have visited the States of three widely varying types of Native Rulers : of Udaipur, conservative and orthodox, but of the strictest honour ; of Jaipur, orthodox of the orthodox, but animated by the most generous instincts ; and of Bikanir, a representative of the modern school. His Highness the Maharaja of Bikanir was educated at the Mayo College and has passed through the training which, after mature consideration, has been decided upon as best suited to the present generation of Indian Princes. In many ways his personal influence can be felt in the State. An aide-de-camp to the Prince, His Highness is a fine soldierly figure and his Imperial Service Troops are a credit to the State. Whether as camelry in Somaliland or as infantry in China, where they were under the personal command of the Maharaja, they showed the best martial qualities. The Bikanir gaol is as well managed as any in the world, and its carpets have acquired a fame which necessitated the creation of a separate industry outside the gaol walls to meet the demand. The Lallgarh Palace, a couple of miles from the town, a beautifully proportioned pile of carved red sandstone, is one of the most perfect specimens of modern Indo-Saracenic architecture. The design is from the prolific brain of Sir Swinton Jacob, but His Highness gave the freest play to his creative genius. To the qualities revealed in these developments the Maharaja adds those of the perfect host. Every detail of the large camps at Bikanir and Gujner was personally supervised by him and the arrangements were complete. If His Highness did not literally offer half his kingdom to his guests, he placed everything in his possession at their disposal.

Some of these characteristics Their Royal Highnesses were able to observe on their arrival at Bikanir, but not until this evening could they fully appreciate the peculiar charms of The Desert City. There was a second grouse shoot in the morning, from seven till ten o'clock, when the Prince, shooting beautifully, made the best bag, with 150 birds, the spoil of the day being 800 birds. His Royal Highness was delighted with his sport, as also were the members of the Staff, and all left Gujner charmed with the completeness of the Maharaja's arrangements and fully appreciative of his splendid hospitality. Then in the late afternoon His Royal Highness motored in from Gujner and, joining the Princess at the old palace, first examined its treasures, especially the armoury and the Sanscrit manuscripts, and, accompanied by the Maharaja, went for a semi-state drive through the town.



The Old Palace and Fort, Bikanir

The peculiar characteristics of Bikanir were never so clearly revealed as on this progress. Indeed the scenes in the streets were like a series of vivid pictures from Biblical history. The women gathered on the flat housetops, patches of green and yellow and red, silently watching the Royal procession pass and bursting into shrill chatter the moment it disappeared. Each little hole in the wall was a nest of eager faces, splashed with the gorgeous hues of the draperies. In the side streets the people were not permitted to congregate, so narrow are they that they scarcely permitted the Royal carriage to pass, but the moment the escort turned into the broader highways the whole population was seen to be out for the occasion. Although here and there Bikanir had succumbed to the tendency to tawdry bunting, for the most part the decorations took the only possible oriental form—of hangings of parti-coloured cloth. Through streets of mud-built houses, freshly coloured a brick-red, through streets of handsome dwellings of the most richly carved red sandstone, drove the Prince and, Princess amid variegated crowds who *salaamed* profoundly as the carriage passed, and then broke into exclamations of pride and joy. The route lay through the town, by the most sacred temple where once stood Beeka's Fort, and then past the old palace to the Lallgarh. The streets were lined with the smart state troops, whose presence was hardly needed, so orderly were the people.



Camel Warriors in Chain Mail, Bikanir.

The Prince afterwards presented medals for service in Somaliland to nine Native officers of the Bikanir Camel Corps, complimenting the officers on the smart appearance of the men and the men on having so many in the ranks decorated for service in China. The Camel Corps was raised in 1889 by Captain Kettlewell, of the Indian Army, its object being for Imperial Defence at home and abroad. The strength is five hundred men and five hundred camels. Three-quarters of the men are Rajputs, the remainder Sikhs and Mahomedans. The Corps went to China in 1900, without their camels, and took part in the capture of Peitang Fort and were with the Allied Armies at the advance on Paoting-Fu. For ten months they served in the Far East, making great friends in the field with the Americans and Japanese. On one occasion the Bikaniris pitched the American soldiers' camp for them and gave them food and blankets,—kindness which was never forgotten. In 1902, after the Delhi manœuvres, the Corps went to Somaliland and acted as pioneers to the flying column under General Manning. They fought at Daratoleh, when Captain Walker gained his V.C. and Captain Hughes was wounded. They formed part of the square at Jidballi, for which a clasp to the medal is given. Eight men were killed and thirteen wounded. The Maharaja is Colonel of the Corps and an Honorary Major in the Indian Army.

The Lallgarh Palace, Bikanir.

The visit to Bikanir was brought to a close with a state banquet. Unfortunately neither the Prince nor Princess was present. His Royal Highness was slightly indisposed at Gujner, and acting under the advice of his doctor he decided to dine quietly at the Lallgarh Palace. The Maharaja, in his speech proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, announced that in commemoration of the visit he intended to build a new town hall and to supplement his Imperial Service Troops by the addition of half a regiment of infantry, and alluded with pride to the fact that when he took his regiment to China in 1900 he was the first Chief in India to have gone across the seas on active service under British rule. The Prince's reply, which was read by the Hon. Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, touched upon his old friendship for the Maharaja, whose portrait hangs in Marlborough House. "I have been much struck," he said, "by the fine soldierly appearance of the Bikanir Camel Corps. We know what they have done on active service. It will give me much pleasure to tell the King-Emperor of the smart appearance of the men, most of whom wear medals for China and Somaliland, and of the excellent condition of the camels. I shall assure His Majesty that he has every reason to be proud of Your Highness' contribution to the Imperial Service Troops, and also inform him of your further generous offer to augment it by the addition of half a regiment of your infantry."

CHAPTER IX.

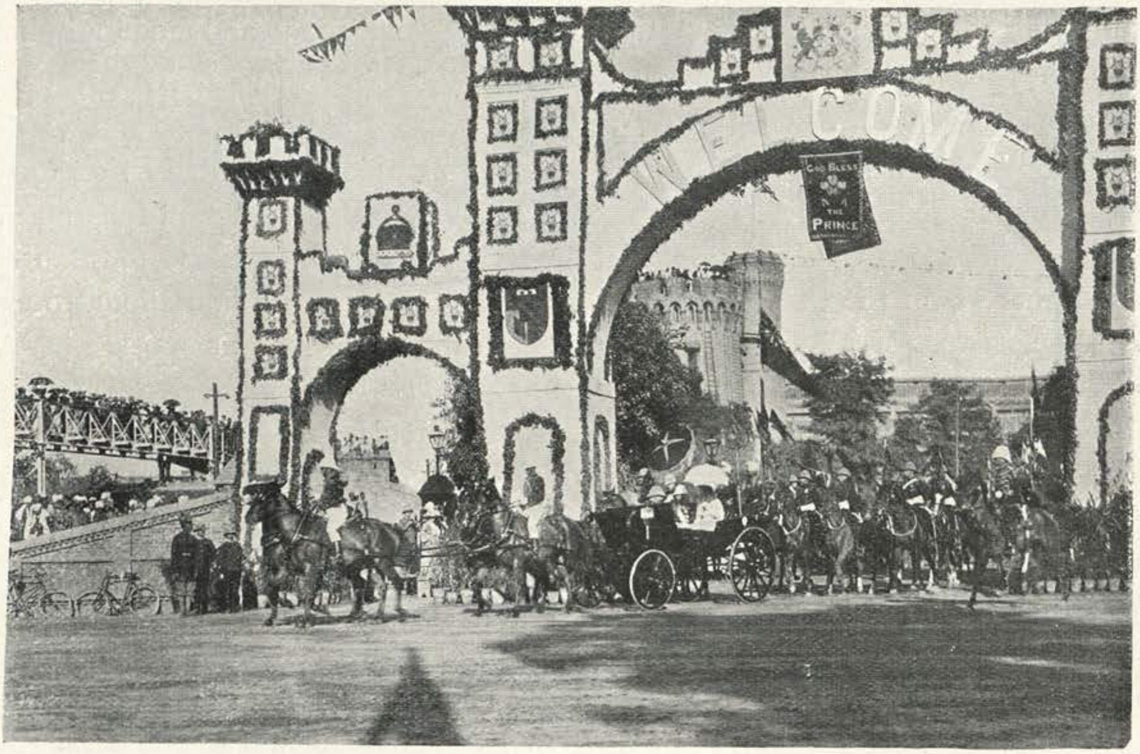
The Capital of the Sikhs.

In British India again—Loyal Enthusiasm of the Punjab—Picturesque Assembly of the Chiefs—Sir Walter Lawrence's Tact and Knowledge—Nabha, the Sikh Bayard—The Ceremonial Visits—Splendid Loyalty of the Punjab Houses—In touch with the Common People—The Punjab Ball—Review of Imperial Service Troops—Qualities of the Fighting Races—Genesis of the Imperial Service Movement—What it means to the Defence of India—Departure for the North-West Frontier.

Lahore, *November 28th.*

WE left Bikanir last night a blaze of light. The roads leading from the Lallgarh to the old palace were lined with myriads of lights and the walls of the fort were ringed with tiny flames, whilst outside the main portal a giant bonfire roared and crackled. In the middle of the glowing embers danced the faith-dancers whose secret no man knows. When daylight dawned we were at Bhatinda, the junction with the broad-gauge railway, and under the shadow of tremendous walls, formidable in these days and which must have been impregnable when they were built. Then from Bhatinda to Lahore the route lay over the dead level of the Punjab plain, an astonishing contrast to the arid wastes of Western Rajputana. Though the land is flat, it is pleasantly timbered and green with the promise of the spring harvest. Passing the typical parade ground of Mian Mir cantonment the train soon glided into the scarlet-hung station of Lahore.

Although the Punjab has been shorn of its frontier districts and resents the loss, it still regards itself as the backbone of the defence of India, both because of its position as a bar to the advance of an invader and as the producer of the finest fighting races in the country. The loyalty of the Punjab has never waned, not even in the darkest days of the 'fifties', and proud of these circumstances the Province determined to give the Prince and Princess a right Royal welcome to its capital. And so it did. The long route from the railway station to Government House was lined with flags and bunting, crossed by triumphal arches, bright with loyal mottoes, and close-packed with a deeply interested mass of the strong, reserved peoples of the North. Here, back in British India, we lose much of the brightness and colour of the fascinating cities of Rajputana. Instead of tortuous streets are broad straight roads; instead of houses of the East, eastern, the roomy bungalows and handsome shops of a provincial headquarters. Yet with this loss is some gain in the splendid highways, the evidences of wealth, and the avenues and gardens for which Lahore is famous. And yet, again, one could wish that the good citizens had not attempted to paint the lily, and decorate groves of stately boscage, glorious in the setting sun, with strings of bunting.

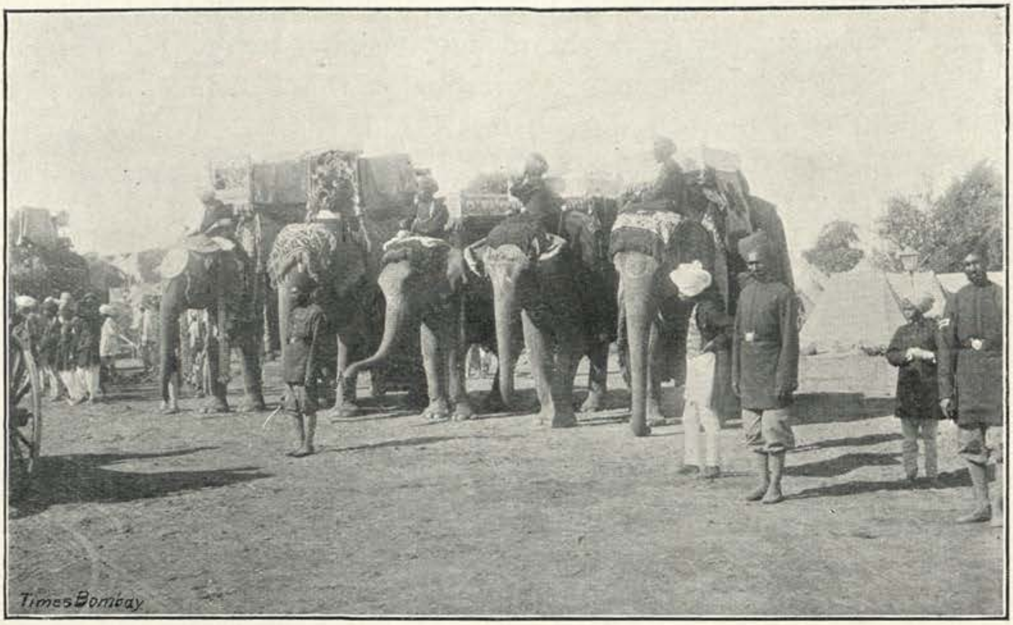


Entry into Lahore.

The scenes on the drive from the station to Government House must have reminded Their Royal Highnesses of their splendid progresses through the streets of Bombay. For not since they left "The Gateway of India" have they seen such smiling crowds in street and on balcony, in every window and on every housetop. The peoples' greeting was marked by the reverence and the gravity which are associated with the hardy races of Upper India. Quite otherwise was it with the bands of school-children marshalled along the route. By a happy thought these assembled bodies were each marked with a distinctive colour. There were boys in red turbans and boys in pale emerald green, in white and in blue, with expectant faces and comely features. As the Royal carriage passed they broke into joyous shouts of welcome, vigorously waving little paper flags of their own distinctive colour. But by far the most interesting episode of the progress was the drive through the camp of the Punjab Chiefs assembled in Lahore to receive the Royal visitors. Here were the Chiefs of Patiala and Bahawalpur, of Nabha, Jhind, Kapurthala, Mandi, Faridkhote, Maler Kotla, Chamba and Suket. The gathering of their retainers brought back memories of Udaipur and Jaipur and Bikanir. One seemed to stride unconsciously from the India of the railway station, of these broad roads and modern buildings, into the India of at least a century ago.

For here we had wild frontiersmen with hooked noses and eagle eyes, and unshorn locks tumbling over their shoulders, mounted on scraggy ponies; elephants in silver mail, bearing golden and silvern howdahs; and dancing horses caparisoned in tinsel. Smart Imperial Service Infantry stood guard over the palanquins and palkis and in line with household troops with muzzle-loaders and flint-lock guns. In the midst of this motley array the forces of Kapurthala stood conspicuous. His Imperial Service Infantry were splendidly turned out, most of the men wearing the Frontier medal of 1897, and one at least bore two Sudan distinctions; his cavalry were well horsed and accoutred smartly. As the Royal procession passed at a walking pace through the camp, the Chiefs, who were seated in their carriages, saluted, the Prince and Princess acknowledging every reverence. The scene presented, as the Chiefs sat in their state vehicles, their armed retainers in every kind of uniform ranked with the elephants, the dancing horses and the palkis, whilst on the opposite side of the road sat a few English residents and the rag-tag and bobtail of the camp, was the most truly oriental patch in the progress.

Passing through the Taksali Gate the Royal carriage halted for a few moments at the Anarkali Gardens, where the Municipality presented their address. The Prince's reply touched sympathetically upon the misfortunes that have overtaken the Province—scarcity, plague and earthquake—and the readiness of the peasantry to utilise the opportunities afforded through the extension of irrigation by emigrating to the new colonies. "I am glad," he concluded, "that your town shares in the general prosperity of the Province. I trust it will continue and increase. We shall, in a short time, have an opportunity of seeing the men who have won for the Punjab the name of 'The Sword Hand of India.' Lahore has reason to be proud of being the capital of such a nursery of devoted and loyal soldiers."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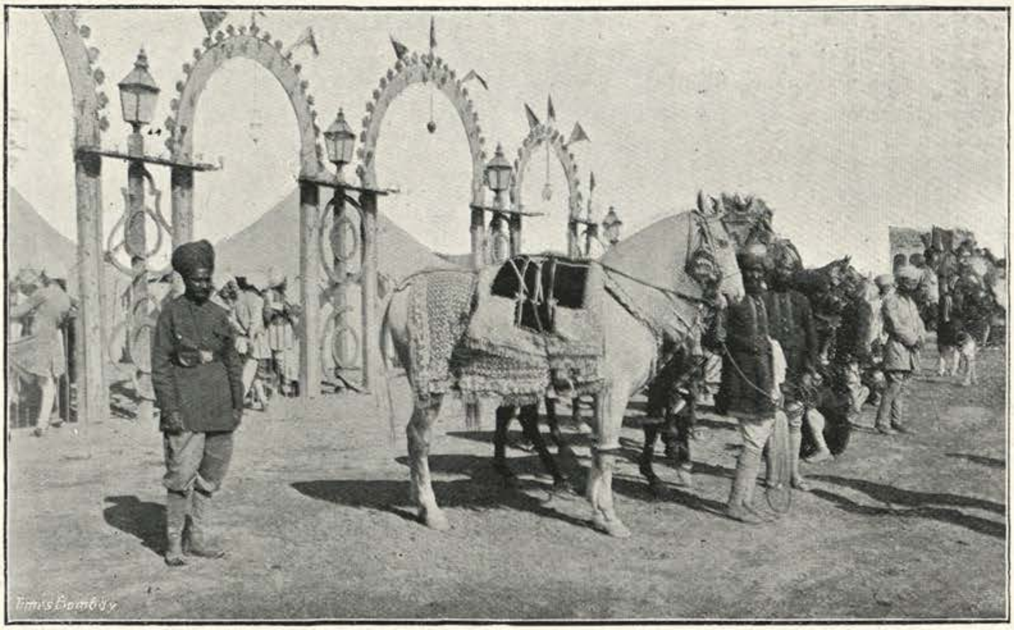
THE STATE ELEPHANTS, JHIND.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STATE HORSES FROM NABHA.

The Durbar Reception at the Montgomery Hall after dinner was one of those well designed, semi-state ceremonies which afford His Royal Highness a better opportunity of coming into close contact with the Chiefs than is provided by solemn durbars or rigid state visits. In the hall, erected in memory of a former Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, were gathered all the notabilities of the Punjab, British and Indian. Amidst a throng remarkable for the brilliance of the costumes and uniforms, the young Maharaja of Patiala was conspicuous by the splendour of his jewels, his turban being ringed and ringed with pearls and diamonds. The fine presence of that good sportsman, the Kunwar Saheb Ranbir Singh of Patiala, was scarcely less noteworthy, but the palm for picturesqueness was easily borne off by the Baluch Chiefs from Dehra Ismail Khan. Still garbed in flowing white, with their oiled ringlets hanging over their shoulders and untamed eyes, they were perfect specimens of the wild border races.

In the outer hall His Royal Highness received the principal Durbaris of the Punjab, some hundred and thirty in number, and then a procession was formed, and to the blare of trumpets, preceded by his Staff in full uniform, the Prince entered the reception chamber and seated himself in the chair of state. The Prince was looking—and, according to informed authority, was feeling—particularly well, having quite recovered from the fatigue of his heavy days at Bikanir. Then the Chiefs were led in order of precedence to the foot of the dais, where Sir Charles Rivaz presented them, the heads of houses sitting on His Royal Highness' right hand and on his left, and the cadets being grouped in rear. Afterwards the Native officers on duty at Mian Mir were presented, His Royal Highness touching the hilts of the swords tendered in token of fealty. The more formal ceremonies were now over, and descending from the dais the Prince had half an hour's more intimate conversation with the Chiefs. It is on these occasions that the rare qualities of Sir Walter Lawrence as Chief of Staff are displayed. There does not seem to be a Native Chief in India whom Sir Walter does not know, and his catholic knowledge, tact, charm of manner and familiarity with the vernaculars speedily efface the timidity and reserve natural on such occasions. One missed with regret the grand old Chief of Nabha, who was too unwell to attend. It was Nabha, the Sikh Bayard, who, when the King was proclaimed at Delhi, cried: "Now I can die in peace, as I have discharged the three duties of a true Sikh—I have lived according to the precepts of the Gurus, I have aided the State with my sword, and now I have paid personal homage to my Sovereign."

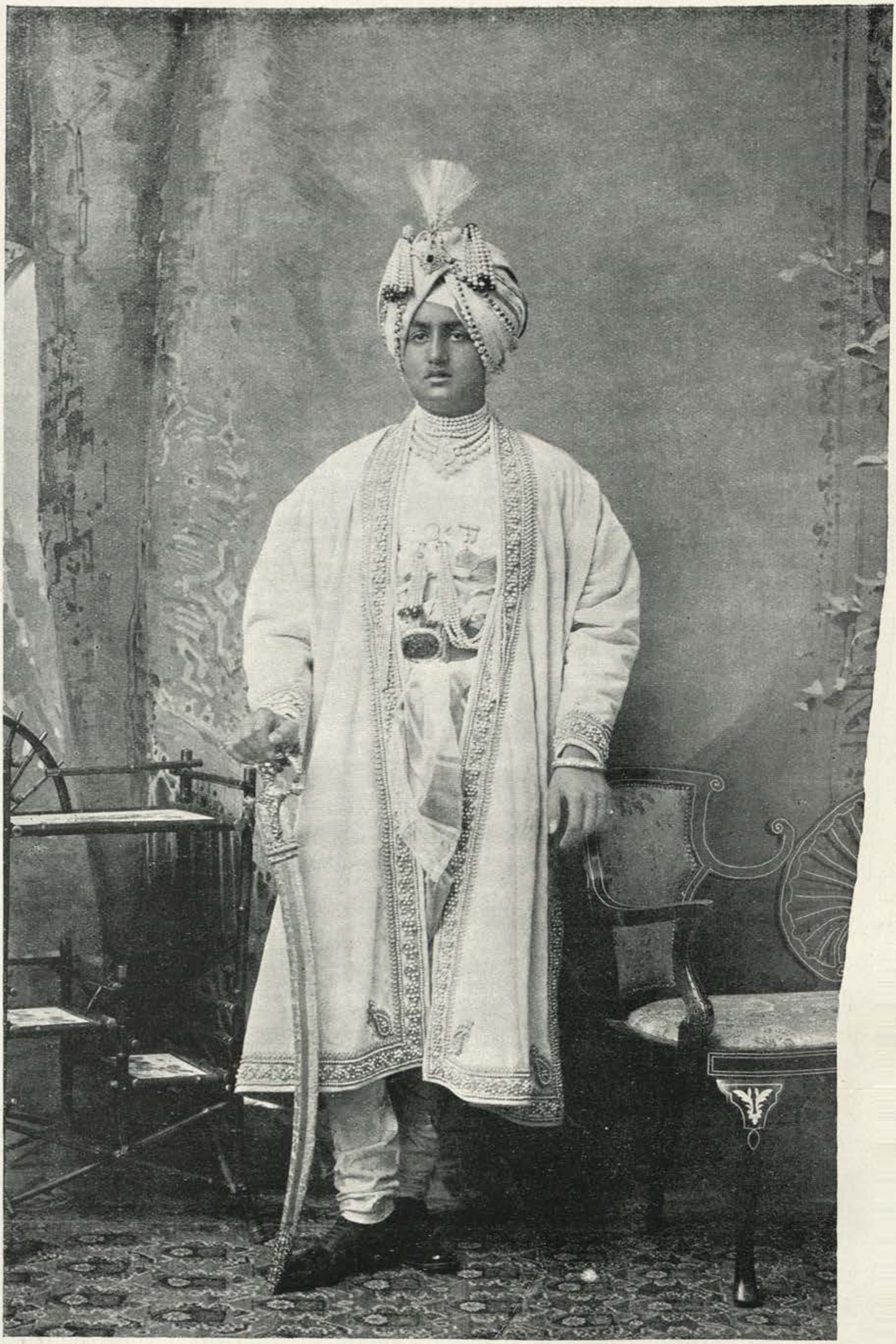
November 29th.

According to the programme, the Prince was to have visited this morning the fort of Lahore, the extensive walled enclosure which the great Akbar adorned with specimens of mixed Hindu and Saracenic architecture, largely defaced by later generations and now over-besplashed with British whitewash. Within the fort is the Shish Mahal, or Mirror Palace, where the formal transfer of the Punjab to the British Government was executed. On the walls of the armoury hang the shield and battle-axe of Guru Govind Singh, who by giving the reforming zeal of the Sikhs a military basis, knit the race into a militant religious confederacy that defied the power of the Mughal Emperors and made possible the kingdom of Ranjit Singh.

The Raja of Nabha.

But in view of the pressure of engagements this item was wisely omitted from the day's proceedings. The first great ceremonies were the visits of the Punjab Chiefs to His Royal Highness at Government House. The Chieftains of "The Land of the Five Rivers" stand high in the roll of India's Native Princes, for they are scions of the finest fighting stock in Hindustan. It is men of their race who have won for the Punjab the proud title of "The Sword Hand of India," and their stout loyalty in times of the darkest depression gained for them a place in the affections of Englishmen which must never be diminished. "Lord, keep my memory green," was the prayer of the man to whom forgetfulness brought the loss of all the softening influences of life. May our memory in these days of fast-succeeding generations be kept green with the recollection of the deeds of those Houses who were true to the *Raj* when every good sword was of priceless value!

The Punjab Chiefs were encamped on the fort parade ground, which in sterner times was the glacis of Lahore's formidable defences. From here a broad, shady road leads to Government House, and from an early hour this was thronged with sightseers, many being English, anxious to see the Chiefs in their full feudal splendour. They were amply rewarded. First came the Maharaja of Patiala, a boy of fourteen, lord of the premier State of the Punjab and heir to a great name and noble traditions. That name has been somewhat tarnished by a fatal misconception of what good sportsmanship



H. H. The Maharaja of Patiala.

means, and never stood a boy on the threshold of greater opportunities. Followed the leading Mahomedan Chief, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, whose fathers broke away from Afghan dominance in 1838 and whose House has since been invincibly true to their treaty engagements. Next the Sikh Raja of Jhind, of a State whose troops were the first to march against the mutineers at Delhi and whose Imperial Infantry especially distinguished themselves in the Tirah campaign. Then came the Raja of Nabha, representative of a fine school that is fast passing away, and whose name is a synonym for loyalty and honesty throughout India. He was succeeded by the Raja of Kapurthala, greatly given to western travel, escorted by blue and white lancers in the faultless order which distinguishes all Kapurthala's retainers.

Now came the first of the hill Chieftains, the Raja of Mandi, a Rajput of the Suket family and ruler of the lower Himalayan ranges lying between the beautiful valleys of Kangra and Kulu. The Regent of Maler Kotla paid the devoirs of this little principality, carved out by one of the adventurers who followed the train of the Mughal invaders, and his well turned-out escort was conspicuous by its nodding yellow plumes. Faridkot, the Sikh, was unfortunately detained in camp by fever, so Maler Kotla was followed by Chamba, a proud Rajput whose Himalayan kingdom is tucked away at the back of the Kangra Valley, and he by the Raja of Suket, a Rajput of the Rajputs, and ruler of some four hundred square miles of mountain territory. So they passed, and into the presence of the Heir-Apparent, there cheerfully to render the eastern tributes of homage and fealty. Sikh and Rajput and Afghan, they were symbols of the successive waves of invasion which made Hindustan the cockpit of Asia for centuries, until the spread of the *Pax Britannica* brought rest to the tired land. But, widely differing in race and ideals, they had this great bond in common—unswerving loyalty to their treaty obligations, deep devotion to the Imperial Throne. Could any equally large assemblage of neighbouring Chiefs be brought together in India with such an unsullied history?

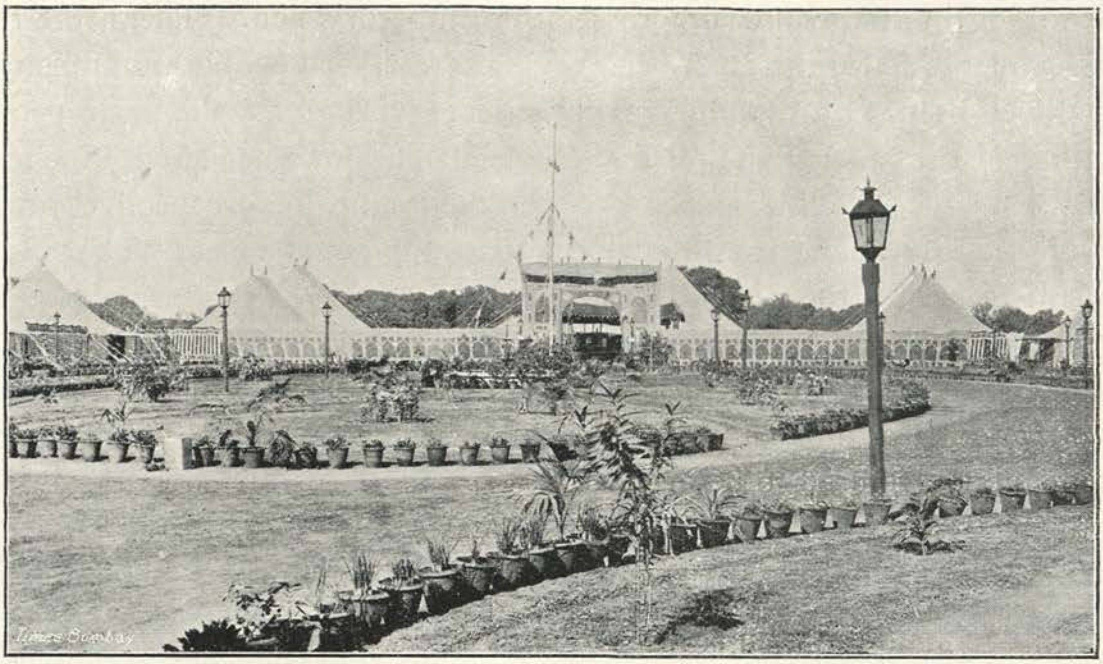
Apart from the state visits the day was spent as quietly as possible. The Princess visited the Museum and the Mayo School of Art. Readers of "Kim" will recall the treasure-house that enthralled the old Lama who sought the lost river, and the donor of the horn spectacles which the gentle Buddhist used with such unfeigned glee. In this chapter Kipling sketched the Lahore Museum, of which his father was for many years curator, and the cannon under whose shade Kim and the Lama met still stands sentinel over the courtyard. The Princess is keenly interested in Indian art, and appreciates the finest qualities of work and the methods that lead to its production. Her Royal Highness passed a pleasant hour examining the characteristic craftmanship of the Punjab—the carved walnut, Multan pottery, fine jadestone, and the curious, semi-transparent bottles of camel-skin, which are suggestive of Biblical history.

30th November.

Again this morning the people of Lahore clustered along the fine roads that lead from Government House to the glacis of the old Fort, whereon the Punjab Chiefs are encamped. The Prince was to pay return visits to those Chiefs entitled to this honour, and this was done with all pomp and ceremony. Many of the Chiefs have housed themselves on a lordly scale for the festival, and laid out their camps with much expense and in great detail. Splendid pavilions flashed with colour; the durbar chambers were hung with oriental tapestries and kincob work; and the Chiefs and Sirdars were in their most striking dresses. The Chiefs were proud to make these preparations, because in the fine-drawn scale of oriental distinctions no privilege stands higher than that of the return visit. It indicates the status of those who receive it, and where a member of the Royal House is concerned the honour is great indeed. The Prince's frank and gracious manner puts the Chiefs at their ease at once, and doubles the pleasure they derive from these ceremonies.

"Kim's" Cannon.

Outside the Patiala camp His Royal Highness was saluted by elephants, by drummers with silver mail and wearing tinsel tiaras, and by smart Lancers: passing on to that of the Nawab of Bahawalpur, ablaze with Mahomedan green, by cavalry whose loose-breeched sowars had the impress of the desert stamped on bearing and on feature. Jhind's camp was modestly arrayed and guarded by stalwart Sikhs in scarlet; Nabha's Lancers were in eau-de-nil and scarlet, and his Imperial Service Infantry in scarlet and yellow. Kapurthala's retainers were in the familiar blue and white, and Mandi's paraded unostentatiously. All these scenes, however, have been witnessed again and again on the Royal tour and will be repeated almost without end during the next few months. Much more interesting was it to turn from the glistening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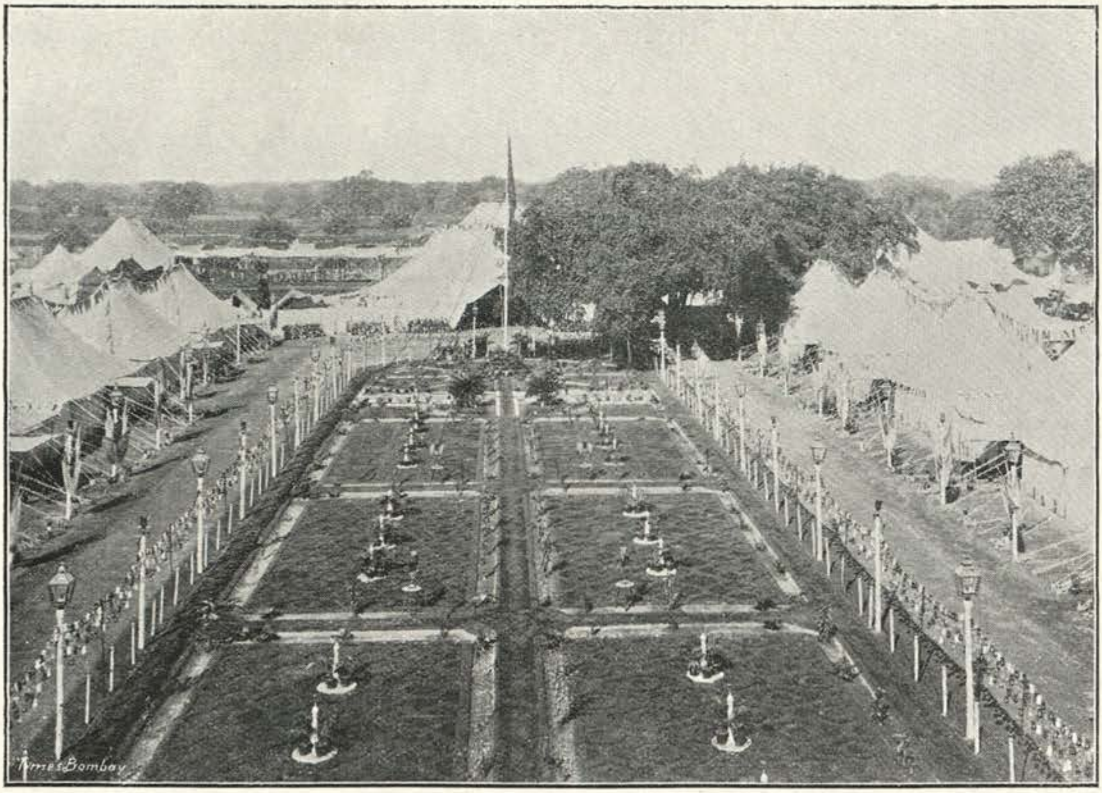
THE MAHARAJA OF KAPURTHALA'S CAMP.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THE MAHARAJA OF JHIND'S CAMP.

camps to the opposite side of the road, close-packed and smiling with the crowd waiting in all loyal desire to see the Emperor's son. There, the thin-cheeked student jostled the portly clerk. These northern peoples run to length, and the town-bred, at any rate, are as pale of visage as the Latin peoples of Southern Europe. And the shrillness of exclamation, when twenty inches of solid British back were interposed between them and the prospective procession, equalled the vehemence of hawkers quarrelling over a pice. The masters of the situation were the splendid peasants, who had left their rarely-quitted villages to gaze upon the Shahzada. Burnt a deep walnut by the sun, hardened by toil, they sat in stolid silence in the front row, places gained by hours of patient waiting, and, wrapped in their coarse country garments and orange blankets, refused to be disturbed. It will be an ill day for the Punjab if anything is allowed to check the progress of the measures designed to prevent the conversion of the peasant proprietors into landless labourers.

After leaving the Chiefs' camp His Royal Highness was joined by the Princess, and together they visited the historic Fort. But even more than the well-stocked armoury and the glories of the Shish Mahal were they charmed by the view from the palace—the spreading landscape of forest and plain, with the labyrinthine streets of old Lahore at foot, crouching in the shadow of the Jama Masjid, and the exquisite mausoleum of Ranjit Singh. A little later Their Royal Highnesses passed through this maze of crazy streets on a drive round the native town. Like most other important stations, the sharpest line is drawn in Lahore between the old city, which was the capital of Ranjit Singh, and the modern quarter that has grown up on the outskirts since Lord Dalhousie took the Government of the Punjab from the incompetent Sikh Sardars and gathered it into his own strong hands—the one a plexus of cramped streets with its carven, storied houses, redolent of the ceaseless activity of the eastern bazaar; the other with the boulevards of a model city, the spacious secluded life of the Anglo-Indian of tradition. One may live for a year in the new Lahore, sharing to the full its pleasure and its toil, without setting foot in the wonderful old town. The people were doubly delighted when the Prince and Princess saw them in their own homes, plying their hereditary trades, and gave them a welcome such as had not been known in the history of Lahore.

In the afternoon the Prince paid a private visit to the Aitchison College, where the Cadets of the Punjab Ruling Houses are educated on a plan modelled on the English public school system, and the Princess held a *purdah* Party at Government House. The day closed with the Punjab

Ball, about which all the Province had been talking for half the year. The Punjab has more reason than other provinces to take pleasure in any joyous occasion that unites its scattered members. For here on the sun-baked banks of the canals, in the wind-swept deserts of the Indus Valley, and in the haunting desolation of the ***bar*, the civilian and the engineer have more than their share of the aching solitude of Anglo-Indian life. Now too the Punjab is one of the pleasant places of the earth, with the tonic freshness of the air, the stimulus of the crisp winds, the pungent reek of the wood fires. A few months hence it will be the inferno, with the days of parching heat and nights of woe none but the Punjabi know. To-night no thought of the solitary whitewashed bungalow, no whiff of the fiery blasts of May, was allowed to intrude. Near a thousand guests, gathered from the four corners of the Province, met in the Montgomery Hall, and danced as light-heartedly as if there were no to-morrow, no whisper of tragedy in the thought that of those who should have been there, one at

The Tomb of Ranjit Singh, Lahore.

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* Bar : Wide steppes of grazing land in the Western Punjab.

least was taken out of Lahore station a poor fever-stricken wreck. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at ten o'clock, danced the state lancers and remained until after supper. The Prince wore evening dress with the ribbon of the Star of India, and the Princess was a stately figure indeed, in a splendid gown of rose velours and a magnificent collar and tiara of diamonds. Amongst those who joined in the state lancers were the Prince and Lady Bindon-Blood, the Princess and Sir Charles Rivaz, Sir Bindon-Blood and Lady Clark, the Hon. Mr. Justice Robertson and Lady Violet Crawley, Sir Charles Tupper and Lady Grizel Hamilton, Sir W. Clark and the Hon. Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. Reid and Lady Shaftesbury, General Walter Kitchener and Mrs. Reid.

On the Outskirts of Lahore.

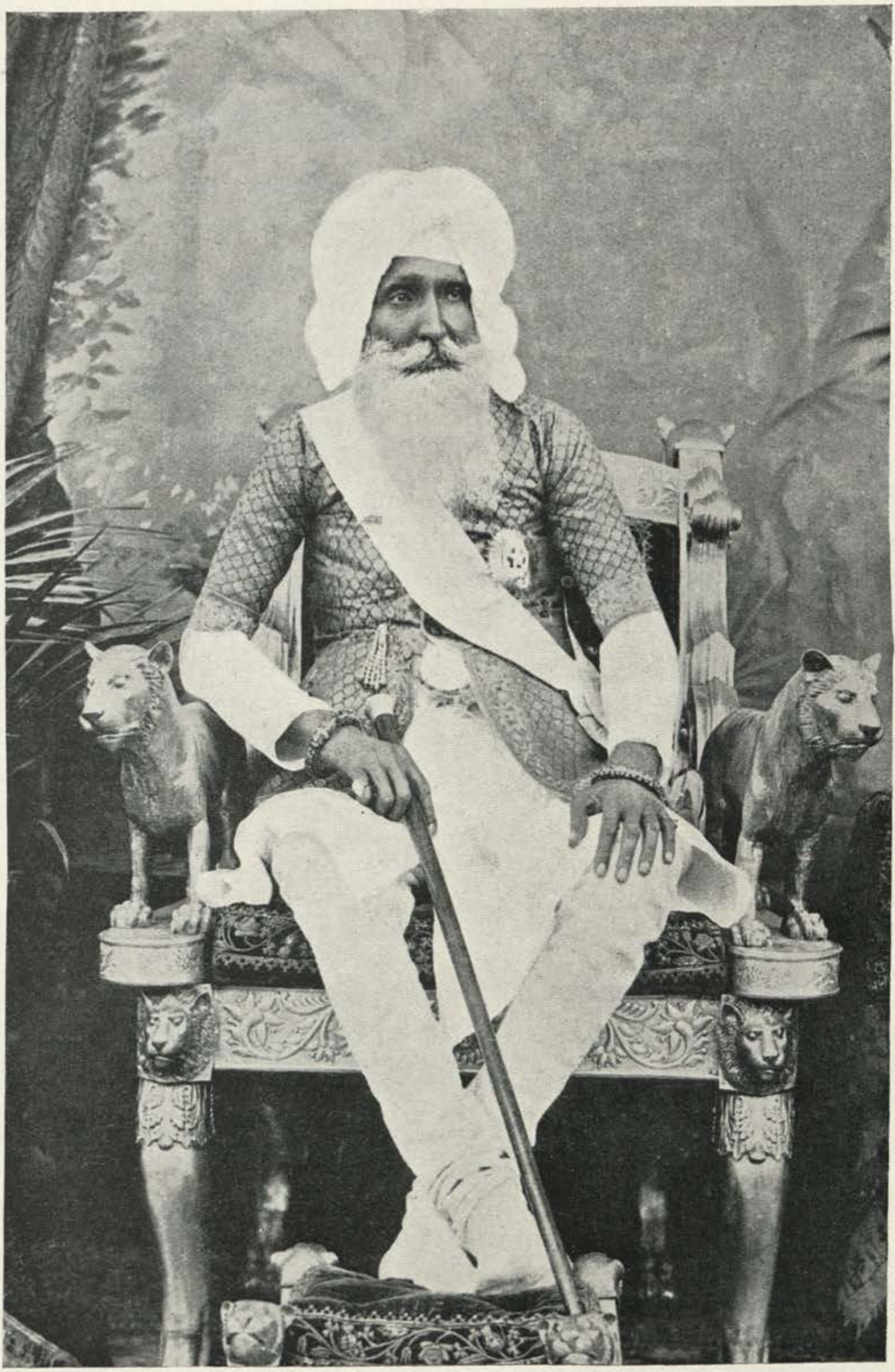
December 1st.

Although it is only the beginning of December, these Northern India mornings break raw and cold. Consequently it was not until ten o'clock, when the air was pleasantly warmed by the sun, that the Prince of Wales arrived on the parade ground at Mian Mir to inspect the Punjab Imperial Service Troops. But for full two hours before then the long dusty road which leads to the great cantonment was alive with all sorts and conditions of men and women, hastening to witness the military display. As the hour for the arrival of His Royal Highness approached, gangs of water-carriers besprinkled the dusty highway, but the innumerable particles which clogged the nostrils and bit the throat were a foretaste of what is in store for everyone at Pindi when fifty thousand horse and foot are marshalled before the Heir-Apparent and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum a few days hence.

The spectacle at Mian Mir would, however, have repaid twice the trouble of getting there. The parade ground is not exactly lovely, but so entirely a bit of British India that one would not wish it changed even to secure a greater beauty. There were the yellow, dusty plain, the big trees beyond, the cloudless sky disfigured only by the smoke which hung over Lahore like a pall, the splash of scarlet where the West Yorkshires lined the route, the straight roads, and the cluster of brilliant uniforms and summer frocks near the saluting point. All this has a sense of familiarity to the Anglo-Indian which brings home a realisation of the strength of his position and which he would not barter for things far more æsthetically attractive. Then the centre of the plain was streaked with the serried array of those valorous troops which the Punjab Chiefs have delighted perfectly to equip and organise so that they may worthily take their place with the regular soldiers of the King-Emperor when the hour of trial arises.

On the right of the line, in pride of place, stood the Patiala Rajinder Lancers, a splendid body of men, five hundred strong and superbly mounted. The oldest of the regiments present, they are entitled to place "Delhi" on their colours and fought with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan. Next was marshalled the Camel Corps of the Nawab of Bahawalpur on their straggling beasts, meet comrades of the fine camelry His Royal Highness saw much of during his stay at Bikanir. More modest, but certainly not less useful, stood the company of Sirmur Sappers from Nahan Esmma, hill Rajputs, Gurkhas and Mahomedans, distinguished by their gallant services on the Punjab Frontier. The Maler Kotla Sappers can already show the "Punjab Frontier" and "Tirah" on their colours, although they were raised only twelve years ago, and can point to good service under each one of these heads. The Faridkot Sappers, organised five years since and composed of Sikhs, stood between Maler Kotla and the first and second Patiala Rajinder Sikh Infantry. Two regiments, each five hundred strong and almost entirely composed of Sikhs, these yielded the palm to none on the ground, and it must have made young Patiala's bosom swell with pride as he gazed upon the five hundred lances and thousand trusty bayonets which he holds at the service of the *Raj*.

Now came five hundred Jhind Infantry, all Sikhs with the exception of one company of Mussalmans, who fought with distinction in the Frontier War of 1897; then five hundred of the Raja of Nabha's Foot and the five hundred Kapurthala Foot who served so well in the same year. Who does not remember the story of the Kapurthala picquet, a memorable episode even in that campaign of brave deeds! How thirty-five of these gallant Sikhs under Subadar Dewa Singh, mistaking their road, found



H. H. The Raja of Nabha, G.C.S.I.

themselves in a ravine with only one exit, which the tribesman had carefully blocked. Then, assailed in the cold of the November dawn by a shower of bullets, they fought stubbornly till only six were left alive. Down came the Chamkhanis, hoping to capture the scanty remnant, but standing shoulder to shoulder they refused to surrender and all were slain. The troops paraded this morning represented a contribution to the Empire's fighting force of nearly four thousand officers and men.

Punctually at the hour appointed Her Royal Highness drove to the saluting point, accompanied by Sir Charles Rivaz, and a few minutes later the Prince galloped on to the ground. Halting for a moment to receive the salute, he rode slowly down the long line, the Princess following in the state carriage, and the inspection over, both Prince and Princess took up their positions at the saluting point for the march past. First came the gallant Lancers in green and yellow, with gleaming lance points and dancing pennons. Then the Bahawalpur Camel Corps, in the drab uniform which is scarcely distinguishable from the colour of the camel or the plain, keeping an excellent line considering the stupidity of their mounts. Swinging along with easy stride, the Sappers followed, with the mule trains carrying their tools and impedimenta ; Sirmur and Maler Kotla in scarlet and Faridkot in khaki. A couple of hundred yards from the saluting point each Chief rode out to lead past his troops, Patiala, a born horseman, in mufti, and Maler Kotla in uniform. Patiala now returned to head his footmen, grand, stern, strong men in green and yellow, their shining weapons flashing in the sun. Jhind also rode out to his regiment, wearing the scarlet and white of the state forces, and the grand old Maharaja of Nabha, a simple, dignified figure in white, with a splash of scarlet and gold, and riding a young dark bay home-bred. The fine Kapurthala Infantry, led by the Maharaja in uniform, brought up the rear. A gallant sight indeed, but marred by one circumstance, the awful dust, which, despite careful watering, rolled up in clouds, enveloping everything in a tawny haze.

Out rushed a swarm of water-carriers deftly besprinkling the dust, and then the infantry swung back in quarter column, bayonets flashing and the Patiala Sikhs shouting their guttural war-cry as they passed ***Jai, Jai Futteh Guru !* The dust fiend was scotched, but a moment later he rose in his wrath and conquered the whole situation. For now the infantry were marched off to form in line and await the advance in review order, whilst the camelry and horse went by at the trot. The camelry, in excellent order, raised dust enough, but when the Lancers trotted past it rolled away in gigantic clouds, enveloping horse and rider in a murky haze and powdering both thickly with yellow. One grand climax was in store. The camelry bobbed away and Patiala's horse dashed up at the gallop. A shrill whistle, and the gallop broke into the charge. At topmost speed swept past these splendid horsemen, till the air was filled with the thud of twice a thousand hoofs. Through the thickening haze you could dimly discern the lances and the pennons, the straining horses and the stern set faces of this warrior race in splendid line, until in a few seconds all were swallowed up in a fog as thick as the worst ever seen in London. An involuntary "Bravo!" or "Shabash!" broke from every throat, fit tribute to men who rode like disciplined centaurs with the lust of battle in their eyes. There remained but the advance in review order, which was led by Colonel Drummond, Inspector-General of Imperial Service Troops, and the Royal salute. The Prince of Wales then addressed the assembled officers, expressing his appreciation of the soldierly bearing of officers and men and his admiration of the Lancers' splendid riding.

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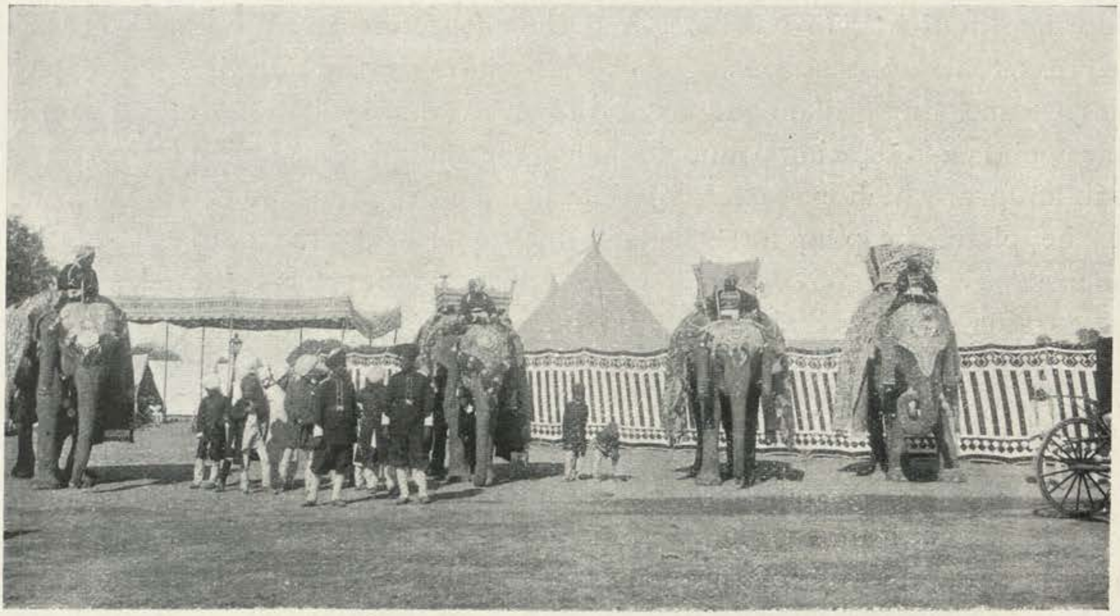
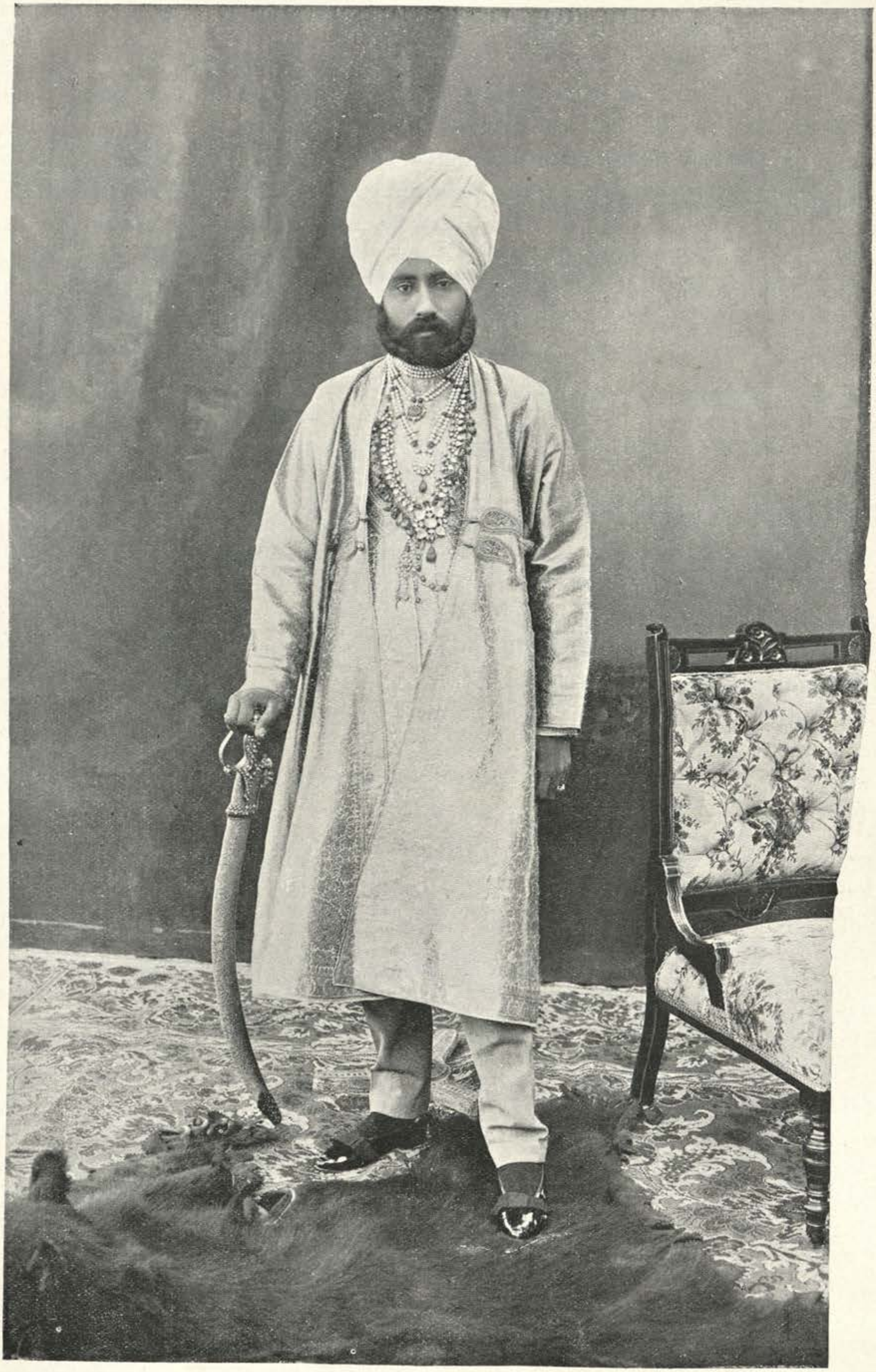
* Victory ! Victory ! for the Sikh Faith !


Gorgeously Caparisoned Elephants.

Their Royal Highnesses drove away, the troops marched to camp, the spectators dispersed. What was it we had witnessed? Fine fighting men of India's warrior races, well equipped, well disciplined, well led, pass in ordered array before the Heir to the Imperial Throne? Yes; but that could be paralleled at a few hours' notice in every big military station in



H. H. The Raja of Jhind.

India. What we really saw were the representatives of the twenty thousand fighting men, horse and foot, camelry and sappers and transport trains, which the great feudatories hold at the disposal of the *Raj* for the defence of their common fatherland. And if we would understand what this means let us cast our memories back to those days in the early eighties when war across the northern frontier appeared inevitable. In their loyalty to the Imperial Throne, India's Chiefs placed all their resources at the disposal of the Crown. But what had they to offer? Men in motley array, ill-kept, ill-drilled, ill-led, ill-conditioned, not even food for cannon, mere encumbrances on the face of the earth. When we contrast such splendid fighting men as were marshalled to-day with the rag-tag and bobtail which still cumber many Native courts, let us not forget that great Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, who inspired the Chiefs with the desire seriously to co-operate with the *Raj* in the defence of Hindustan, the loyalty of the Chiefs who as a free gift have added nearly an army corps to the fighting force of the Empire, or the men like General Stuart Beatson and the flower of the Indian Army who made the Imperial Service Troops the fine fighting force they are to-day. Nor let us ever forget that this is a free gift, not a levy, and that if in an impatient desire for uniformity the constitution of the force is altered and thereby susceptibilities which have every claim to be considered are offended, the least mischief caused will be to check the growth of a movement which will ultimately bring all the armed forces of the Native States up to the Imperial Service standard.

After lunch Lady Rivaz gathered the principal Chiefs and visitors in the grounds of Government House at a Garden Party where the Prince and Princess spent the afternoon in conversation with the men of light and leading in the Punjab. After a quiet dinner they left by train for Peshawar, on a visit to the province which Lord Curzon fashioned from a rib taken from the Punjab, and moulded into a new administration, in charge of the unfettered tribesmen, under the direct control of the Government of India.

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CHAPTER X.

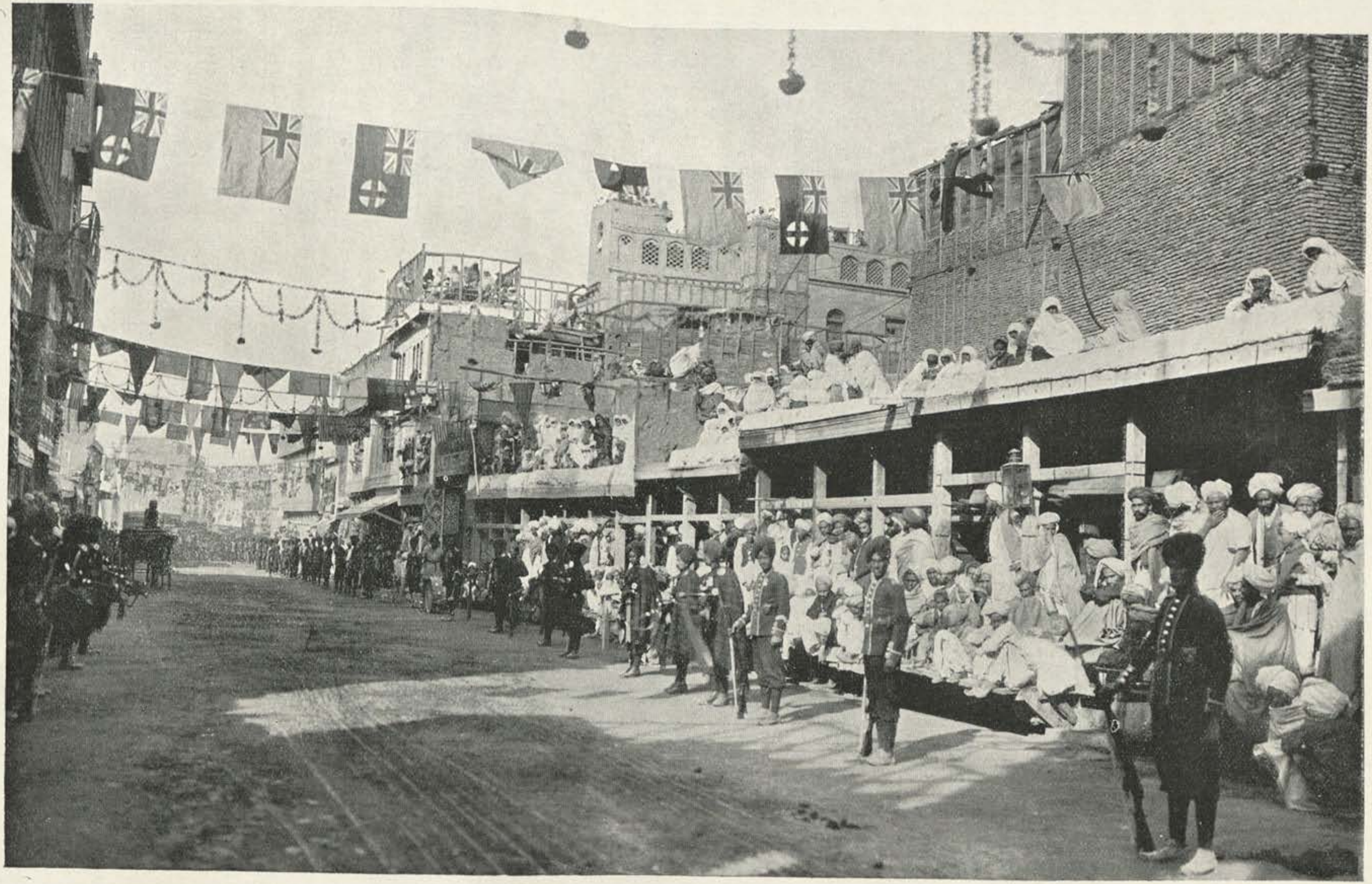
The Frontier City.

A BORDER WELCOME—PEACEFUL ASPECT OF PESHAWAR—ITS STRANGE, WILD PEOPLE—THE FRONTIER CHIEFTAINS—PAGES FROM STORMY HISTORY—A TRUCE TO WARRING FEUDS—THE STRENGTH OF PERSONAL LOYALTY—SCENES IN THE BAZAAR—THE BEARING OF THE HILLMEN—THEIR INSOLENT INDEPENDENCE—VETERANS OF THE MUTINY—THE MOST ENGLISH OF INDIAN STATIONS—THE GRIM SIDE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

PESHAWAR, *December 3rd.*

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' reception at Peshawar was full of superficial incongruities. At the dull cantonment railway station they were welcomed with the usual Staff, officials and ceremony. Thence they drove through streets decked with cheap bunting and schoolboy mottoes and lined with a *salaaming* crowd to the Ghor Khattri, where a stout local magnate read, in excellent English, the flowery municipal address. In the afternoon, at a garden party, bright uniforms and the gayest frocks, and pretty women with beautiful complexions, made the trim croquet lawn so suggestive of home. And to-day the Prince and the Princess attended Divine Service in the truly British station church and drove quietly through the cantonment. Formal reception, municipal address, garden party, and these beautifully shaded roads—why, we might be in some smug cantonment of Bombay or Madras instead of this strange, wild frontier city of Peshawar—this intensely fascinating sentinel town which was first the link knitting the early Mughal sovereigns to their Central Asian fatherland, then developed into the outpost which guarded the Passes for the Sikhs, and now stands watch and ward over the troublous mountain line which may be summed up in the single word, Khyber.

And yet behind these superficial evidences of placidity there were scores of sidelights hinting at those peculiar, unenviable characteristics



THE BAZAAR, PESHAWAR.

which hall-mark Peshawar amongst the cities of India. The officer who stepped forward to greet His Royal Highness was Colonel Deane, Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, who is beloved along the border line for his knowledge and ready sympathy; the General, Sir Edmond Barrow, one of the great fighting men of the Indian Army. The officers bore the honourable marks of arduous service in frontier warfare. The soldiery who lined the streets so closely in the great bazaar were of fine fighting regiments, the gallant Gordons, the famous Black Watch, the 38th Dogras; and the escort was furnished by a soldierly body of the 21st Cavalry (Daly's Horse). These taciturn men who crowded on the house-fronts were not the fat Banias or Marwaris of Bombay and Calcutta, but real fighting men, keen traders to-day, pot shooting over the border at some ancient enemy to-morrow, perhaps wild beasts of Ghazis or out against the *Raj* before the sun is much older. Who knows? The Ghor Khattri, where the Chiefs were received, was the residence of the stout Italian adventurer Avitabile, who held Peshawar in his iron grip in the forties. In this stronghold Avitabile and his Sikhs were half besieged, and he never dared ride forth without an escort of hundreds of soldiers; but the old men who remember his weekly assizes still speak of their master with the admiration of a troop of jackals for a tiger. The Chiefs gathered here embraced every name conspicuous in the stormy life of the frontier for quarter of a century. Even the scarlet-robed retainers calmly assisting at the garden party were armed against possible assault.

What an absorbing study is this bazaar of Peshawar! Peshawar is a city of dirty yellow bricks, set in wooden frames coated with mud, and of flat-roofed houses. But in the great bazaar the frames are painted a crude blue, the bricks a glistening white, whilst in honour of the Royal visit they were spanned with arches and criss-crossed with bunting, which everyone could well have done without. The Afridi wax-cloths and bright embroideries, which a few of the more tasteful displayed, were worth all the other decorations tenfold. Half a mile of deserted cantonment road, and the Royal route, passing through the Edwardes Gate, so called after the splendid frontier officer and Christian gentleman who held Peshawar in the Mutiny, plunged into a sea of every race and clan of the tribes on our border. Here were none of the emerald greens and orange yellows and garish reds beloved of the peoples of Rajputana and Central India and Bombay, and which harmonise so well with their environments; but quiet blacks and whites and embroidered sheep-skin coats, which better matched the greyish winter sky. It was not the clothes which attracted, however, but the men, the hook-nosed, hard-featured Yusufs and Alis who make frontier history, who sat silent, stern and self-contained, waiting for the Emperor's son to pass. Cruel, wild, uncertain, may be; but real, live men to whom much may be forgiven for the masculinity that is in them.

Up the main street and under the arched entrance to old Avitabile's headquarters rattled the Royal cortège, the Prince and Princess dismounting at the scarlet way which led to the pavilion wherein the frontier Chiefs were assembled. First came the municipal address and His Royal Highness' reply thereto. The address, read in fluent English, proclaimed that the North-West Frontier Province and the Peshawar Municipal Committee yielded to none in their constant loyalty and devotion to the throne. Peshawar had stood sentinel for many years over the Khyber, through which kings and conquerors had advanced; but now, under the benevolent protection of the King-Emperor, danger from without and disturbance from within had given place to security and order, tranquillity and rest. In his reply the Prince mentioned that it was one of the regrets of His Majesty's Indian visit that, through lack of railway connections, he was unable to visit Peshawar. "There have been many changes in the country across the Indus," he added, "since my father visited India, and I am rejoiced to learn that those changes have tended towards your happiness and prosperity. Security and order are blessings for which we may all be thankful, and I have little fear that in this free, hardy country, 'tranquillity and rest' will impair the manly qualities of the Pathan."

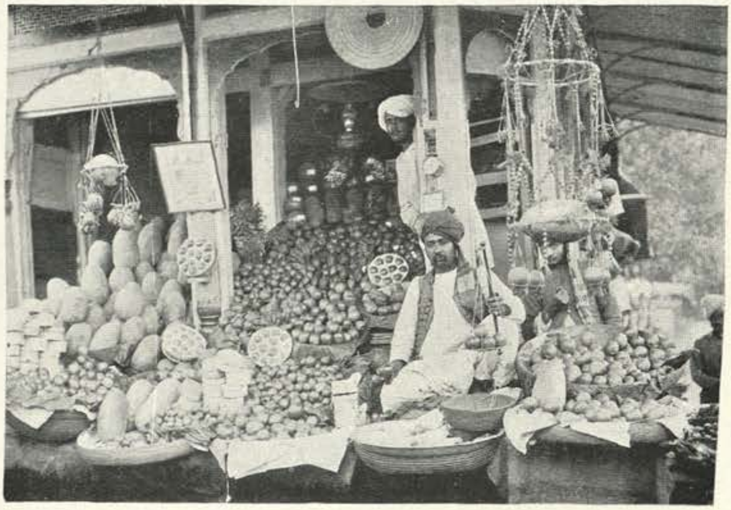
Frontier Notables.

This was but the prelude to the serious business of the day – the presentation of the frontier Chiefs from the East and the West and the North who had come to pay homage to the Emperor's son. First the young Mehtar of Chitral, holder of our outpost towards the Hindu Kush, who ascended a thorny throne in 1895 and was a refugee in the fort during the stubborn siege that followed. A gentle kindly youth, clad in a chocolate robe, he passed and offered tribute, which was touched and remitted. Followed the Khan of Dir, a fine spirited figure in a gaily broidered sheep-skin coat. It is his duty to keep open the road to Chitral and the bridge over the Swat River. His family have had their full share of the vicissitudes of trans-frontier life. The unsuccessful rival of the fiery Umra Khan, the father of the present Khan was driven from his State, and only came into his own when the usurper died. The present Chief, Badshah Khan, was at one time in serious danger from his younger brother's pretensions, but now should be capable of holding his own. The Khan of Nawagai is one of the few Chiefs who resisted the storm of fanaticism that swept over Bajaur in 1897. Whilst Swatis, Bajauris and Bunerwals were knocking at the gates of Chakdara and trying to storm the Malakand, Nawagai stood aloof, mustered his levies, held his fort, and welcomed Sir Bindon Blood when the British column marched in. The lesser Chiefs were presented in order of precedence, and as their sonorous titles were rolled out and they reverentially approached the Prince and Princess with the oriental tokens of fealty, it was impossible to withhold a meed of respect from these grand Chieftains. They were the masters of the men we had seen grouped in the bazaar. Tall of stature, full of dignity, respectful without a trace of servility, with fierce keen faces, they looked what they are—the descendants of generations of free, brave, fighting men. Seeing them thus it was easy to understand the bond of union which springs up between them and our Frontier Officers.

With this appreciation of the qualities of those received by the Prince came recognition also of the inner meaning of the dignified ceremony. What had induced these warring Chieftains temporarily to bury the hatchet and sit side by side in Durbar? Dir to forget his breach with Nawagai and a dozen lesser Chiefs to lay aside their interminable feuds? It was not the mere emblems of authority. Viceroy and Chief Commissioner come to the tribesmen as representatives of the Government, whose orders they frequently dislike, though they have to be obeyed. The eldest son of the King-Emperor is above the Government. He is the son of the ruler they trust; grandson of the great Queen whose memory they revere. He is the symbol of the personal rule they all understand and all value. The frontiersman knows nothing of constitutional subtleties; the officers he meets are the servants of his Emperor; the Prince of Wales is the very Heir to the Emperor himself. Therefore it was that they for once forgot their feuds and with all reverence, but with pride and joy, paid homage to the Heir-apparent. Nothing could have been more striking than the evidences, not only of loyalty, but of cheerful loyalty, which stamped the hard and worn faces of the warrior Chieftains as they offered tribute or the hilts of their swords to the Prince. In this tour we have had many evidences of the immense influence exercised by the Royal House in welding the great feudatories to the British *Raj;* but none more striking than the marks of deep devotion with which men whose names are synonyms for trouble bowed before Their Royal Highnesses at this first Royal reception at Peshawar.

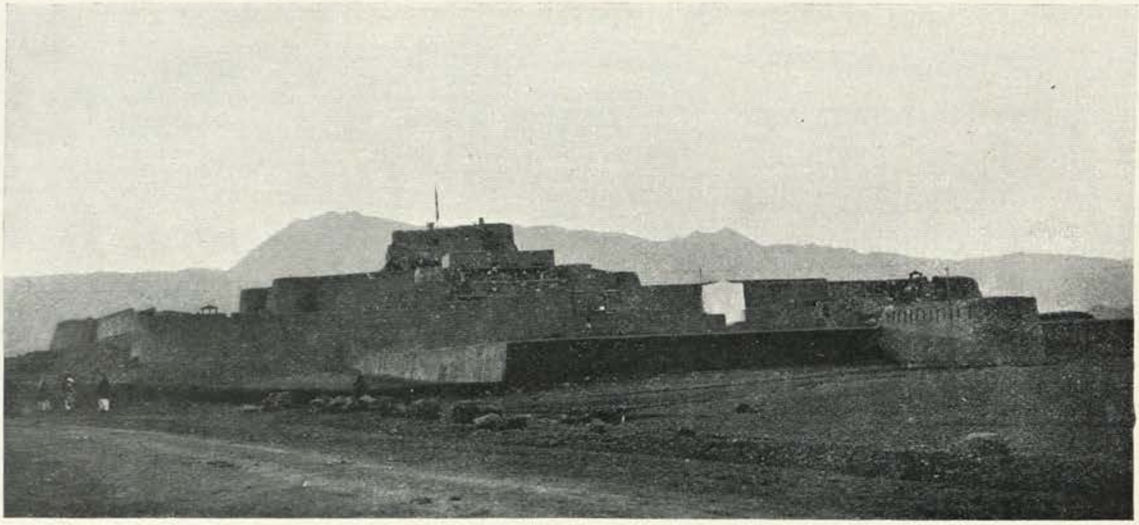
The moment the Prince and Princess had re-traversed the main street of Peshawar on their return drive to Government House, the patient lines coalesced, and the bazaar resumed its daily activities. The place has such an evil reputation that the stranger may be forgiven if he sees a Ghazi in every hook-nosed Pathan, and fancies that a knife-point is tickling his ribs every time he brushes against a native. But after a little while he learns that the bazaar in Peshawar is not so very different from others in Northern India whose reputation has no sinister taint. The life of the city is pursued in full public gaze just as it is elsewhere in the East. Near the Edwardes Gate the coppersmiths ply their noisy trade, hammering out carafes of graceful design but the roughest workmanship, which they seek to disguise under a cheap coating of tin. Here is many a Russian samovar, which must have drifted from Moscow across the plains of Turkestan, through the Afghan passes, until it was cast ashore in the Frontier City. Hard by, the workers in Afridi wax-cloth are tracing on rough cotton fabrics designs in blue and gold that betray a Japanese origin. At the furriers the keen bargainer can buy sables at a tenth of the price asked in Bond Street and gorgeous sheep-skin coats which, the wise tell you, will poison the owner with their odour in a month. And if one be fortunate, in the tortuous side streets, Arabian in their silence, one may cheapen peerless carpets from Bokhara and Samarkand. All this is but the reflection of what may be seen in any bazaar in India; it is the men who give Peshawar its distinctive character. There is none of the eager chaffering of the Bania, the Khoja or the Parsi; if the "Presence" wishes to purchase he may; if not, Ali Mahomed cares nothing. The men of fine stature and free swinging gait from across the border take the wall from no one. They swagger along with independent air and half-insolent look—tribesmen from Kabul and Central Asia side by side with the Peshawri, rude in attire, picturesquely wild in bearing—as if the Peshawar Valley was still an appanage of the Pathan and had never been torn from his distracted grip by Ranjit Singh's Sikhs. When at gun-fire the sixteen gates of the wall with which Avitabile gartered the city are closed, they shut in as much rascality as can be found in equal compass in the East. Nevertheless the old fort with its embrasures empty of cannon is emblematic of Peshawar; the tiger's fangs have been drawn, though it is still capable of dragging down some tall figure in its gusts of fury.

The Garden Party at Government House on Saturday afternoon and the drive through the Cantonment this evening introduced Their Royal Highnesses to another phase of Peshawar life, the phase because of whose existence peace and order now reign on the border. There was little to suggest the frontier in the beautifully kept lawns and neat walks of Government House, in the handsome uniforms and graceful frocks, the music of the pipes in the still wintry air and the bright pavilion. Yet what a mighty influence is exercised by these gentlemen in scarlet and the blue of the Politicals over the wild country which lies amongst the purple peaks on the horizon? The representatives of the border peoples were here too, Chitral, Dir and Nawagai, and a score or so of lesser dignitaries. Prominent amongst this throng were men who have caused us sore trouble, especially on the Waziri frontier, in the days gone by, vulture-like old ruffians, but intensely picturesque and likeable after all the pother which they have occasioned. Nor less notable was a small band of the fast-disappearing veterans of the Mutiny, with medals from Delhi onwards, stout old fellows who displayed these distinctions with an entirely pardonable pride. It was even harder to realise that one was on the frontier when Their Royal Highnesses drove round the Cantonment this evening. It is one of the most curious contradictions of the Warden City that it is, at this season of the year, the most English of our Indian stations. The long straight roads are bordered with splendid timber, whose leaves are just showing the glorious golden tints of the English autumn; the gardens are full of roses and


A Peshawar Fruit Seller.

chrysanthemums; the bougainvillea is in bloom and the turf green and fresh. The air of the quick-drawing evening is clear and crisp, and everything indeed suggests the perfection of an early English winter rather than the North-West Frontier in December. Through such charming scenes Their Royal Highnesses drove first to the Women's Hospital, where the Princess alighted, thence to the Men's Hospital, which was visited by the Prince, and afterwards together to the Black Watch Mess to tea, and to the principal sights of the Cantonment.

Yet even in its most peaceful aspect you are never allowed to forget the stern military purpose that governs the holding of Peshawar. The lower windows of the barracks are as straitly barred as those of a gaol—a precaution against the most expert rifle thieves in the world, spurred by the knowledge that a Lee-Metford smuggled across the frontier is worth five hundred rupees and means mastery in a blood-feud. Topping every compound wall is head-cover for the sentries against the time when Mahomed Khan goes forth with his rifle and a pocketful of cartridges to slay and be slain. This seems strangely out of place amid scenes that almost painfully recall Somerset and Devon; but of such is British dominion in the East.



The Fort, Jamrud.

* * *

CHAPTER XI.

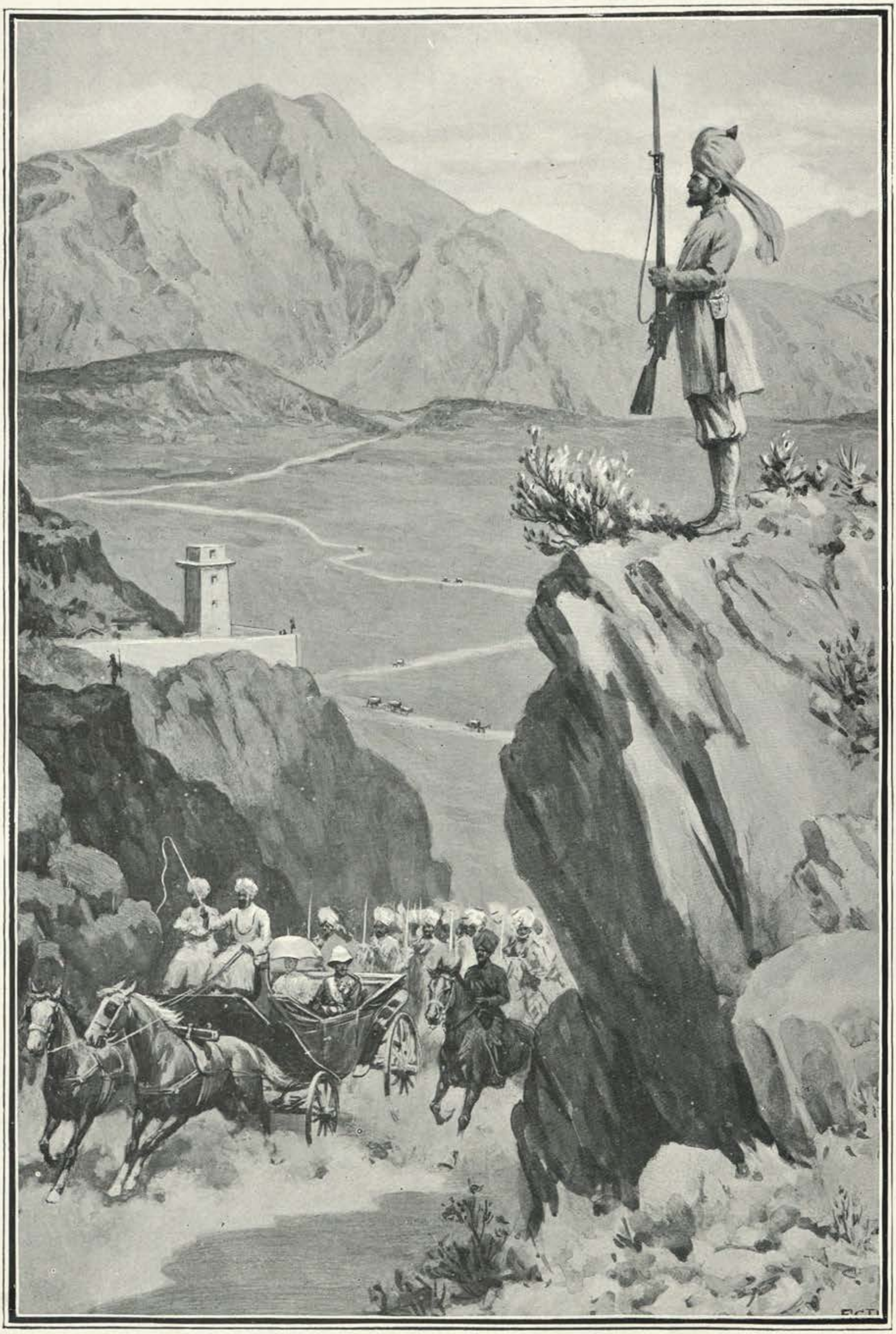
Through the Khyber.

The Approach to the Pass—A Barren, Deserted Land—Summer Home of the Afghans—Precautions against Outrage—The famous Fort of Ali Musjid—Deep Defiles of the Sinister Pass—The Frontier Villages—Landi Kotal: the Outpost of Empire—A Gathering of the Afridi Chiefs—Touching Confidence in Royal Influence—The Administration of our North-West Frontier—Its Simplicity and Effectiveness—Trust in the Loyalty of the Tribes.

Peshawar, *December 4th.*

IT was a clear, crisp, wintry morning to-day when at eight o'clock Their Royal Highnesses set out from Peshawar to visit the Khyber Pass. The natives crouched beneath their coarse country blankets, or huddled over tiny fires, the guard of honour of stalwart Highlanders had much ado to keep warm—a morning indeed for fur coats and sheep-skin mantles. So Her Royal Highness, who accompanied the Prince, donned a stout tailor-made costume and wore furs, and Lady Shaftesbury, the only other lady who accompanied the party, followed suit. Even then the nippiness in the air was quite unpleasant, as the Royal train steamed out of Peshawar Cantonment station for the short run to Jamrud. The sun-baked houses of brick and wood, which in Peshawar have such an unfinished air, soon gave way to the bare, mud-coloured exercising ground for the garrison. This in turn yielded to the belt of fertile, irrigated land which lies to the north-west of the city, and this again, all too soon, to the gaunt stony plain running to the foot of the hills which trace the border line of British India.

These same low hills presented two curious comparisons: to the east they were as bare and brown as if they had been lifted bodily from the Gulf of Suez; to the west they were wrapped in a faint purple haze which made them almost beautiful. There was a little traffic on the Khyber Road,



THE ROAD THROUGH THE KHYBER.

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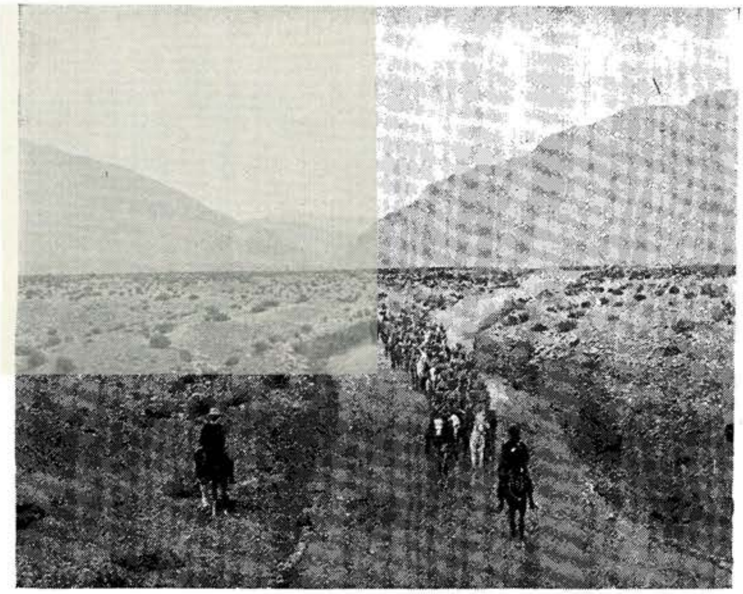
though the last caravan passed on Friday and the next is not due until to-morrow—a few pack oxen and donkeys and mules, whose owners gazed stolidly at the long white Royal train. A mere mud-walled fort—this was the last police post north of Peshawar. Then the fort of Jamrud, with the Union Jack flying, rose abruptly out of the plain of mud and stones. It looked like nothing so much as a giant battleship, with sharp prow, funnel and turret and rounded stern, the out-buildings tailing off like a convoy lying at anchor in this sea of dust under the shadow of the cliffs. At Jamrud was Major Roos-Keppel, the Warden of the Marches, an escort of thirty sowars of the Khyber Rifles and a smart guard of honour of Wilde's Rifles. In almost less time than the telling takes the Prince and Princess were seated in a landau with Colonel Deane, the escort wheeled into position, and they had started on the long drive through the country of the Afridis to the little fort of Landi Kotal, which looks out on Afghanistan.

At once it became apparent that we had left the peace and tranquillity of British India and had entered the wild, fierce, turbulent borderland. Although there was not a sign of cultivation or of population, the road was closely guarded by the Khyber Rifles, posted at intervals of a few yards. Smart soldier-like fellows they were, too, with pleasant, intelligent faces, presenting arms with the steadiness and precision of veteran linesmen. The road soon left the plain and began to climb the hills in snaky curves. Up and up it went, now in long sinuous sweeps, now in abrupt zigzags showing the Royal carriage almost overhead, until it was lost in the tangle of hills. And such hills! Bare, gaunt and unimposing, slightly spotted with little dots of camel-thorn as if their brown skins had broken into an eruption. Save for a couple of deserted villages, with the low watch-towers which are the hall-mark of the frontier, Their Royal Highnesses might have been driving through an absolutely unpopulated country. Yet every one knew that these bare brown hills were the home of innumerable Afghans, who come down from the north to escape the rigours of the winter; that in the valleys over the serrated peaks dwell the fractious tribesmen, where the blood-feud is of daily occurrence and few men's lives are safe beyond the protection of their own watch-towers; that the road was deserted because the order had gone into every village and hamlet that no man was to approach within three miles of the road whilst the Shahzada was going through, under penalty of being shot at sight; and that on every peak and hilltop, sometimes a few yards from the road, sometimes thousands of feet above it, silhouetted against the blue sky, were posted eagle-eyed Khyber Riflemen with Martinis ready to enforce the Sirkar's order.

After climbing for an hour or more a point was reached where one could glance back over these rugged hills to the Peshawar Valley, dimly seen through the empurpled haze, suggesting the traditional wealth of the plains of Hindustan. Small wonder that the proud warrior hillmen, condemned to dwell where a scanty subsistence only can be won from the ungrateful soil, have, to adopt Johnson's gibe, for centuries looked upon the high road to India as the fairest prospect they ever saw and, like the Highlanders before Culloden, regarded the lowlands as their legitimate spoil. And now the scene changed. The road debouched on to a great amphitheatre, ringed with low peaks, at the far end of which could be discerned the famous fort of Ali Musjid, crowning the hill that almost blocks the pass. The road wound through this amphitheatre in ample sweeps, skirting the base of the rocky key to the defile. Here a brief halt was made to change horses, and to examine the *milieu* of the fortalice that has played so big a part in Indian frontier history. From time immemorial the waves of invasion that swept from the north through the channel of the Khyber until they flung their spume into the vale of Peshawar, have laved the base of the crag that upholds Ali Musjid. Alexander avoided the Khyber by turning east at Jelallabad, and passing through Bajaur and Swat, Mahmud of Ghazni chose the Gomal Pass; all other tides of conquest have flowed over this bed and from a nest on Ali Musjid the tribal eagles have swooped on the passing current to snatch their share. In the conflagration that rolled over the frontier in 1897 the old fort was sacked for the last time; on its ruins rose the modern stronghold, repellant in its barrack-like ugliness, but so cunningly planned and amply provisioned that it is impregnable against any foe unprovided with artillery.



The Road to the Khyber.

It is after leaving Ali Musjid that the road passes through the finest scenery on the route. For it enters abruptly a series of deep defiles, along the sides of which a pathway has been literally blasted out of the living rock. The beetling crags tower upwards for hundreds and hundreds of feet and the bed of the old torrent, which was the roadway until the engineers hewed the higher path, lies hundreds of feet below. Here, although it was almost noon, the air still blew chill and cold. This was the Khyber as one had imagined it, the Khyber of sinister memory. Here, too, there was no relaxing of the precautions observed earlier, for the vigilant warden, rifle in hand, was everywhere in evidence, and the sturdy little brick guard-houses, which have recently been added to the defences of the road, stood at frequent intervals. Soon the character of the scene changed again, and the road, leaving the defiles, wound through a series of long open valleys. Signs of population were everywhere more apparent. Large patches of close cultivation took the place of the naked hills, with village on village of the true frontier type. Is there any need further to describe that type, which became so familiar in the troubles of eight years ago? The low mud walls, the loopholed watch-towers, sometimes round, sometimes square, sometimes in the centre but generally in the salient—towers wherein all the members of the family, with their flocks and herds, take refuge at sunset, for here alone may a man's life be esteemed safe.

A Khyber Rifleman.

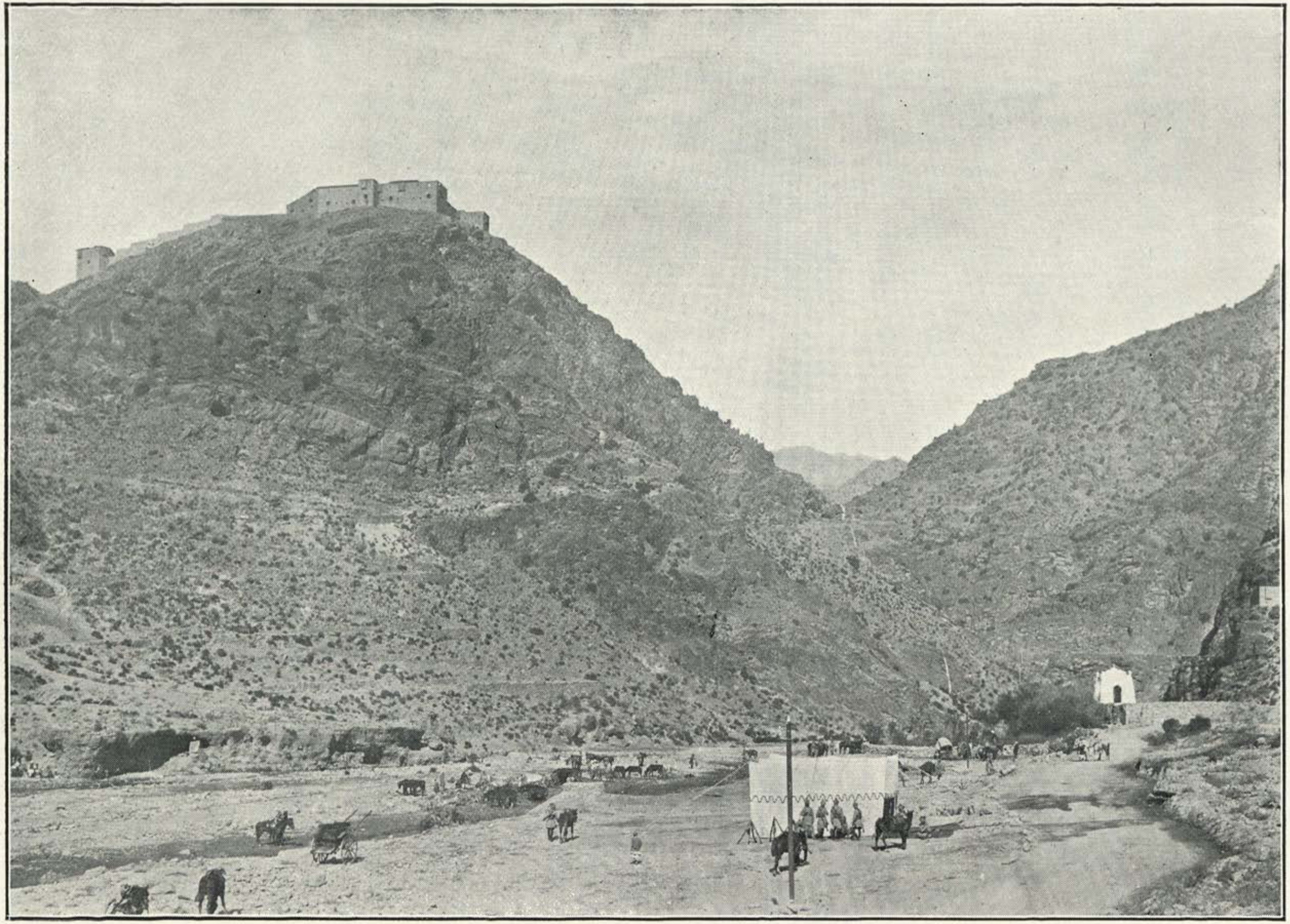
At the head of one of these valleys stands the little fort of Landi Kotal, and the Royal carriage drew up before the gateway, over which flew the Union Jack, four miles from Afghanistan. Like almost everything else really important in India, Landi Kotal is unpretentious to a degree. A modest wall plentifully loopholed, with a low tower, it is commanded by the neighbouring hills. It could be rendered untenable in a few hours by an enemy provided with artillery. But it is not designed to resist artillery, and a very brief inspection of the interior showed that the defences, remodelled after the sack in 1897, are admirably calculated to resist any assaults that might be delivered against them. The walls are crenellated and loopholed for musketry, and fitted with steel shutters and traverses. They enclose simple but sufficient quarters for the garrison of six hundred of the Khyber Rifles, with abundant store of provision. The whole Afridi tribe might break their heads against them, provided the defenders remained staunch. Those who, from the tranquillity of the road, might have come to think that the stories of tribal and private feuds are strained, could have found ocular demonstration in the hospital of the lawlessness that obtains amongst the hills, for there were three Afridis suffering from bullet wounds inflicted by hereditary enemies who had caught them napping. Time did not permit of the ascent of Suffolk Hill, which looks out toward Dakka and Jelallabad, and whence on a clear day one can catch a glimpse of the snowy peaks of Kafiristan and the Hindu Kush. But from the walls of the fort the Prince and Princess obtained a birdseye view of the stony plain, ringed by barren hills, in which Landi Kotal stands, and watched a few companies of the Khyber Rifles skirmish up these stiff slopes with the agility of mountain sheep.

There was one characteristic ceremony on the homeward drive, when the headmen of the Afridis gathered at Ali Musjid to offer tribute. In the van was Yar Mahomed, Chief of the Malikdin Khel, who has sunk his fortune in building a fort at Chura, at the eastern entrance to the Bazar Valley, which blocks the path into the Khyber to raiders. Next Zaman Khan of Rajgal, Chief of the Kuki Khel, formerly a colonel in the Amir's army, an office he laid down to take up his chiefship. Maliks Abdul Jabbar Khan and Nur Mahomed Khan, joint representatives of the Zakka Khel, revived a stormy page in frontier history. They are the nephews of Wali Mahomed Khan and Khwas, who were once all-powerful in the Khyber, liberally subsidised by Government and enjoying high prestige amongst all the Afridi clans. But they were sucked into the vortex of the great rising, their lands were harried, and they were driven into exile in Afghanistan. Wali Mahomed made his peace with the British, and died, a broken man, near Landi Kotal. Khwas is still a refugee in Kabul and is constantly intriguing amongst the frontier men. The ten Maliks who were present control twenty-five thousand born warriors, whose military value is quadrupled by their familiarity with the country in which they would fight. They came forward with the greeting to those whom they desire to honour

Sir o mal—"My head and my property are at your disposal"—and presented the offering ordained by tribal custom—sticks of wild honey which were accepted, fat-tailed sheep which were touched and remitted, or as the frontier formula runs:—"Hold until I return to claim them." Blind old Hafiz Samandar of the Kamrai clan was deeply moved by the kindness of the Prince and Princess. "Though I am blind," he said, "I can touch my king's hand," as he bowed over the Prince's palm. Yet another said: "We are a poor people and we live in a poor country, but the land will blossom like the rose, now that it has been trodden by the footsteps of the king"—a poetical expression of the idea one found even in Bombay, that some great good would come from the Royal visit.

The country through which the Prince and Princess passed to-day has not its like in the British Empire. The actual frontier line stops short of the mountain chain. Between it and the southern confines of Afghanistan, as defined by the Durand agreement, runs the strip of peak and valley sometimes called "The Independent Territory," and technically described as a "sphere of political influence." South of the boundary the King's writ runs unchecked; the moment the line is crossed there is no law but that enforced by the rifle and the knife-point. There the tribesmen are left free to govern themselves according to their own tribal laws and customs, to settle their tribal and private feuds according to their own principles, which are sternly based upon the Mosaic code—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The only obligation on the tribe is to recognise and help to maintain, within certain well-defined limits, the *Pax Britannica.* In return for this service they receive subsidies which are adequate, if not liberal. The only military force in the independent territory is recruited from amongst the tribesmen, organised into an efficient border militia and led by a mere handful of British officers. But in the Alsatia that lies north of Peshawar, in the closest juxta-position to the settled British districts, there is one important intrusion—the road that runs through the

The Prince and Major Roos-Keppel.

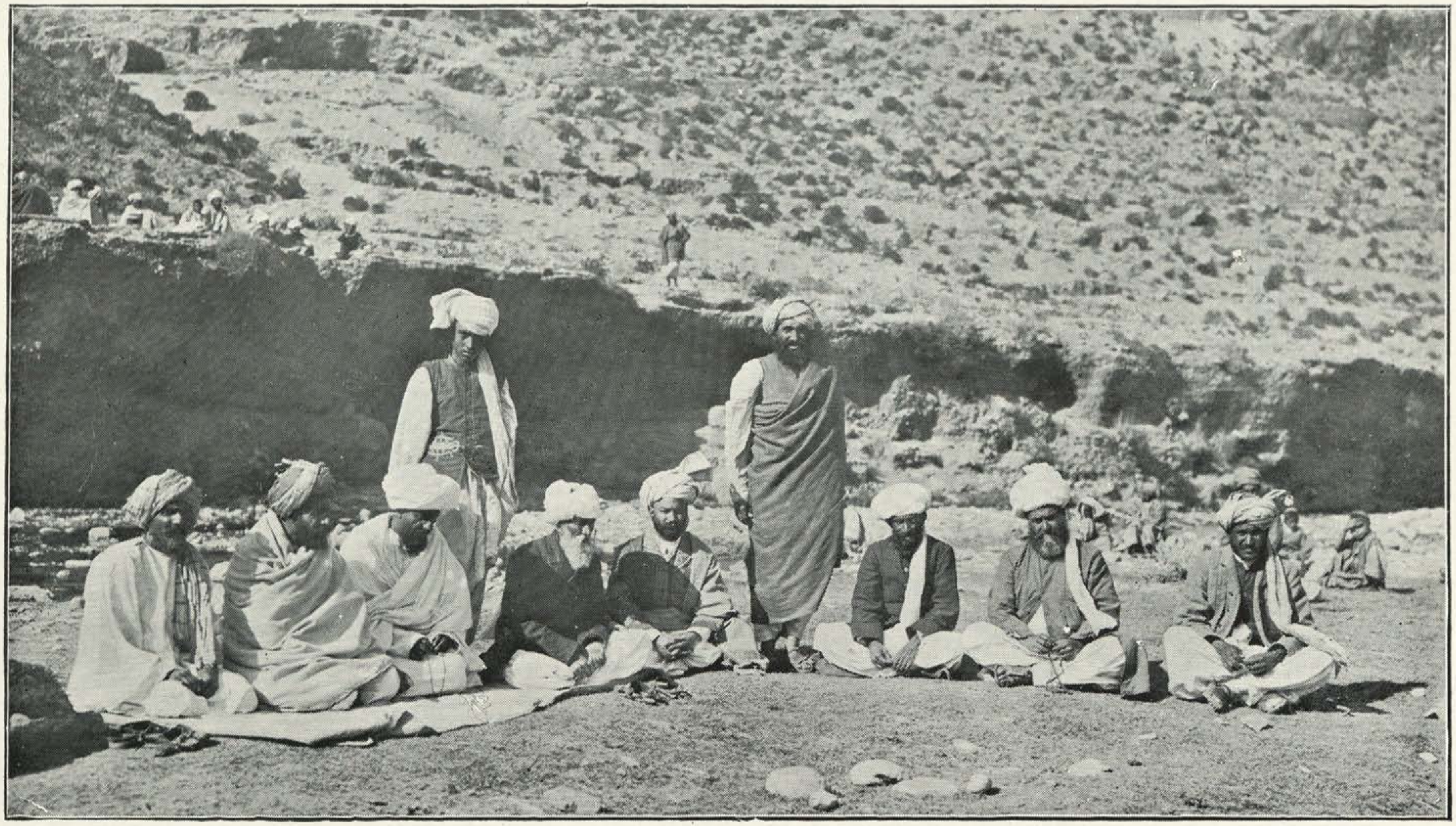


ALI MUSJID FORT.

Afridi country from Jamrud to Landi Kotal. That road, and fifty yards on either side of it, are *Tabu*. The Indian Government in effect says to the tribesmen :—"The road and its margin are mine. For its protection I will give your young men well-paid service in the Khyber Rifles. As a further safeguard I will pay your headmen well to assist in keeping it inviolate. Off the road and within the border do as you please; it is no concern of mine. But shed one drop of blood upon my road and you shall feel the weight of my hand."

This is good border law, which the tribesmen entirely understand. The Khyber Rifles, eighteen hundred strong, under their six British officers, are the smartest of the border militia. Better to secure the pass strong places have been made impregnable at Jamrud, Ali Musjid and Landi Kotal, connected by brick and steel block-houses within day and night signalling distance of each other, and at Peshawar a strong moveable column is held in readiness. But to the credit of the Pathan, the tribesmen have honourably kept to the bargain; for such individual breaches as have occurred they have submitted to the consequent penalties as being only equitable. The road is the harbour of refuge; from some of the neighbouring villages a narrow covered way runs into the forbidden land, so that Mahomed Khan, cramped by long squinting along the barrel of his Martini in the watch-tower, may crawl thither towards sundown, and fill his lungs without getting a bullet through his chest. It is an apophthegm on the border that the Khyber, on the days when the caravans pass up and down, is safer than the streets of Peshawar. How long will the peace of the border endure? It were as profitable to forecast the course of next year's monsoon as to anticipate the workings of the Pathan mind. A Mullah with the gift of popular oratory, a sudden gush of fanatical zeal, may set the border aflame as it did in 1897. The blood is running so lustfully in the veins of the young men who knew not the rigours of the last

The Prince and Princess at Landi Kotal.



Maliks awaiting Their Royal Highnesses at Ali Musjid Fort.

lesson that veteran frontier officers shake their heads and say the grey-beards will not long hold the new generation in leash. But there has been no frontier expedition since the Tirah Campaign, and it may be hoped that never again will the Indian Army chafe in humiliating impotence whilst the Afridis work their will from Landi Kotal to the walls of Jamrud.

These were the conditions which made the first visit of a Prince and Princess of Wales to the Khyber as quiet and as peaceful a progress as if it had been through the Alps instead of the most troublesome region in the world. Except for the presence of the frontier guards and posts there was absolutely nothing to indicate that fifty yards beyond the margin of the road every man carries his life in his hands and is never safe beyond the protection of his walls. Of course, these peaceful indications were very much on the surface. Fourteen hundred Khyber Riflemen were posted on the route and thousands of village picquets watched the hills and valleys. But one remarkable feature in the composition of this guard should not escape notice. It was entirely composed of the people of the country through which the road runs. The escort, the guard, the picquet were Afridis and their kinsmen, without a British sabre, except those of the handful of officers to the force. Colonel Deane recently described the new frontier policy as one of confidence. Could there have been a greater mark of confidence than this? Splendidly was it deserved. Organised attack can be guarded against; but not the assassin's solitary bullet or the Ghazi's knife. The inclusion of the frontier in the Royal itinerary was regarded with some natural misgiving; but the Prince and Princess received the unfailing reverence one would expect in Piccadilly or Sandringham.

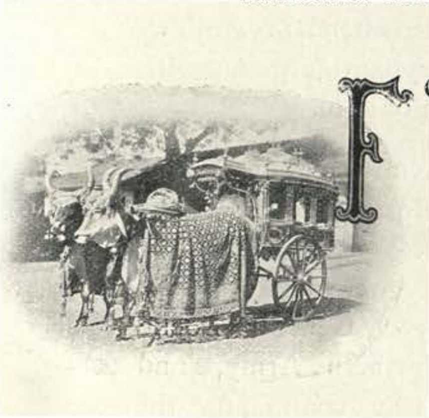
His Excellency Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India.

CHAPTER XII.

An Armed Host.

THE ASSEMBLY—SCHEME OF OPERATIONS—DASHING CAVALRY ACTION—A PICTURE OF WAR—LESSONS OF THE MANŒUVRES—PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY—THE TASHI LAMA OF SHIGATSE—THE GREAT REVIEW—FEARS OF THE PINDI DUST—A FIFTH OF THE INDIAN ARMY—SUPERB INDIAN CAVALRY—THE REAL FIGHTING INFANTRY—AN UNSURPASSED SPECTACLE—THE PRINCE AND THE ARMY—GENEROUS MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION.

KALA-KA SERAI, *December 5th.*



FOR weeks past all the roads leading to Rawal Pindi have been crowded with armed men and choked with greyish dust. From the north and the south, the east and the west, have come horse and foot, guns and transport, until there is now assembled in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi an armed host of nearly fifty-five thousand fighting men, the pick of India's military forces. All these days they have been marching into position; last night they were launched against each other and opened, with a dashing cavalry action this morning, the biggest combined manœuvres that have ever been held in this country. Something of the army in India has already been seen by the Prince and Princess in various stages of their tour. They have reviewed smart Cavalry escorts, Horse Artillery, Imperial Service Cavalry and Camelry. But to-day they saw, under the ægis of the Commander-in-Chief, the advanced forces of two great armies, commanded by able Generals well tried in war, meet in mimic combat under conditions approximating, as nearly as possible, to those which would obtain on active service, and carried away the liveliest appreciation of the splendid military machine which is at the service of the State in India.

The prize of the operations is the possession of the great arsenal of the north, Rawal Pindi, defended by the Southern Army under General Gaselee and threatened by the Northern Army, in superior force, commanded by General Hunter. Behind the general idea lay this governing purpose—the manœuvres were not designed to create any remarkable strategical situations; the strategical situations were fixed; but out of them arose a series of tactical problems for the Brigadiers to solve on the spot, thus continuing Lord Kitchener's system of training, which began with the thorough instruction of the regimental units. As the Cavalry had to come into contact the point of combat was clearly indicated by the terrain and the distances dividing the opposing forces, and was a little more than three miles from the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Kala-ka Serai. Accordingly the Royal train was halted at Hassan-Abdul, where the Prince and Princess were met by Lord Kitchener. His Royal Highness and Lord Kitchener rode off to a selected vantage point, the Princess of Wales, with Lady Shaftesbury in attendance, following on a lordly elephant gorgeous with trappings of cloth of gold.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B.

Twelve Cavalry regiments and four batteries of Horse Artillery joined in combat in the operations of the morning, and they were fairly evenly distributed between General Locke Elliot, of the Northern Army, and General Haig, who commands the Southern Cavalry. Regiment after regiment came into line on either side, and then charged with the dash characteristic of the Cavalry of the Indian Army. The scene, as the five thousand men joined in the final shock, was extremely fine, and was only marred by the dense clouds of dust, which hid the combatants from view as soon as the leading lines passed. This concluded the main business of the morning, and after lunch the Prince rode slowly across country with Lord Kitchener to camp, whilst the Princess motored to the station and there took train to Rawal Pindi. His Royal Highness is the guest of the Commander-in-Chief at a well-arranged camp in the manœuvre area; the Princess is staying in a second camp at Rawal Pindi.

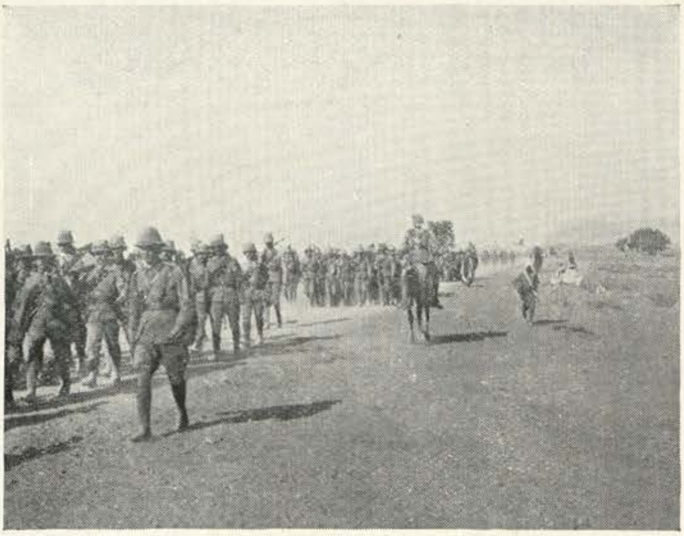
December 6th. This morning broke upon a scene ideally adapted to great military operations. These Northern India nights are intensely cold and searching, but as soon as the sun has warmed the air the climate is absolute perfection—dry, crisp, and bracing—inviting to hard physical exertion. Nor would it be possible to find a theatre better suited to the exercise of a great body of armed men than the picturesque plain which rolls away from Lord Kitchener's camp. For here we have a wide belt of absolutely level country, some fifteen miles wide, enclosed between rugged hills pierced by practicable passes. This innocent-looking ploughed land is just as deceptive as the illusive veldt which was responsible for so many of our early troubles in South Africa. Instead of the tame expanse of good galloping country it appears to be, it is cut up by innumerable nullahs, not easy for infantry, possible for single horsemen, but absolutely impracticable for either large bodies of horse or for guns. Affording excellent cover and defensive positions for a well handled force, it is just the country, in short, to develop those tactical situations which the manœuvres are specially designed to bring about.

The scene when His Royal Highness rode out with Lord Kitchener after an early breakfast was exceedingly fair to look upon. The purple haze was still hanging over the encircling hills and to the right of the Grand Trunk Road there was a glorious vision of the snow-capped mountains of Kashmir. The plain was just breaking into life, and soon we came into contact with the antennæ of the great force sweeping down on Rawal Pindi from the north. First the neutral transport—strings of camels and mules making the best of their way to the arsenal before the road was blocked by fighting men. Then the advanced posts of the Southern Army, falling back before superior forces. When night imposed a halt upon the combatants, the advanced posts of the two armies confronted each other on the plain; to force his adversary from the hills that guard the northward approach to Rawal Pindi General Hunter essayed a wide flanking movement. The heaviest marching and the hottest fighting were done in connection with this manœuvre, and the operations on the flank gave a pretty picture of what a modern battle is like, now that British tactics, revolutionised by the experience of South Africa, have been re-modelled in consonance with the teachings of Manchuria. The dominating impression was to emphasize once more how completely the pomp and circumstance that once invested it have departed from the practice of war.

On this flank were deployed two Divisions of Infantry and three batteries of Field Artillery. They were almost lost along their six or seven miles of front. All you saw were occasional thin lines of men, their khaki uniforms the colour of the earth, now running forward, now crouching behind a sheltering bank. Even these lines were not continuous. A little larger group—this was a Maxim detachment bunched behind the shield of their weapon. A brown spot in the rear of a village—the balloon section and reserve transport under shelter. A little larger and more orderly blot—the guns awaiting orders. For all you could see the enemy might have been picnicking in Kashmir, whose glistening peaks were so cool and grateful to the eye. Neither horse nor man nor gun could be discerned. Had it not been for the winking of the helio on the hill-top, the occasional dull boom and white smoke of artillery, the Northern Army might have been pursuing a chimera. Yet this was an almost exact picture of scores of engagements during the early part of the war in South Africa.

An Officer of Jacob's Horse.

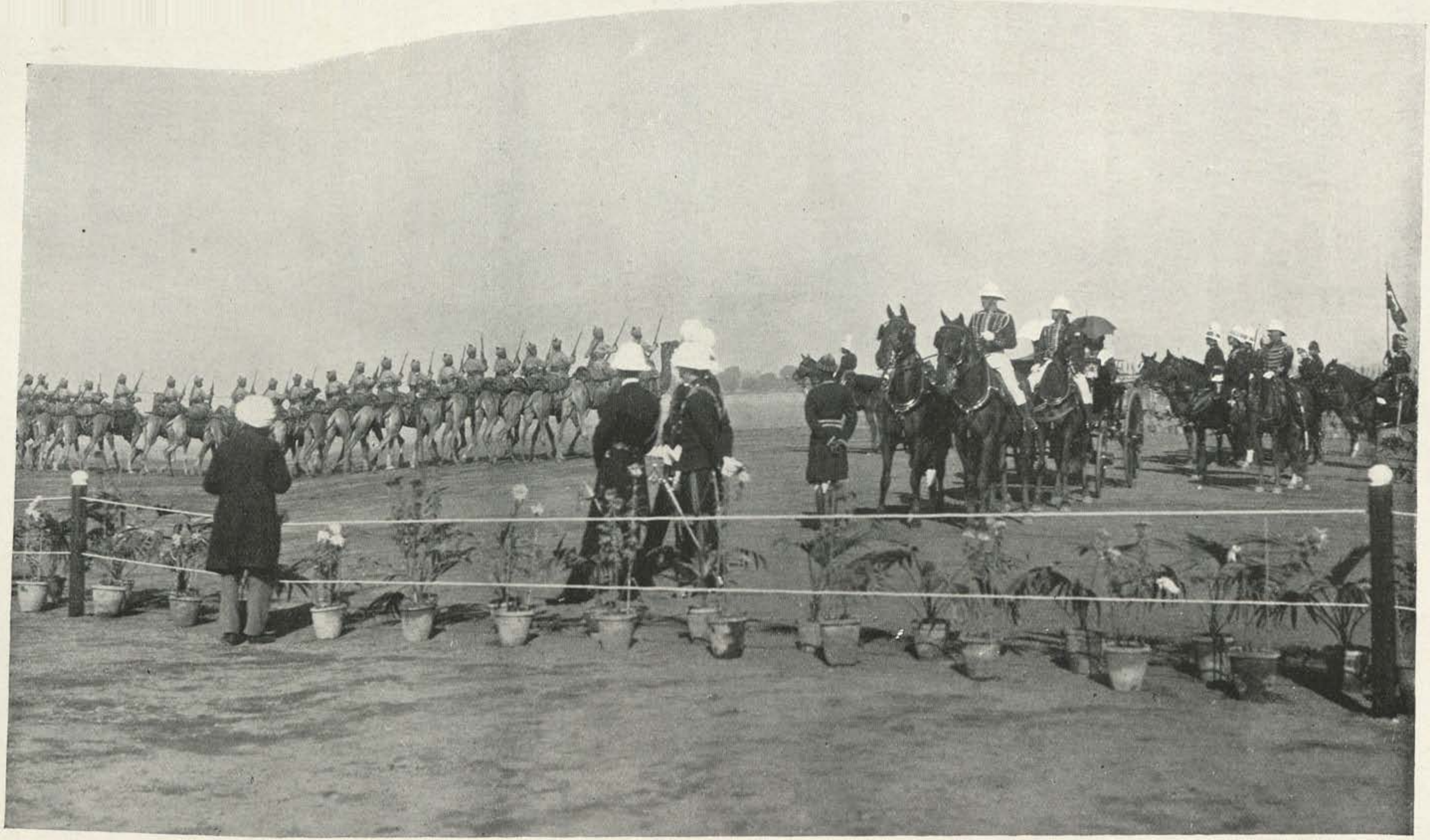
Soon the booming of those distant guns became more insistent, little khaki figures began to dot the plain, and a splatter of musketry broke out. The enemy had grown tired of a continuous retirement and was making a stand, even threatening a counter-attack. Instantly all was changed. With jingling harness, three batteries of Artillery trotted up, raising a cloud of dust on the dry ploughed land, and by the time it had cleared the guns were in action. The range-finders sang out the distance to some mysterious target, the guns bellowed out, and the Infantry kept well under cover. Soon the advance was resumed, though with caution, and by joining one of these running bodies it was possible to gain a very fair insight into infantry work under modern conditions. Fair-haired Britisher and dust-begrimed Sikh and Rajput entered thoroughly into the spirit of the game. The widely-extended formation in attack adopted after the South African war has now been materially altered, and the intervals considerably decreased in accordance with the experience of the Japanese in Manchuria. In the open and in contact with the enemy, the men took fair advantage of such cover as the country afforded, but in crossing the nullahs all formation was necessarily abandoned. And what nullahs! Wide and deep, with almost precipitous banks, they were more like ravines or canons, and some of the larger would have screened not only a brigade but an army. If there were many like these in South Africa, of whose existence you could not be conscious until you stumbled upon them, small wonder that certain regrettable incidents occurred. Once contact with the enemy was lost an extraordinary aimlessness seemed to overtake the attacking force. Officers and men, with regimental transport and entrenching tools, ammunition and water, plunged on vaguely in the direction of the enemy, but in many cases without knowing who was on their right hand, or on their left, or even their exact position in the line of attack. There were on occasions rather large gaps between regiments and brigades. Seeing these things one could quite understand how, in the course of the morning, a whole Division was temporarily lost through having outmarched its comrades.



The Southern Army in full retreat.

Rawal Pindi, December 7th.

Quite early this morning everyone was astir, for the Commander-in-Chief's manœuvre camp at Kala-ka Serai was to be broken up and all the troops marched into Rawal Pindi by nightfall, and as some of them had to cover twenty-five miles this allowed no dallying. It was, moreover, no uncheckered progress. The Southern Army in its retirement held every defensive position and had to be driven from post to post in withdrawing to Pindi. This gave rise to a series of interesting engagements and culminated in



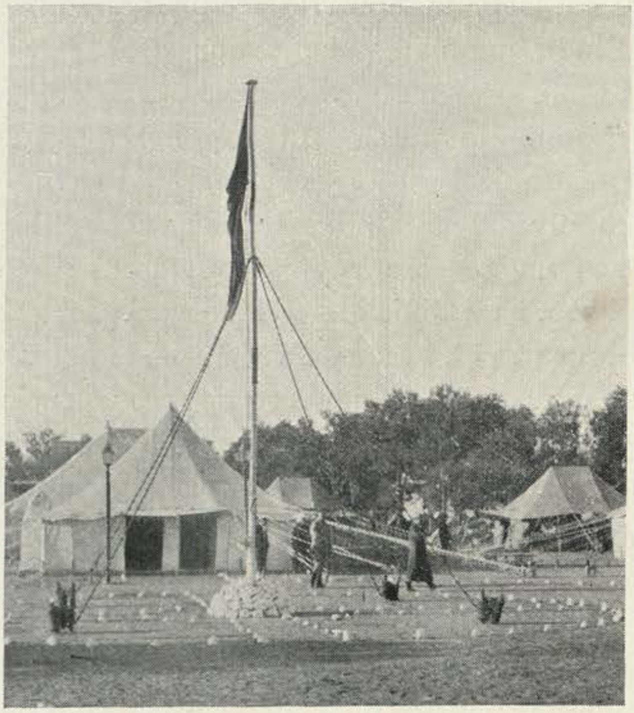
Camelry Marching Past.

one of the prettiest movements in the operations. After retreating from the hills, General Gaselee's forces concentrated on the defences of Rawal Pindi for a last stand. They were attacked by the Divisions under General Barrow and General Walter Kitchener, and the co-operation between these two forces and the timing and delivery of the attack were, in the opinion of those competent to judge, skilfully managed. This last phase of the manœuvres included a cavalry charge by General Locke Elliot, in which he was again held to have been repulsed. His Royal Highness, who rode and motored with Lord Kitchener, was a keenly interested spectator of the operations, as also was Her Royal Highness, who by rail and elephant reached the vantage point of Thomah.

The manœuvres are over and all the troops are assembled in Rawal Pindi, removing the stains of the recent dusty work and preparing for to-morrow's review. They have demonstrated the great value of the divisional training in process of organisation under the redistribution scheme. The great object of that scheme is not to mass men on the frontier, as is commonly supposed, but to concentrate them in Divisions, which will move out as homogeneous bodies, well used to acting together if required on service. These new Divisions were to a very large extent employed in the manœuvres—not entirely, because the scheme is not complete—and with very advantageous results. After this, everyone was struck with the physique and fitness of the men. Some of the regiments had to march a couple of hundred miles to the manœuvre area and the day's work was rarely less than twenty to twenty-five miles; yet the men were always found trudging cheerfully along and one scarcely saw any who had fallen out by the way. What applies to the men applies equally to the horses, which were in splendid working fettle. The very great improvement that has been effected in the transport was also a matter of favourable comment. Although the movements of the troops were far more rapid than would take place in war, no cases were reported of the transport having broken down or of supplies having failed to come up. The field telegraph and telephone were also used to a far greater extent than on any previous occasion, keeping the Generals in touch with their brigades and even smaller units. The telegraph is reported to have worked uniformly well, but of the telephones a less satisfactory account was received.

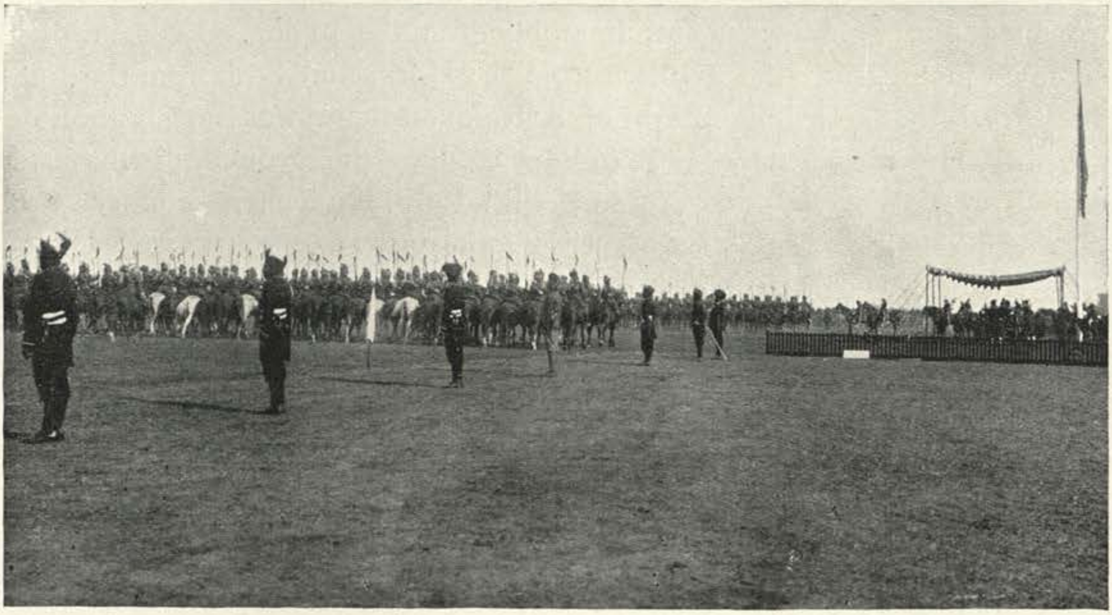
Their Royal Highnesses are still the guests of Lord Kitchener in the large camp laid out on the confines of Rawal Pindi, close to the review ground. The art of camping is better understood in India than in any other country in the world, but never was a camp more picturesquely ordered or better designed than this. When Major Cowper entered upon his task he had nothing to work upon but an avenue of fine trees and a huge stretch of unlovely, ploughed alluvium. Down this avenue runs a fine road broken by two graceful ornamental circles. At the head of the avenue, behind the flagstaff, are Their Royal Highnesses' tents, and on either side and in the wings those of the Staffs and Lord Kitchener's personal guests. The roads are lighted by electricity and the tents are perfectly arranged, whilst, to crown all, Major Cowper has coaxed a most restful growth of herbage to border his avenues, which is a delight to the eye. The spectacle, as Their Royal Highnesses drove up, escorted by Skinner's Horse in the yellow blouses which still indicate that they sprang from Scindia's Army, through lines of sturdy Gurkhas, till he was received by the scarlet-clad guard-of-honour of that fine regiment the Queen's and the stalwart 32nd Sikh Pioneers, was pleasing in the extreme.

Many important observers besides Their Royal Highnesses have watched the manœuvres, including General MacArthur of the United States Army, Colonel Irvine, Commandant of the Australian forces, and Major Higashi of the Imperial Japanese Army, whilst the Maharajas of Bikanir, Alwar and Jodhpur have been attached to Lord Kitchener's Staff and are still his guests. But to-day a far more picturesque figure arrived in the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, in Tibet, who came to Pindi to pay his devoirs to the Prince. The Tashi Lama, who is the most sacred personage in Tibet, though he was elbowed aside by the Dalai Lama owing to his lack of family connections, was greeted with all honour at the station and conducted to a specially prepared camp. In the afternoon he was received by His Royal Highness, and is delighted with his reception and at having been afforded an opportunity of waiting upon the Prince.


Lord Kitchener's Headquarters.

December 8th.

Everyone in any degree responsible for the great review which closed the manœuvres at Rawal Pindi to-day faced this morning with a considerable degree of trepidation. All that the wit of man could devise to make the biggest review ever held in India a complete success had been done. Horses and men were ready to the last buckle and chin strap. The timings were worked out to seconds, the programmes were exhaustive in their details. But in Pindi at this season of the year man proposes and the dust disposes. The Pindi dust is the most fearsome in all this dusty land of Ind. It sweeps up in vast curling clouds of impenetrable yellow on the smallest provocation, obscuring everything from view. It has a penetrative quality unequalled even by glycerine, and its acrid, pungent odour is an abomination. As a precautionary measure the space in front of the saluting post was sown with barley, which was just showing green above the ground, and covered with litter, whilst a corps of water-carriers was held in readiness. But this was a thin protection against the attack of fifty-five thousand Horse and Foot, and if the wind happened to be in the wrong direction, no one would see anything beyond occasional glimpses of the soldiery through a khaki fog.



Rawal Pindi Review : The Indian Cavalry.

At first it looked as if the worst were going to happen. The morning was intensely cold and absolutely still, so that the dust raised by the regiments as they were marched into position hung like a haze under a sky that was of a wintry aspect. All that could be seen from the stands flanking the saluting post was an ochre plain, fading into a thin fog, through which could be faintly discerned a long dark line. Soon the haze lifted a little, and this line resolved itself into two and-a-half miles of the finest fighting men in India. Here were arrayed four batteries of Horse Artillery, sixteen regiments of Cavalry, nine batteries of Field Artillery, nine batteries of Mountain Artillery, two companies of Heavy Artillery and fifty-two battalions of Infantry. Translated into bulk, 55,000 officers and men, 13,000 horses, 146 guns and 136 machine guns. This takes no account of the 15,000 transport animals massed by the roadside.

It was a singularly impressive sight, this—a fifth of the fighting force of India, standing silent, immobile, on the plain. By their depth you could just discern the Artillery from the Horse and both from the Foot, but beyond the occasional flash of a bayonet there was no sign of life. Presently His Royal Highness galloped on to the ground, distinguished by his British General's uniform, and, with Lord Kitchener, commenced his ride down the long line, the Princess following in a four-horsed landau. Little could be seen of this part of the ceremony, for the dust raised by the Royal cavalcade and their escort of Skinner's Horse hid everything. You could only distinguish the advance of the Royal cortège by a little thicker cloud of dust, no more. The inspection took just an hour, and when Their Royal Highnesses and the Commander-in-Chief turned to the saluting point they were centres of a gathering that embraced all Northern India, but contained no more interesting figures than the Tashi Lama of Shigatse and his yellow-robed retainers.

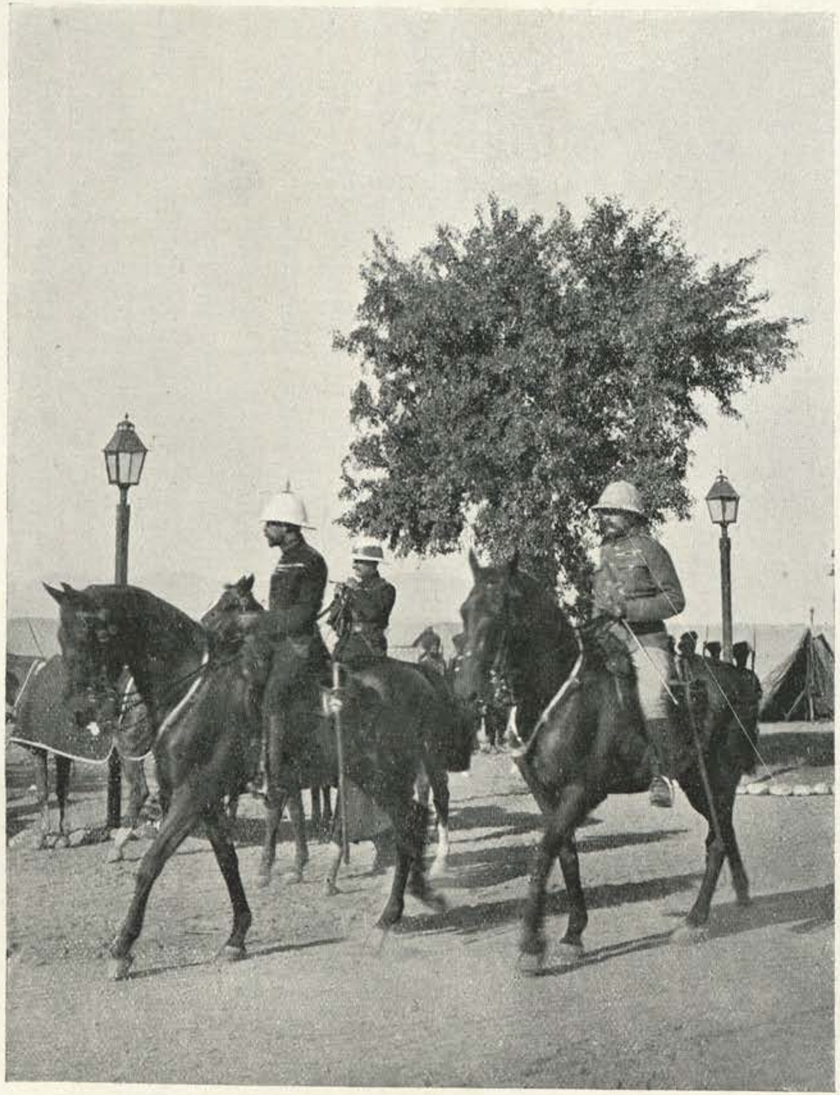
Then the unexpected happened. The sun burst through the wintry clouds, and a gentle breeze rolled back the dust haze. Instantly the full splendour of the muster was revealed, the scarlet and green, the blue and yellow and khaki of the varied uniforms, the flashing of lance points and the sheen of bayonets. It was with the sun full upon it that the line broke up and resolved itself into batteries, squadrons and battalions, each moving off amidst its own dust-cloud in readiness for the march past. A fanfare of trumpets, and the advance began. In the van was the Staff, comprising, besides the junior officers, the great Chiefs of the Army,—Major-General Sclater, Major-General Duff, Major-General Parsons, Major-General Collins, Major-General Eliot, Major-General Henry, Surgeon-General Gallwey, Lieutenant-General Gaselee, Lieutenant-General Sir Bindon Blood and Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter. Finally, His Excellency the

Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, a splendid figure, splendidly mounted, and looking the embodiment of robust health.

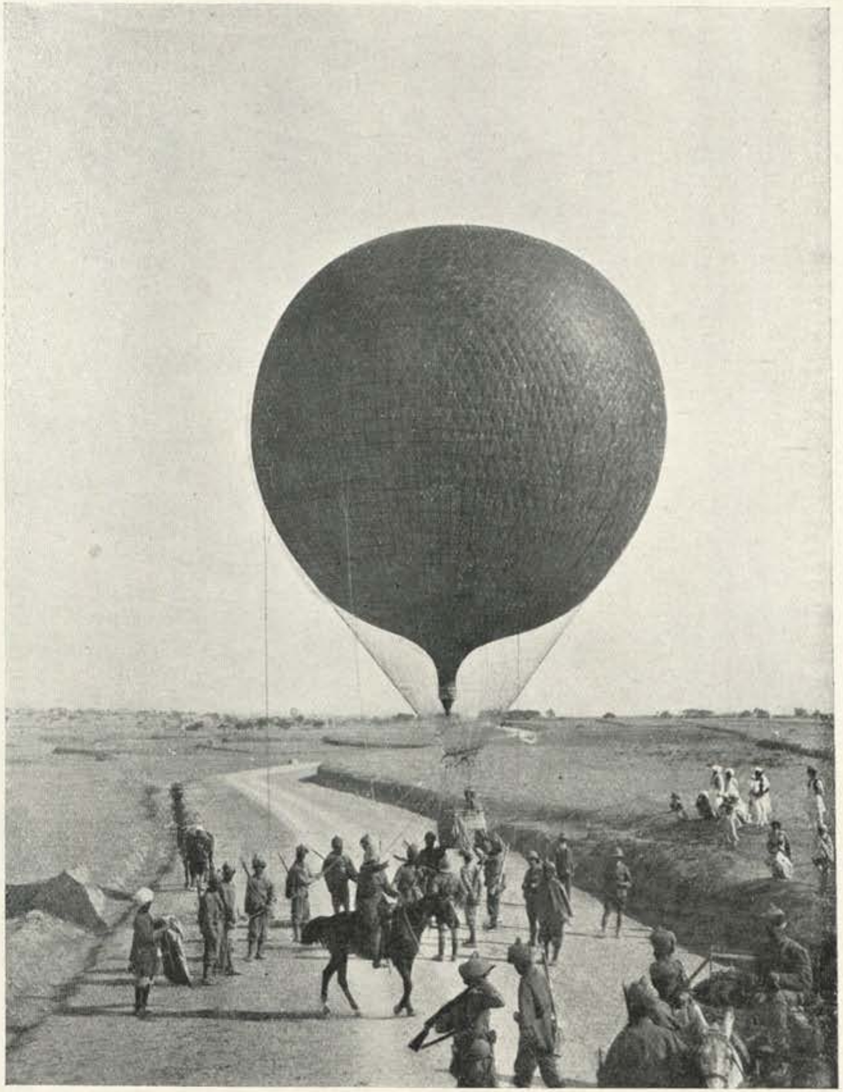
A crash of martial music, and the mounted band played up the F, I, J and T batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery, led by Major-General Haig. Superlatives are the only adjectives to apply to the gallant Horse Gunners, and never did these fine fellows appear in better fettle. Neither men nor horses looked one whit the worse for their recent hard work, and they went by in faultless array. Then came regiment after regiment of India's superb Cavalry. The first brigade, old Sam Browne's Cavalry, the Twenty-second, in khaki and blue, the Twenty-third in blue and scarlet, and the fine Guides Cavalry in drab and scarlet. Here it may be parenthetically remarked that whatever colours may be suitable for ceremonial purposes, each great assemblage of troops in India shows that there is only one colour for work and that is khaki. That fine regiment, the 12th Prince of Wales' Royal Lancers, led past the second brigade, followed by the 8th Cavalry and dashing Hodson's Horse. Hitherto not even the proverbial pariah dog had disturbed the gravity of the scene, but now occurred an episode which was too much for everyone's risible faculties. Following the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers was a stray, mangy mule, walking with all the comical gravity of its male parent, and quite undisturbed by either objurgations from behind or the shouts of laughter from the spectators.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Bindon Blood.

So regiment after regiment moved slowly by, the 15th Lancers, Cureton's Multanis, distinguished by their long hair and baggy orange breeches; the 25th Cavalry by their enormous sabres; the Mounted Infantry by their stocky ponies. Whilst differing widely in many ways, some characteristics were common to all—their workmanlike kit, excellent horses and hard physical condition. The nine batteries of Field Artillery were worthy comrades of the splendid Horse batteries which preceded them; but a special word must be given to the British Mountain batteries, for they



The Prince and Lord Kitchener.



The War Balloon.

were manned by the finest body of men who marched past, the pick of the Garrison Gunners. The Heavy Artillery were of two kinds, eight horse gun teams and long bullock teams, which seemed curiously out of place in this very modern array. Now came the Infantry, four Divisions of them in column of double companies, fittingly led by those fine fighting regiments, the Seaforths and the Gordons. It is the custom, and perhaps naturally, to award the palm for picturesqueness to the mounted arm, but the Infantry who saluted the Prince of Wales to-day need fear comparison with none. British and Sikh, Rajput and fierce little Gurkha, they looked what they are—real fighting men, ready to go anywhere and do anything, the pick of the Empire's military arm. Even in this varied array one regiment stood out conspicuously,—the Moplahs in their fezzes. Descendants from the early Arab visitors to the Malabar Coast, they bear obvious traces of their Arab ancestry in their features, and with a little weeding can probably be made into a sound fighting force.

It seemed as if the Infantry would never come to an end, but they did at last, and paved the way for the most brilliant episode of the day. A moment's delay and General Haig came rushing past at a furious gallop. Hot upon his heels were the Horse Gunners, their guns leaping behind them like sentient beings instead of mere lumps of wood and iron. No other force in the world could have taken guns over the ground at such a cracking pace, and as a spectacle it was superb. Then regiment after regiment of cavalry galloped by in line, guided by the captive balloon given them as a point to make for, emerging from a cloud of dust, tearing over the watered space and in a second disappearing into the dust fog raised by the pounding of their horses' hoofs. Once or twice man and horse went down and the ground was dotted with torn kit, but there was no relaxing of the strenuous pace and no one was really hurt. Followed the Infantry in the new divisional formation, mass of brigades in line of quarter columns, the Horse Artillery in mass on the outer flank and the Field Artillery in Column of Batteries. This was a formation never before employed in India ; it was designed to show a whole War Division, complete with its divisional troops, just as it would take the field—one in fact, of the nine Divisions into which Lord Kitchener has organised the Indian Army for active service. No formation could show good Infantry to better advantage. As a military spectacle this second march past was unsurpassable—a quivering forest of bayonets, overtopped wherever the regimental colours rose to mark the position of the battalions. It left no room for further emotion when the Horse Artillery and Cavalry galloped up in line and at the call of the Commander-in-Chief gave the Royal salute.

The review was faultlessly planned and faultlessly executed. It was a fitting climax to the great manœuvres of the previous days, and everyone who saw this great host of magnificently-equipped fighting men, handled with consummate skill, carried away a very real appreciation of the great qualities of the first line of the Indian Army. Such indeed was the impression created on the mind of the Prince of Wales. For three days His Royal Highness followed the manœuvres with the closest attention. For more than four hours to-day he sat in the saddle and studied the various phases of the review. This afternoon, to the delight of the regiments, he visited the various camps and entered into close converse with the officers, British and Native. In the time at his disposal he has seen as much of the Indian Army as was possible, and his impressions found expression in the following generous message, which was communicated to the troops by a special Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief and was greatly valued by the Army :—

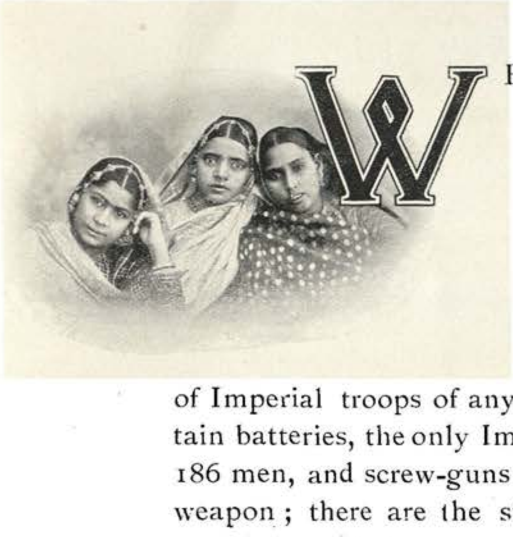
> My dear Lord Kitchener,—After having spent three days in the camp of the manœuvres of a large portion of the Army of India and witnessed the parade and march past of this morning, I am anxious to express my appreciation of the physical fitness and high standard of training evinced by the troops in the field and of their smart and soldier-like bearing on parade. I much regret that time would not permit of my staying longer with them, but I have seen enough to enable me to form a high estimate of the efficiency of the Army and of its readiness to take the field whenever called upon to do so.
>
> While congratulating you on your splendid command, I beg that you will convey to all ranks the assurance of my great pleasure in having been thus personally associated for the first time with the King-Emperor's Army in India, under these practical conditions. I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating to His Majesty these very favourable impressions which I have been able to form.
>
> Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
>
> GEORGE P.

It was with feelings of the liveliest regret that everyone left the Commander-in-Chief's camp. It was so perfectly organised and his Staff were so unfailingly considerate in the exercise of his hospitality, that there was a sense of disproportion in all this trouble having been taken for two short days.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fringe of Kashmir.

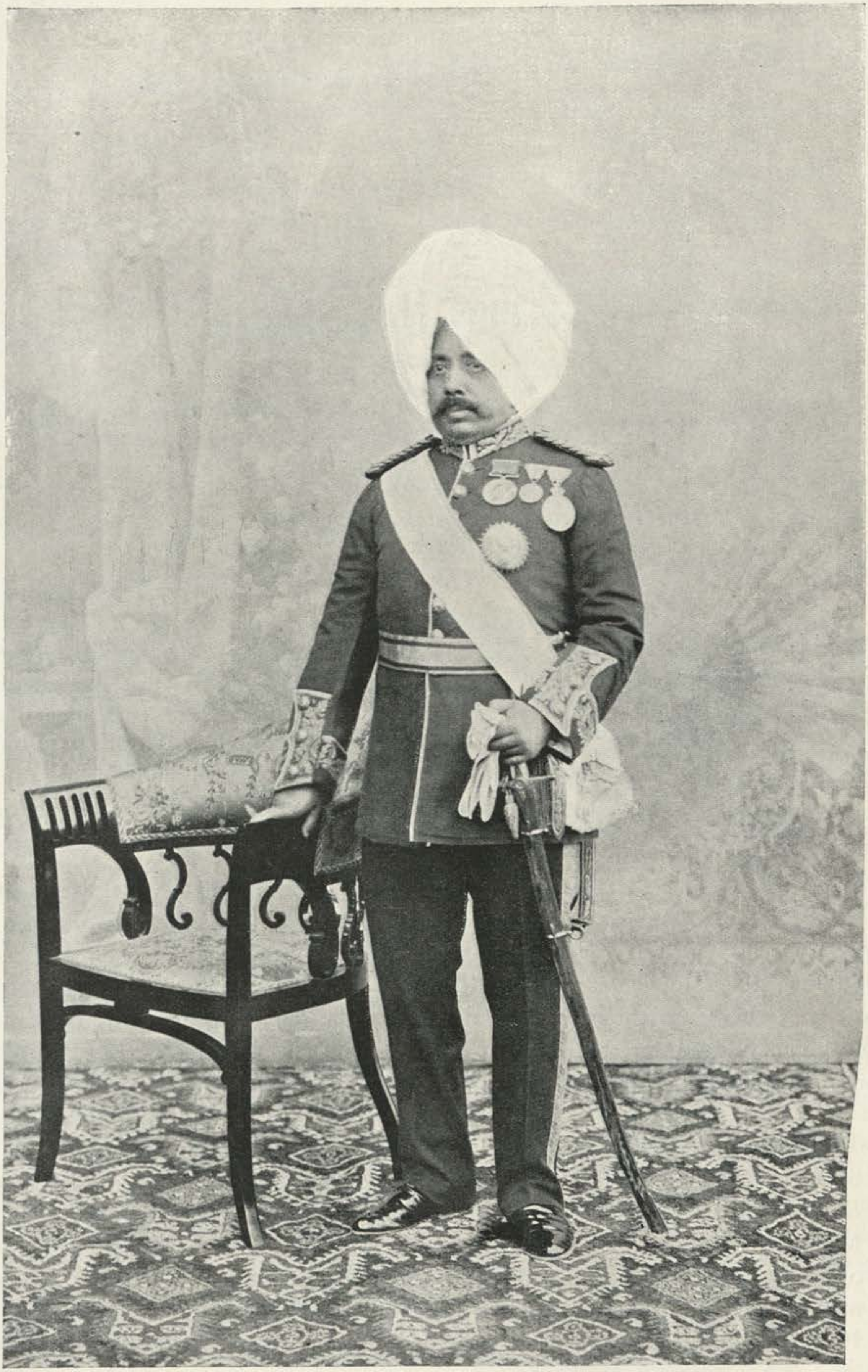
A Frontier State—Kashmir and its Military Responsibilities—Watch and Ward over the Passes from the Pamirs—The History of the Kashmir Troops—A Record of Staunchness and Bravery—New Forces stirring Kashmir—Opening up "The Happy Valley"—A Hydro-Electrical Installation—Royal Recognition of Imperial Service—The Devil Dance—Feeding the Poor—The Kashmir Mountain Artillery.



Jammu, *December* 10*th*.

WE are so apt to regard Kashmir as the State which owns "The Happy Valley"—the loveliest sanitarium in the world—that we forget that it is a great border State as well, and that it has big frontier responsibilities in Gilgit, as well as more peaceful relations with Yarkand, *via* Leh. But the State to its credit has never forgotten these duties.

The Maharaja maintains the largest body of Imperial troops of any Native Ruler in India. There are the two Mountain batteries, the only Imperial Service Artillery in the country, each with its 186 men, and screw-guns which it is hoped to replace with the new pattern weapon; there are the state Cavalry of 150 lances; and there are the four battalions of Infantry, built up of such stout fighting stuff as the Dogras and Gurkhas, all well-armed, well-equipped, and commanded by that good soldier Sir Ama Singh. These troops represent a contribution of over four thousand men to the defence of the Empire. They are the only Imperial Service soldiery who in peace take their regular turn of garrison duty. A Kashmir Brigade, now composed of the 4th and 5th Infantry and the 2nd Mountain Battery, garrisons the remote frontier station of Gilgit, with the outlying posts of Chalt, Gupis, and Chilas. Every two years the reliefs march up the long three hundred miles of road to this lonely outpost of Empire, and there are many hearts that beat the lighter when their duty is



H. H. The Maharaja of Kashmir, G.C.S.I.

accomplished without a collision with the tribesman. At Gilgit they keep watch and ward over the passes into India from the Pamirs, and set free the regular regiments who would otherwise be locked up in the hills. Indeed from the military standpoint no Native State in India has more fully recognised its obligations.

The Kashmir troops have also an honourable record of active service. Amongst the sepoys on duty at the railway station or lining the roads one noticed many wearing the old frontier medal, besides those awarded for the little Hunza-Nagar expedition, Chitral and Tirah. Mr. E. F. Knight has given, in "Where Three Empires Meet", a picturesque narrative of the operations that established British influence in Hunza and Nagar, and effectively closed that backdoor into India. In the history of frontier warfare there have been no operations more productive of individual bravery, and Mr. Knight's readers will recall the episode of sepoy Nagdu before Nilt. How, when the tiny British force was stalemated by the unassailable position of the tribesmen in and around the fortalice, and the clans in their rear were growing restive, Nagdu scaled an almost precipitous cliff in the dark, and then pioneered the little band who turned the position and brought the campaign to a triumphant conclusion. This incident is indicative of the calibre of the Kashmir troops. At Chilas, in 1893, two hundred and seventy of them held thousands of the tribesmen at bay for hours, and finally routed them by a dashing counter-attack. In the defence of Chitral the 4th Raghunaths were amongst the staunchest of the staunch, whilst Mastuj and Reshun still remember the bravery of the 6th and 7th Regiments. When Colonel Kelly ploughed his way through the Shandar Pass and relieved the Chitral Garrison by a forced march, whilst General Gatacre was pushing up from the south with his hard-bitten Buffs, the Kashmir Gunners dragged their pieces through the drifts. Since the Tirah Campaign peace has reigned on the border, but the Kashmir troops are more ready than ever to take the field.

The reception of Their Royal Highnesses, on arriving from Rawal Pindi, was of a distinctly military character. The Maharaja, recently restored to full ruling powers, wore the uniform of his Imperial Service Troops. The Guard-of-Honour, the smart escort, and the Artillery which fired the Royal salute, were all part of the Imperial Service system. The road from Satwari station to the camp was lined by sturdy Gurkhas and stout fighting Dogras. Even the camp is pitched on the wide plain on the borders of the Imperial Service Troop lines, and the majority of the officers

SIR AMA SINGH OF KASHMIR.

presented to the Prince wore the handsome blue and gold, with the large white puggaree, which is the uniform of the State. This was the most distinctive note struck in the visit, for Jammu is a city of much promise but meagre performance. Viewed from a distance it is a joy to the eye, a vision of glistening temples, brass-sheathed pinnacles and picturesque irregularity, wrapped in a gleaming white wall and clinging to the outer spurs of the hills whose snow-capped peaks are faintly seen on the horizon. Within, it is a city of cramped streets and uninteresting people, with less character than any centre visited by Their Royal Highnesses since they left Indore.

Has it been generally noticed how largely the taste of the Indian peoples is governed by their environment? In Central India and Rajputana the Durbars held by His Royal Highness induced a bewildering display of primary colours. The blues and reds, greens and yellows, seen at Indore, Udaipur and Jaipur were indescribable in their vividness and crudeness, yet, grouped under that hard, blazing sunshine, there was nothing incongruous, nothing glaring, in their use. In the northern cities, in Peshawar, and more particularly in Jammu, where the atmosphere is soft and grey, almost wintry, we see none of these harsh colours, which would be singularly out of place. The yellow of the sheep-skin coat is the brightest hue worn, and the prevailing tones are neutral, which perfectly suit their medium. This was especially noteworthy yesterday, when the Prince of Wales received the Maharaja in the state pavilion constructed some sixty years ago. This pavilion is lined with exquisite hand-embroidered silk in the softest and most restful shade of red, the embroideries being of a school fast dying out owing to the change of taste. These were supplemented by hangings of an equally grateful tone, and beautifully worked, while a blazing log fire added just one other touch of warmth to the scene. A Durbar conducted with grave solemnity amid these surroundings possessed a quiet dignity of its own, which was singularly inviting after the bustle of the last four days.

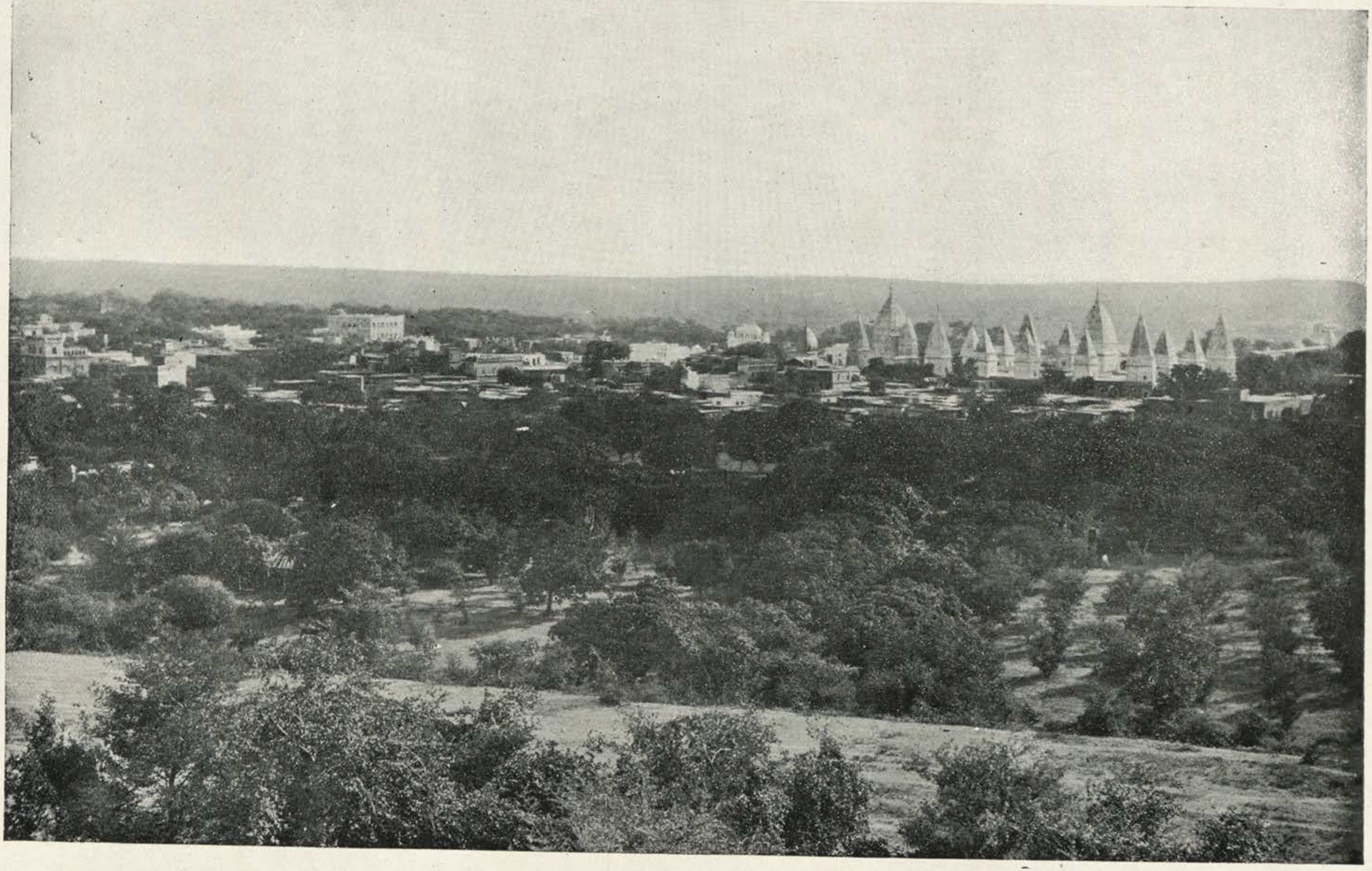
The Maharaja's Nephew

The return visit at the Mandi Palace suffered a little by comparison. An Indian crowd can never be uninteresting, but the pale-complexioned, placid persons who gathered on the house-tops and in the narrow streets of Jammu, came very near it. Nor does the Mandi Palace—that vague, rambling pile built up by the Maharajas of Jammu to whom we sold Kashmir—command much respect. The doors of painted silver and the decorations of beaten gold are curious rather than beautiful, while the drawing-room, which was arranged for the Princess to view the ceremony, embraced an even more than usually motley collection of incongruities. From the walls of the Durbar room a fine portrait of old John Lawrence looked down upon the scene, and photographs of a dozen Anglo-Indian rulers were scattered over the ante-room ; but the most attractive view, as the Princess soon found, was that from the verandah of the hall. There lay the bed of the Tawi at your feet, the stream, shrunk to a mere rivulet, meandering through a wide expanse of soft grey stones. Looking down on the old palace from the opposite bank of the river was a stout, bastioned fort, the guardian of the ford, resting against a hillside clothed in verdure and overtopped by the snowy peaks of the Pir Panjal range. All this needed to be seen in the pellucid atmosphere of Jammu to understand its grace and beauty.

One thought that the high-water mark in camping efficiency was reached in Lord Kitchener's splendid arrangements at Rawal Pindi, but even the Commander-in-Chief's lieutenants must yield pride of place to the officers who designed this beautiful camp at Jammu. It is not only that the camp is distinguished by its perfect arrangements, its smooth red roads, its stretches of velvety turf, and its electric lighting, but that a distinctive Dogra touch has been preserved throughout. The entrance arch is the most successful yet seen, because it is purely Hindu, and the banqueting hall, which opens out of the Durbar pavilion, has its brick walls, which were run up in a few weeks, veiled beneath a ceiling and draperies of finished Kashmir silk embroideries. The scene last night at the state banquet, when the hall was softly lighted by electricity, crowded with ladies in pretty frocks and men in brilliant uniforms, was one of remarkable grace and animation. After dinner the Maharaja joined his Royal guests, and, having proposed the health of the King-Emperor, stood whilst Colonel Pears, the Resident, read his speech submitting the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

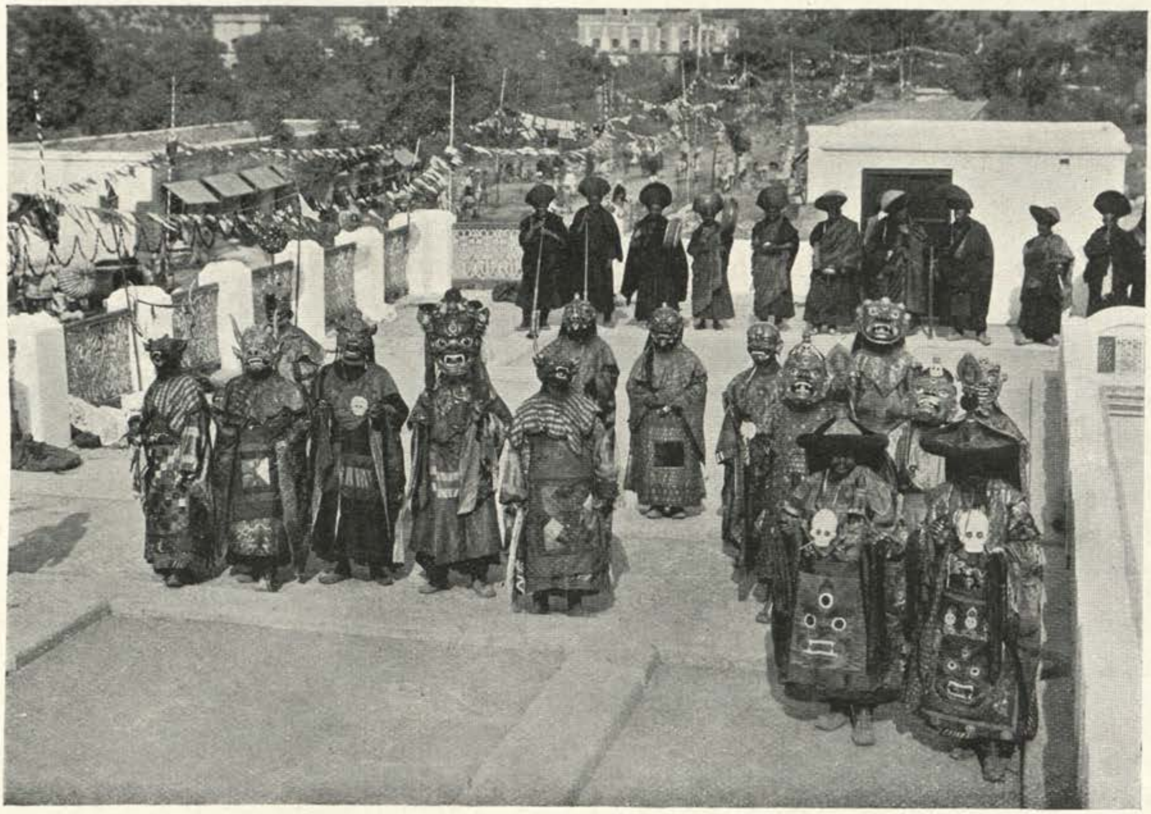
The speech was remarkable for the evidence it provided of the new forces that are stirring Kashmir. When His Majesty visited Jammu, the railway stopped short at Wazirabad and the Royal party had to drive and ride on elephants to Jammu. Now the line runs to Satwari, on the outskirts of the town, but visitors to Srinagar have still to post over the two hundred miles of road which separate "The Happy Valley" from the railhead. The Maharaja is a Hindu of the orthodox school and observes the rites of his religion with minute scrupulousness. He is also a true patriot, and believes in the theory of "Kashmir for the Kashmiris". Still his orthodoxy is never allowed to hinder the development of any modern works that he believes to be for the benefit of his subjects. The question of direct railway communication with Srinagar, so as to open to the country a glorious sanitarium now available only to the few, has been in the air for a generation. "Prove that these innovations are to be for the good of my subjects," said the Maharaja; "if you can do this satisfactorily your scheme will have my hearty approval." The proof was forthcoming, and His Highness confirmed to-night the news that the railway from Abbottabad to Srinagar will be completed. This railway will be worked by electricity, generated by the Jhelum before it leaves the mountains of Kashmir to fertilise the arid plains of the Punjab. With the surplus power it is hoped to stimulate the domestic industries of Srinagar, and also to supply current to the British stations at Murree and Rawal Pindi. To these activities the Maharaja announced that he proposed to add a third as a permanent memorial of the Royal visit—"a state College in Jammu, which will benefit all classes and creeds of my subjects, by providing them with the means of acquiring the higher education necessary to enable them to fit themselves for a more extensive

A Graceful Arch, Jammu.



The City of Jammu.

and important share in the administration than they at present aspire to." In replying, His Royal Highness, after expressing regret that circumstances had prevented them from accepting the oft-repeated invitation to visit Kashmir, said :—"We should, however, have been truly disappointed if we had been obliged to forego the pleasure of a visit to Jammu, for I wished to have an opportunity of doing honour to a Chief who has, in a marked degree, thrown in his lot with the fortunes of the Indian Empire. I wish on this occasion to record the appreciation which is felt by me and my fellow-countrymen of the brave and important services which His Highness and his Imperial Service Troops have rendered to our Empire on the distant frontiers of this State. I am rejoiced to hear of the great public works which His Highness is so wisely undertaking. They will undoubtedly add to the prosperity of his State and his subjects, and are of a magnitude sufficient to make Kashmir famous even in this progressive age."



The Devil Dancers, Jammu.

Of the illuminations and fireworks that followed there is no need to write, but the brief devil dance by monks from Ladakh was a characteristic episode. As a spectacle it was disappointing. What we call the devil dance is divided into two parts, the religious and the secular. As the surroundings were secular, only the former part could be given. Half a dozen weird figures of the strong Mongolian type, clad in robes of Chinese silk and disguised in hideous masks, postured for a few minutes, whilst a solemn old Lama in a long yellow cap looked gravely on. The meaning which lay behind this strange exhibition was this :—The pure Buddhism of Ladakh has become overlain by a revival of the old superstitions, and these devil dances, indulged in every year by the Lamas of each of the Ladakh monasteries, are revivals of the pre-Buddhistic practices of witchcraft and sorcery. The people believe that after death the spirit on its way to the next world is beset by demons whose features resemble those portrayed in the masks, and if one has not been rendered familiar with them in life he is likely to be frightened out of the proper path.

Sunday was, as usual, a quiet day of rest. In the morning the Bishop of Lahore conducted a simple earnest service in the pavilion, at which Their Royal Highnesses were present. There was no state ceremony. There was, however, one very agreeable duty in the early afternoon. At the request of His Royal Highness the customary offering of five thousand rupees was diverted to the purpose of feeding the poor of the district, and the great feast was held at the Hazaribagh to-day. It was a pleasant sight. Twenty thousand poor, of all ages, castes and creeds, assembled and were arranged in serried lines. None was excluded if only he had the claim of being hungry. The adults received their sweetmeats in packets, the children had their generous portions of delectable stickiness tossed into their little cloths. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Maharaja and all the principal officers of the State, were intensely interested, going a short way down each one of the lines and lending, by their presence and gracious manner, an importance to the treat which will never be forgotten by the poor of Jammu. On his way to the city the Prince inspected the Mountain Battery now stationed in Jammu. The appearance of men and mules more than sustained the reputation which the Kashmir Imperial Service Artillery have gained on service. The display of medals in the ranks spoke eloquently of good work done in the past, some of the Native officers bearing five such distinctions.

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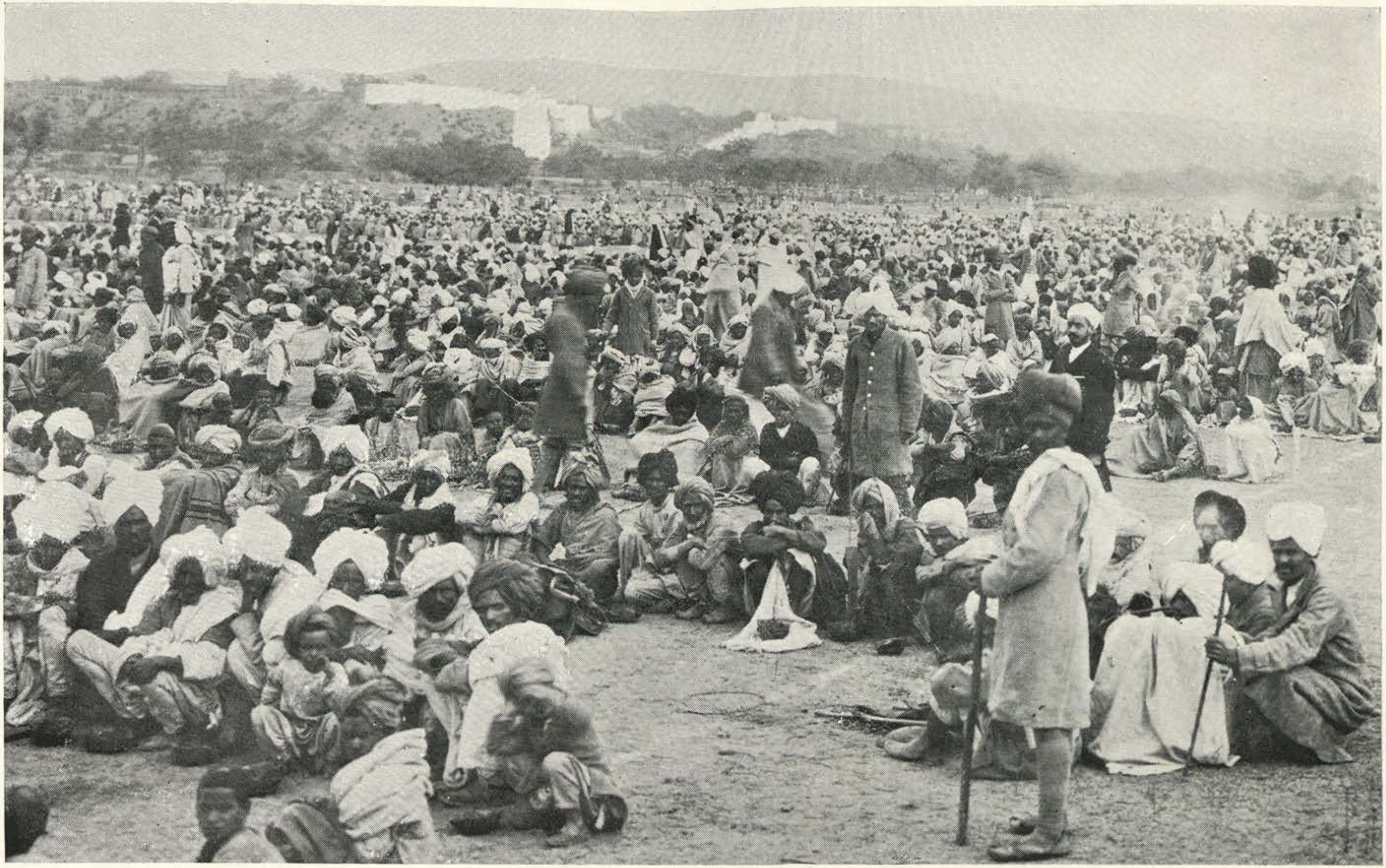


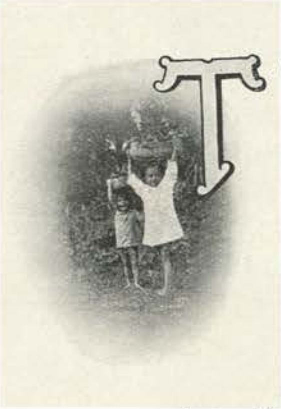
Feeding the Poor, Jammu.

CHAPTER XIV.

The City of the Sikhs.

"THOSE GOOD SOLDIERS, THE SIKHS"—THE PRINCE'S GENREOUS APPRECIATION—THE ALLIANCE OF BRITAIN AND SIKH—ORIGIN OF THE SIKH FAITH—STRANGE PROPHECY STRANGELY FULFILLED—THE QUALITY OF SIKH VALOUR—SIGNS OF A DECLINING FAITH—THE REMEDIAL MEASURES—A PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE—THE SARAGHARI MEMORIAL—A FRONTIER EPISODE—THE TEST OF BRITISH RULE.

AMRITSAR, *December* 11*th*.



TO the people of Amritsar is due the credit of arranging a more distinctive reception of Their Royal Highnesses than any city in India yet visited. There was the inevitable red cloth at the station, but it was overlain by a grand display of the beautiful hand-made carpets for which the city is famous all the world over. The platform and the ante-room were carpeted with the artistic products of the Amritsar hand-looms,—reds and greens and yellows, of eastern design and the most finished workmanship. In the road leading to the town no general attempt was made to disfigure the avenues of fine trees with tawdry bunting. Along part of it the highway was lined with characteristic embroidered curtains, and though the effect, as scores of eager faces peeped through the hangings when the Royal cortège approached, was quaint, the scheme was soundly conceived.

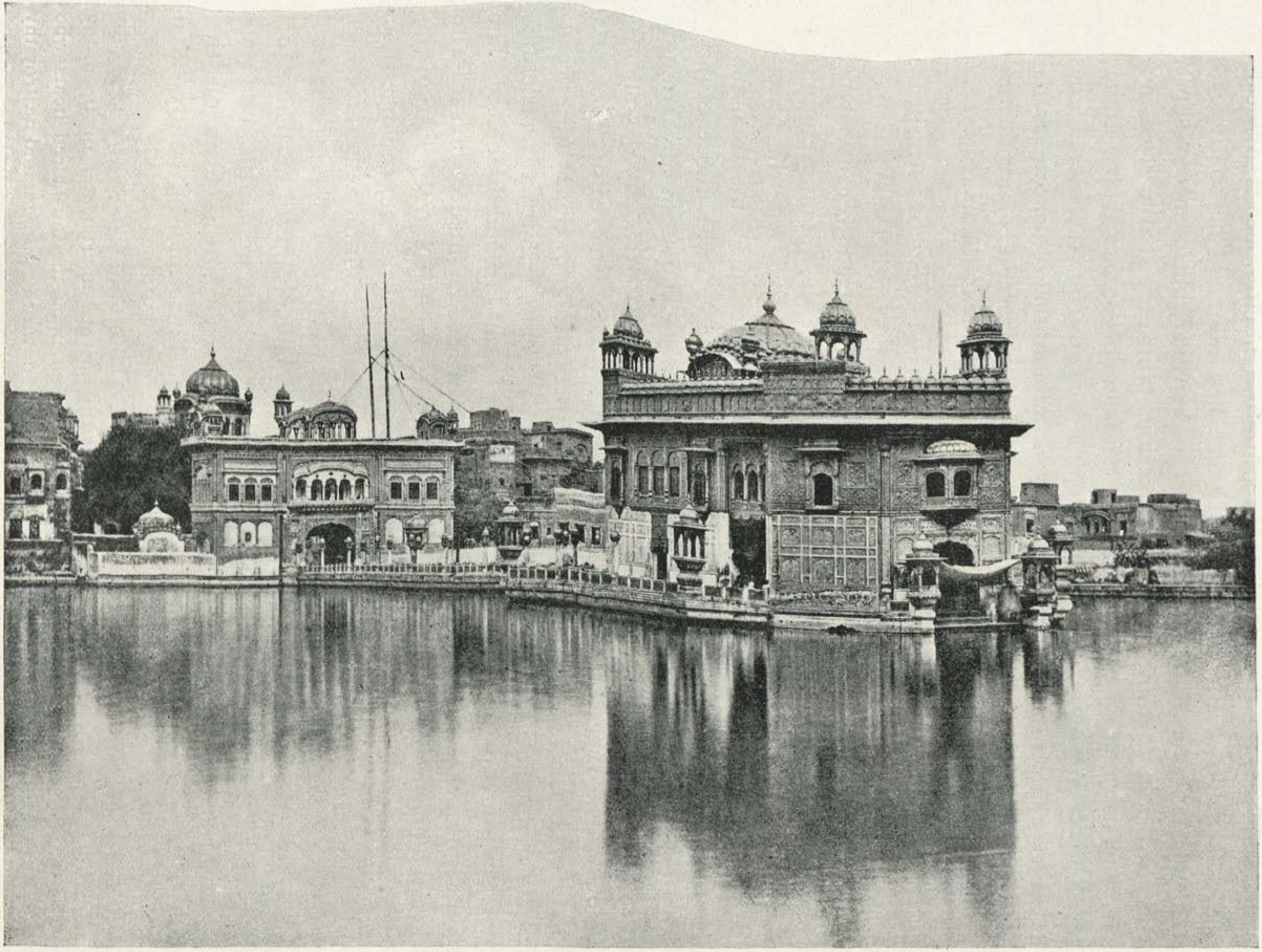
Although the searching cold of the Manœuvre Camp and Rawal Pindi has been left behind, it was chilly enough to make His Royal Highness glad of an overcoat and the Princess of her furs when they alighted at Amritsar after breakfasting in the train. To the usual official ceremonies at the station, where Sir Charles Rivaz was present as the head of the Punjab Government, was added the presentation of an address from the Municipality. This, like all urban addresses, spoke of the growth of this city in wealth, in trade, in education and in sanitation since the visit of the King-Emperor, thirty years ago. The Prince, replying, declared that neither he nor the

Princess could leave the Punjab without alighting at the city which is so "dear to those good soldiers, the Sikhs." "If time had allowed," he continued, "we should gladly have prolonged our stay in Amritsar, but even our short visit here will add to those lasting impressions which we shall carry away with us." The address was enclosed in a casket of perfect Upper India workmanship—a model of the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the sacred fane of the Sikhs, in silver-gilt and inlaid ivory—and a marvel of delicate craftsmanship. Each detail of the Temple was faithfully reproduced, inside and out, sometimes on a scale so small as to be inappreciable to the naked eye.

Their Royal Highnesses did not, however, come to Amritsar because it is a bustling commercial centre, competing with Delhi for the position of the mercantile capital of the Punjab. They came because it is the quondam capital of the Sikhs, and still the home of the militant religion which made the Sikhs the staunchest fighting men, as well as the finest peasantry, in the East. History records no stranger incidents than the events which interwove the fortunes of the Sikh peoples with those of the British in India. In its origin the Sikh religion sprang from a yearning for greater spirituality, for freedom from a tyrannical priesthood, contemporaneous with the Reformation in Europe. The first Sikh *guru*, or religious teacher, denounced the idolatrous superstitions of the Hindu priestcraft, the greed and bigotry of the Brahmins and the arbitrary restrictions of caste, as fiercely as did Luther the monstrous sale of Indulgences. The early struggles of the new faith were as severe as the misfortunes of the Quakers, and when that dour fanatic, the Emperor Aurungzeb, last of the Great Mughals, laid his hand upon them, they forebore to rise, because they had sworn fidelity to Akbar. According to the Sikh tradition a sacrifice was necessary to release them from their oath. The ninth *guru*, Teg Bahadur, offered himself a willing victim, and delivered himself up to the Emperor Aurungzeb at Delhi. Bribes and torture failed to shake his faith, so he was falsely accused of the unpardonable offence of casting his eyes on the windows of the Imperial zenana. Charged with this crime, he boldly faced the Emperor with this remarkable prophecy :—

> "Mine eyes gazed not, O Emperor, upon thy private apartments, or upon thy "queens ; but far beyond them into the West upon the fair-haired hosts who "shall come from beyond the seas to tear down thy *purdahs* and destroy thy "palaces."

Teg Bahadur had sealed his fate, but under his successor, Govind Singh, the last and greatest of the *gurus*, the whole character of the



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

reformers changed. Govind Singh found the Sikhs Quakers; he left them Ironsides. He gave to Sikhism a distinctly militant bent, which transformed his followers into just such warriors as Cromwell, by prayer and discipline, made of his tradesmen and yokels. Out of the wrack of the Mughal Empire, which lost all cohesive force with the death of Aurungzeb, the Sikhs first secured a foothold in the Punjab, and then, under Ranjit Singh, built up a homogeneous kingdom from the Khyber to the Sutlej. We tested the quality of Sikh valour on four stricken fields before the Punjab was annexed, and found it little to our liking at Chillianwalla. Not until their field army was shattered at Gujerat did the Sikhs appreciate the significance of Teg Bahadur's prophecy, but it was with his words upon their lips that they followed John Nicholson into the Kashmir breach on the day when Delhi was wrested from the mutineers. Straitly even for an eastern people Sikhism enjoins the virtue of fidelity. "Whoever eateth another man's salt, let him be cut to pieces on the battlefield in his service" runs their precept. Since they owned fealty to the British after Gujerat, the Sikhs have literally obeyed that teaching.

It is one of the many complexities induced by the long *Pax Britannica* that there is in the new system no quite adequate place for the purely fighting races who are the salt of India. Freed from the pressure of the Mughals and content with British rule, the Sikh was falling back from the martial faith of the last of the *gurus* and, like every reforming sect in this country, was in danger of being engulfed in the all-absorbing mass of Hinduism. Entirely given to soldiering and agriculture, he was being elbowed aside in days when the race is rather to the nimble-witted than to the strong and brave and loyal. But India cannot afford to lose the Sikh. He is hard, dour, a bit of a Bania over his money—characteristics which are not, perhaps, attractive in a superficial age. But he lends to India some of those stiffening qualities which the Covenanters and the Puritans wrought into the fibre of the British people. He is a giant in battle, tenacious as a bull dog, as Saraghari and a score of other incidents can prove. He is loyal and staunch to the core and a grand peasant. The main purpose of Their Royal Highnesses' visit to Amritsar was to visit the centre of the faith which made the Sikh the first-class fighting man he is, and the institution where that faith is being kept alive.

To the superficial gaze there was not much to attract in the first of these ceremonies,—the visit to the Khalsa College. The College buildings are modest, though not ungraceful, and not half completed. As Their

Royal Highnesses sat in the state chairs on the dais in the pavilion, on their right hand, and on their left, were the Chiefs of Patiala, Jhind, Nabha, and Kapurthala. A little further off were the representatives of all the Sikh regiments and the feudal retainers of the Chiefs. Then came five hundred boys and youths, the boys wearing yellow turbans and the youths white. Yet for those who had eyes to see, this unpretentious gathering was more pregnant with meaning, more full of importance to India than the most gorgeous durbars. For these Chiefs represented the fighting houses of the Punjab who were staunch to the *Raj* in the hour of its greatest trial, and whose Imperial Service Troops passed before the Prince in faultless array at Lahore. The sturdy, be-medalled warriors represented the grand Sikh regiments, which have conferred imperishable renown upon the Indian Army. The youths stood for the rising generation, whom by special instruction, more particularly in the principles of their faith, it is hoped to fit for their part in the governance of their country and to render worthy of their martial ancestry.

Times Bombay

Sikhs with their Musical Instruments, Amritsar.

An excellent beginning has been made. On its two sides the Khalsa College has five hundred students, and when the buildings now in course of construction are completed, the number will be doubled. The Sikh Chiefs have been closely interested in the work and fully recognise its importance, and the quiet little ceremony was imbued with this distinctive Sikh character. On entering, Their Royal Highnesses were received with the Sikh salutation : "The Khalsa is from God and all victory comes from

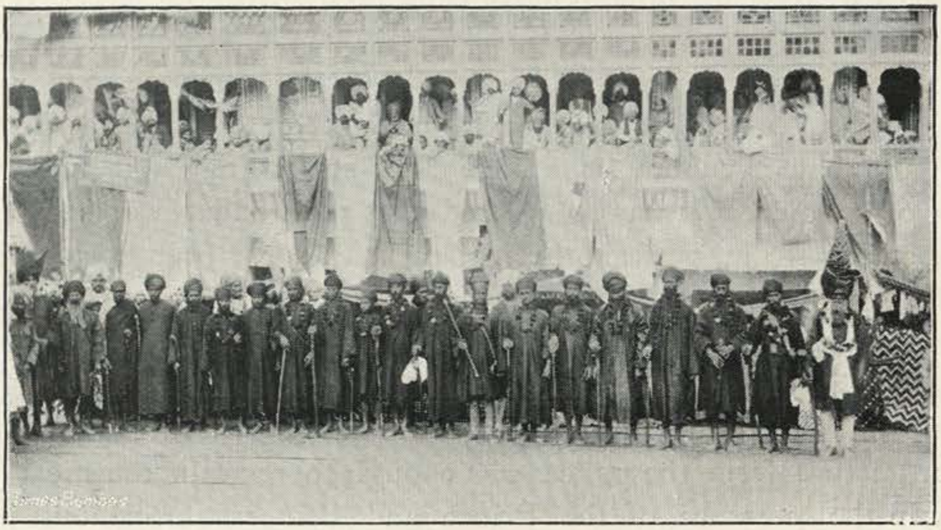
Him." Shrill-voiced boys sang a hymn of welcome, taking up the music first on one horn of the crescent, then on the other. Mr. Justice Rattigan, on behalf of the Council and Managing Committee, read the address, explaining the main work of the College, to which His Royal Highness replied expressing his high appreciation of the manly qualities of the Sikhs, their loyalty and devotion. With the presentation of the managing body and the Principal, a brief inspection of the plans, a few minutes' conversation with the Chiefs, the ceremony was over. In stentorian tone a handsome priest invoked the blessings of the Almighty on the King-Emperor and his consort, on the Prince and Princess, and on the British *Raj*, and amidst harsh Sikh cries of *Sat Sri Akal*—which may be translated "Only the Timeless One is real"—Their Royal Highnesses drove off.

The Royal visit to the Khalsa College was for the elect; the afternoon drive to the Golden Temple of Amritsar was the people's festival. And not since they left Bombay have Their Royal Highnesses seen so many happy faces crowded into a narrow space. The Native town of Amritsar, with its high and balconied houses, its straight streets and flat roofs, has a character of its own. It was so packed that the wonder was how the balconies stood the strain, or if another person could have been wedged into the dense throng by the wayside. But even these attractive features were dominated by the happiness transparent in the faces of the people. It was not that they were boisterously demonstrative, but that a cheerful hum rippled up and down the throng, the shrill laugh was always heard, and a word or gesture from the police was enough to restrain the most unruly. This joy in the presence of the Prince and Princess broke out in some strange ways. The paintings on the triumphal arches were quaint beyond words, the figures which were jerked into a salute as the notabilities passed were most amusing; but the continuous hangings of embroidered cloths made amends for all.

Who in India is not familiar with the Golden Temple of Amritsar and its environment? The great tank, or Pool of Immortality, surrounded by the marble pavement? The miniature temple in the centre of the pool, half of gilded copper, half of inlaid marble, which protects the holy *granth*, or Sacred Book of the Sikhs? The arched causeway, which connects the shrine with the great gateway, with its memorial of the work of the 35th Sikh Regiment in the Chitral Expedition? The red clock tower, which looks down on all from a lofty platform—a tower not unworthy in itself, but as out of harmony with its atmosphere as would be a sacred bull in Piccadilly?

But to-day the tower faced, on the townside, a crescent of white houses swarming with bright faces; on the other, a temple crowded with Sikh priests in white, a causeway thronged with people, and a pavement crowned with pilgrims from all parts of India. On the platform itself were grouped the Akalis, or the old religious ascetics—once as desperate as the Ghazis who are the terror of the border--with their conical quoit-ringed turbans, and the Nakas, with their conch-like horns waggling after the fashion of Reed's prehistoric beasts, and a great gathering of leading Sikhs.

On the road to the station Their Royal Highnesses paused for a moment at the white marble cenotaph raised by their comrades of the Indian Army to the handful of the bravest of the brave who fell at Saraghari. The story of that fight must be briefly re-told, because nothing better reveals the true martial qualities of the Sikhs. When the tribesmen on the frontier sprang to arms in the autumn of ninety-seven, in response to the irresistible wave of fanaticism that flowed over the border peoples, twenty-one sepoys of the Thirty-sixth Sikhs were isolated at Saraghari, in Gulistan. From nine o'clock in the morning till half past four they held out against overwhelming odds. When the end came they fell to a man, fighting to the last. One brave fellow stood at bay in the guard-room and killed twenty of the enemy. He could not be conquered, and at last was burned at his post.


A Group of Sikh Priests, Amritsar.

Oh ! Empire-planting Britain, didst thou own
No other sons to die as these for thee,
Still mightst thou scroll upon thy standard wide
"Judge of my rule by them that for me fought and—died !"

CHAPTER XV.

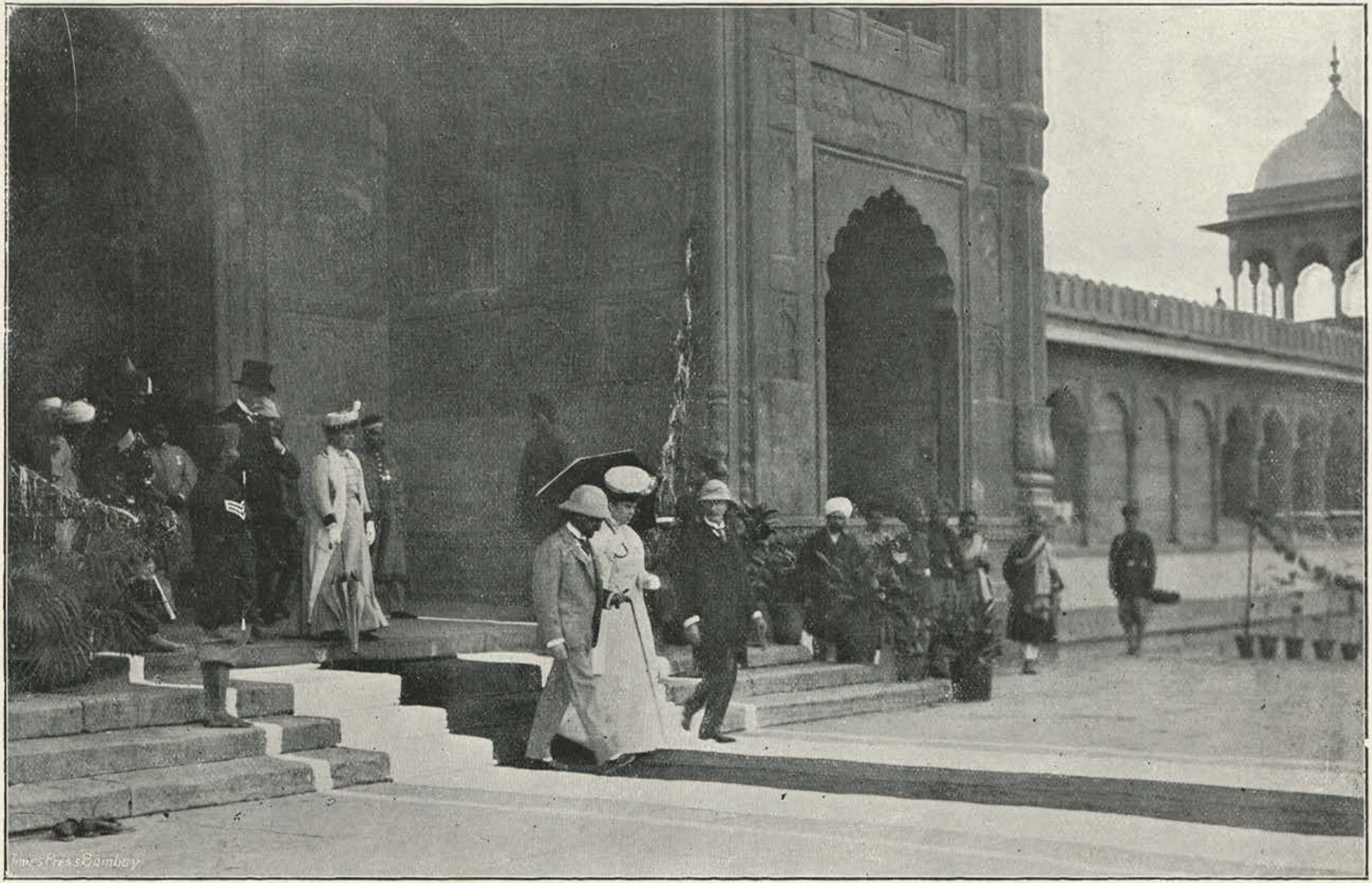
Imperial Delhi.

THE IMPERIAL CITY—ITS RICH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—MODERN DELHI—THE MOTHER CITY OF THE NORTH—SIKH AND MOSLEM: WEDDED BY BRITISH RULE—MUTINY MEMORIALS—THE MONUMENTS OF THE MUGHALS—THE OLD DELHIS—MUGHAL ARCHITECTURE: ITS ZENITH AND NADIR—A NORTHERN INDIA EVENING—MEMORIES OF DELHI—HAPPY AND PROFITABLE DAYS—THE PRINCESS' KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN HISTORY.

DELHI, *December 12th.*

THEIR Royal Highnesses saw Amritsar under a wintry sky. When they arrived in Delhi a light frost was just breaking out of the ground, the air was clear and crisp—indeed, it was the perfection of a Delhi December day. From the moment of their alighting at the station, the Prince and Princess moved amid scenes rich with historical associations. They drove under the shadow of the Jumma Masjid, up the Chandni Chowk, which literally ran with blood during Nadir Shah's great sack of Delhi. Then from the Chandni Chowk they passed through the Mori Gate, the Kudsia Gardens, with the tomb of John Nicholson, and by the Flagstaff Tower, one of the hard-held British positions during the siege, to the Circuit House, which is to be their head-quarters during their stay in the Imperial City.

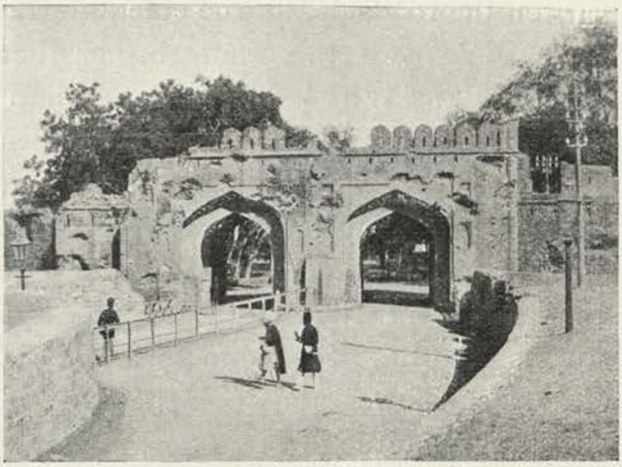
But Delhi has another side; in addition to its historic importance, it is growing into one of the greatest commercial emporia of India, and it was this side of its activities that first came officially before the Royal visitors in an address from the Municipal Commissioners at the Town Hall. Not since the great Durbar has the Chandni Chowk presented so fair a sight as it did this morning. One side of the tree-divided avenue was reserved for the Royal procession, up and down the other side the people might move freely. But they had no desire to move. Cheek by jowl they


Times Press Bombay

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS LEAVING THE JUMMA MASJID, DELHI.

sat, on the roadside, in the emerald-green balconies, and on the flat house-tops. From all this vast throng there went up one continuous buzz of cheery talk. Why is it that the Indian has the reputation of being a dull, taciturn fellow? In far northern cities, like Peshawar, where no man can confidently reckon on seeing the morrow, he may be; elsewhere on these holiday occasions he is as lively a soul as you would wish to see. There was a brief hush as the head of the escort of the 31st Lancers came round the Jumma Masjid, indicating the approach of the Royal cortège, but the joyous cry broke out again as soon as Their Royal Highnesses halted under the Clock Tower and took their seats in the state chairs, which faced the fine bronze statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. A sea of faces lined the circus of which the Tower is the centre. The address was read drawing attention to the fact that it was at Delhi, twenty-eight years ago, that Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and that, apart from its historic and imperial history, Delhi has of recent years made a rapid commercial advance. Mills and factories have sprung up, and whereas in 1877, when the King-Emperor visited it, only three lines of railway entered the city, now no less than seven converge upon it, to which will be shortly added an eighth, when the Nagda-Bara line to Bombay is finished. The Prince's reply touched the characteristic note of Delhi—its vitality. "The beautiful city which is in your keeping has been the scene of many stirring incidents and splendid pageants. She seems to have the power, inherent in some great capitals, of attracting and compelling attention, and to the Princess and myself this visit will be rich in reflections on the past and in thoughts of the future."

In the progress of this tour there have been many striking illustrations of the revolution wrought in Hindustan by the *Pax Britannica*, but none quite so remarkable as this short transition from Amritsar to Delhi. At Amritsar the Prince and Princess were in the head centre of that strong, fierce, military religion which knit the Sikhs into as virile a fighting caste as the world has ever seen—a caste against which the Mughal power beat as fruitlessly as did the might of Spain against the Netherlands, or the Cavaliers against the Puritans. At Delhi they were in the old stronghold of the Mughal Empire itself. Yesterday they were honoured guests at the Golden Temple, the most famous shrine of Sikhism; to-day they were equally honoured guests at the Jumma Masjid, the finest mosque in India. Yet in each of these powerful religious centres, typifying creeds wide as the Poles asunder, fighting creeds which not so many years ago were in the



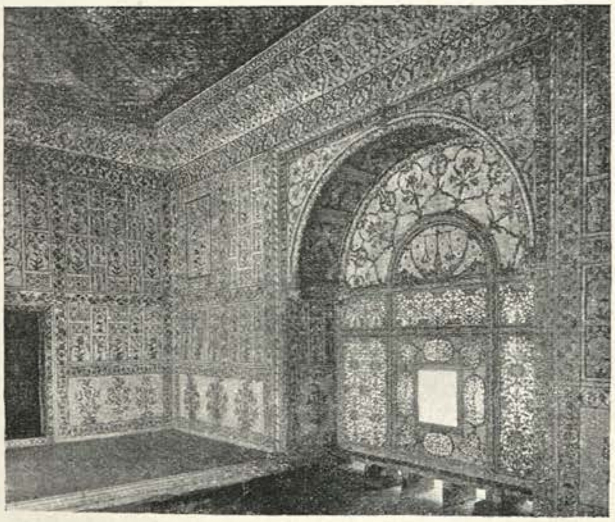
The Kashmir Gate.

bitterest antagonism, they were received with every mark of popular acclaim, loyalty, and respect. Could there be any more remarkable evidence of the unifying influence of British rule, or of the confidence inspired by an unbroken policy of religious toleration?

In the afternoon Their Royal Highnesses visited, in the course of a short drive, some of the most fascinating memorials of Delhi's greatness. The route lay first to the Kashmir Gate, with its memorial to the heroic Salkeld and his comrades, who blew in the portal on that fateful day which drove the rebels out of the city and administered the first serious check to the Mutiny; then close to the breach through which the little storming columns advanced. Next past the church, founded by the father of the Skinner who raised Skinner's Horse, who still wear the yellow which was Scindia's livery. The story is that old Skinner, lying wounded on the field, determined to make sure of his future and so built three memorials—a church, a mosque, and a temple. In the little churchyard still lie the cross and ball which were the target of the mutineers' fire. Afterwards they passed by the arch of the old magazine, which was defended by those nine gallant Englishmen who held out until the mutineers were over the walls, and then blew it up with all who were within it. Leaving these eloquent memorials of the great epic in English history, the Prince and Princess moved on to the Fort, with the Diwan-i-am and the Diwan-i-khas, those splendid emblems of the greatness of the rule of the Mughals. Thanks to Lord Curzon's loving care for the relics of India's mighty past, much has been done in skilful restoration, and now, wandering through the exquisite inlaid marble halls of the Diwan-i-khas, and looking over the ruins of the once beautiful garden to the broad Jumna, it is possible to realise the spirit in which Shah Jehan had written round the walls of his creation :— "If there is a Paradise on earth it is this! it is this! it is this!" Thence their itinerary lay to the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and to the Jumma Masjid, that stateliest of mosques. Very wisely the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to these magnificent monuments was quite private, and so they were able to study their glories free from distractions. The Princess is an especially keen observer of everything good that India can show, and on many occasions has surprised her guides by the extent and variety of her knowledge of Indian affairs.

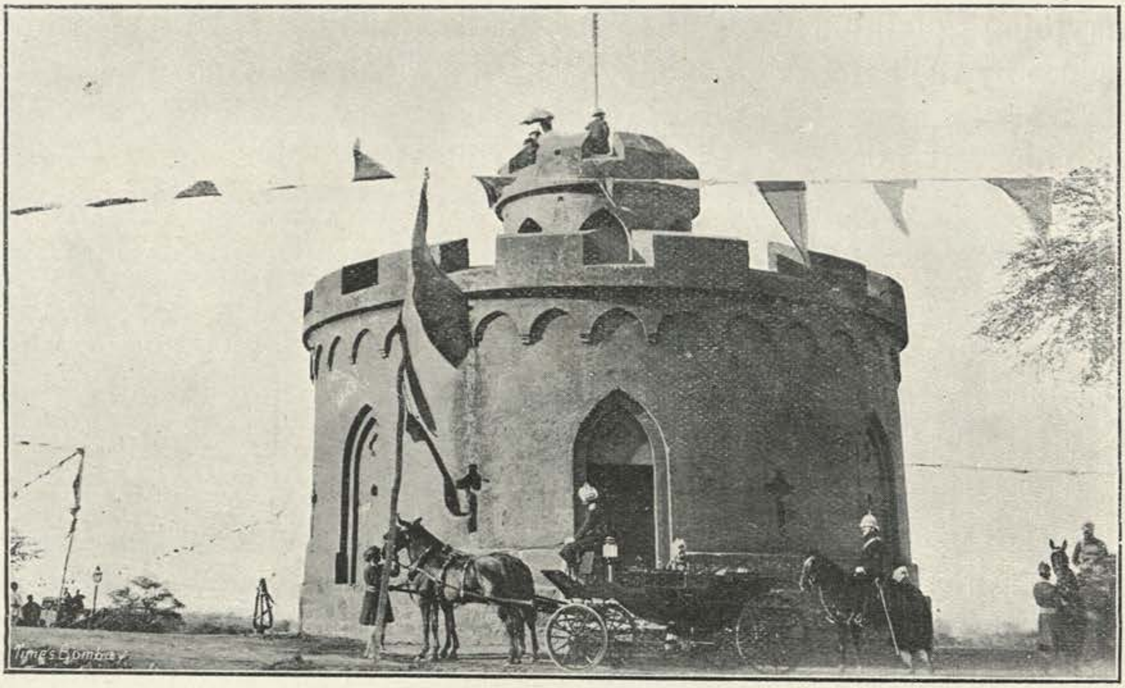
December 13th.

This afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales spent in a quiet excursion to those memorials of the Mutiny which hold so dear a place in the hearts of all Englishmen. Leaving the Circuit House they drove to the Flagstaff Tower, which was one of the four great posts on the Ridge during the siege, and was held by a strong infantry picquet. Next to Hindu Rao's House—the centre of the hardest fighting of those heroic days. The enemy knew that this building, once the residence of a Mahratta nobleman, was the key to the British position, and made desperate attempts to capture it, but all endeavours to dislodge Major Reed and his gallant Gurkhas were made in vain. Thence the Royal route lay to the Mutiny memorial, near which the besiegers had the heavy gun position known as the "Right Battery," twelve hundred yards from the city wall. The memorial is the one feature of the Ridge that jars. It is so entirely out of harmony with the scene that one wonders how it ever came to be erected. From its steps, however, can be gained a view of great beauty. The broken ground, dotted with trees, stretches to the city walls. Within lies the great city, with its matchless mosques and minarets, and the graceful white dome of the Jumma Masjid. But the growth of the trees has been so rapid that the scene is fast losing the character it bore in the days of the Mutiny; the purple walls are half-concealed, and many of the relics of the great siege cannot be discovered without close search.

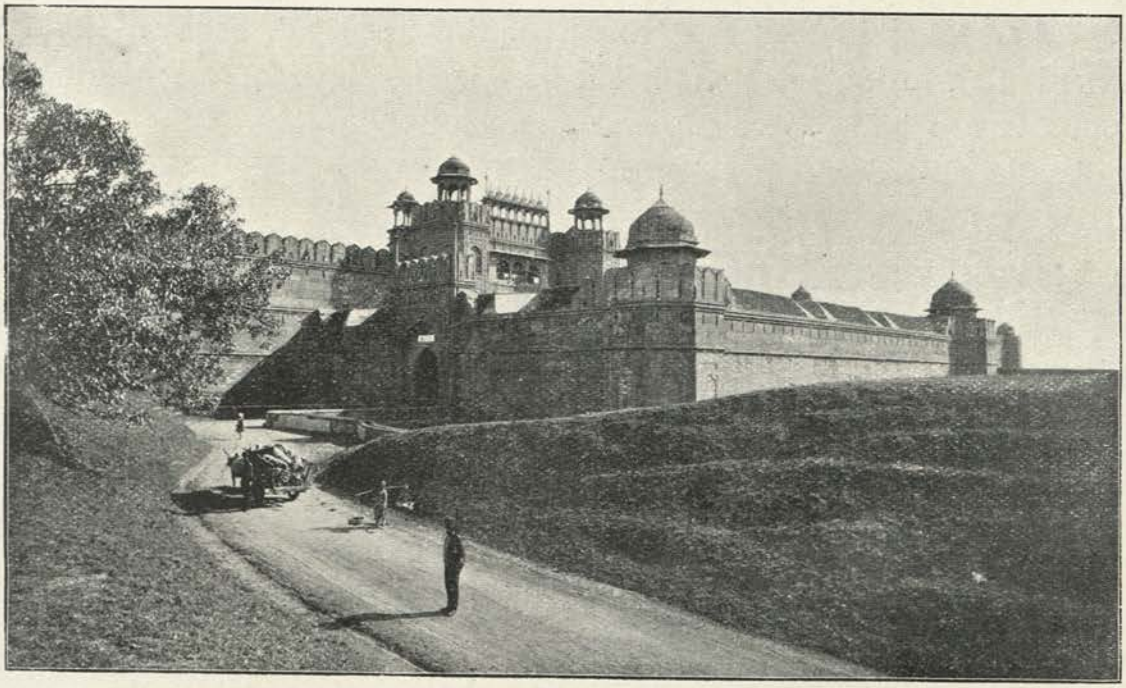


Delhi: The Diwan-i-khas.

Having studied the terrain of the siege, Their Royal Highnesses passed to the Mori Gate, and by way of the old Magazine, and the old church with its shot-torn ball, to the Kashmir Gate. Here the memorial to Salkeld and those who cleared the way for the attack was examined, and the Prince climbed the adjacent breach in the wall through which Number I storming column advanced. The sites of the breaching batteries


Times Bombay

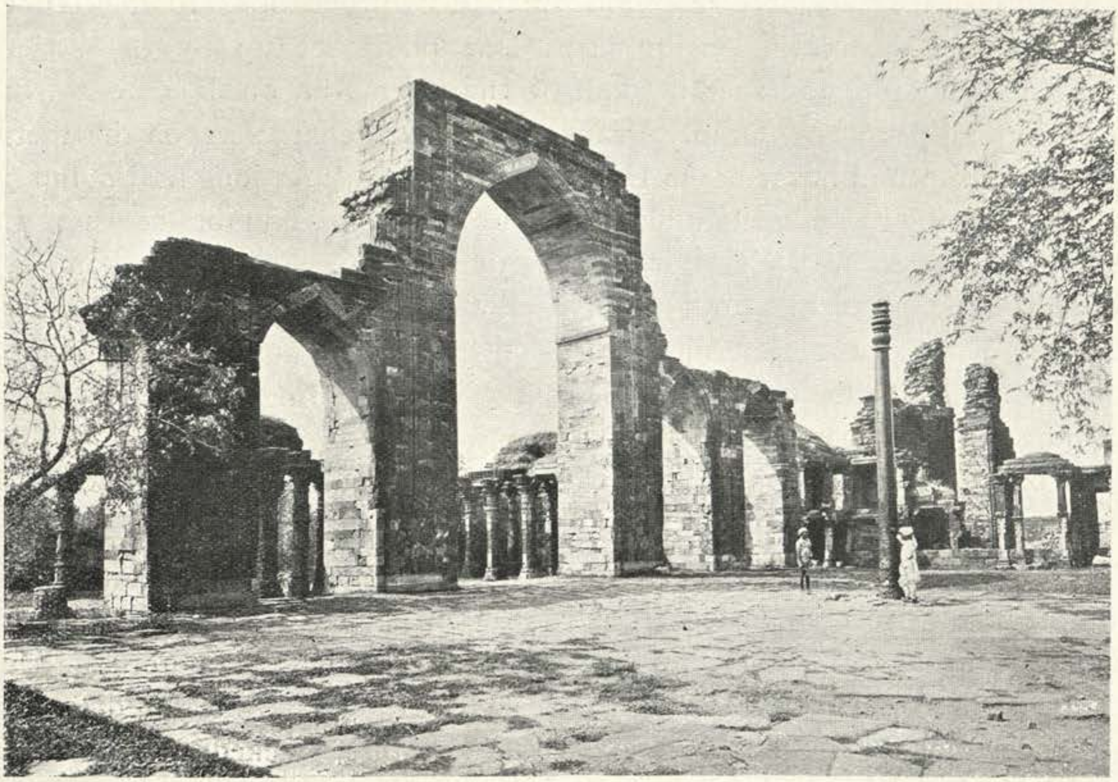
THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER.



THE FORT, DELHI.

in Ludlow Castle Gardens and the Kudsia Gardens were inspected, and Their Royal Highnesses also paid a visit to the tomb of the heroic Nicholson.

But before visiting the Mutiny memorials there were certain official ceremonies to be observed. In the morning His Royal Highness received visits from the Raja of Sirmur, the Sardar of Kalsia, and the Nawabs of Pataudi, Loharu, and Dujana, and at noon returned the visit of the Raja of Sirmur. In the evening a reception was held in the grounds of the Circuit House, after a small state banquet, which was attended by these Chiefs and many of the English gentlemen present in Delhi.



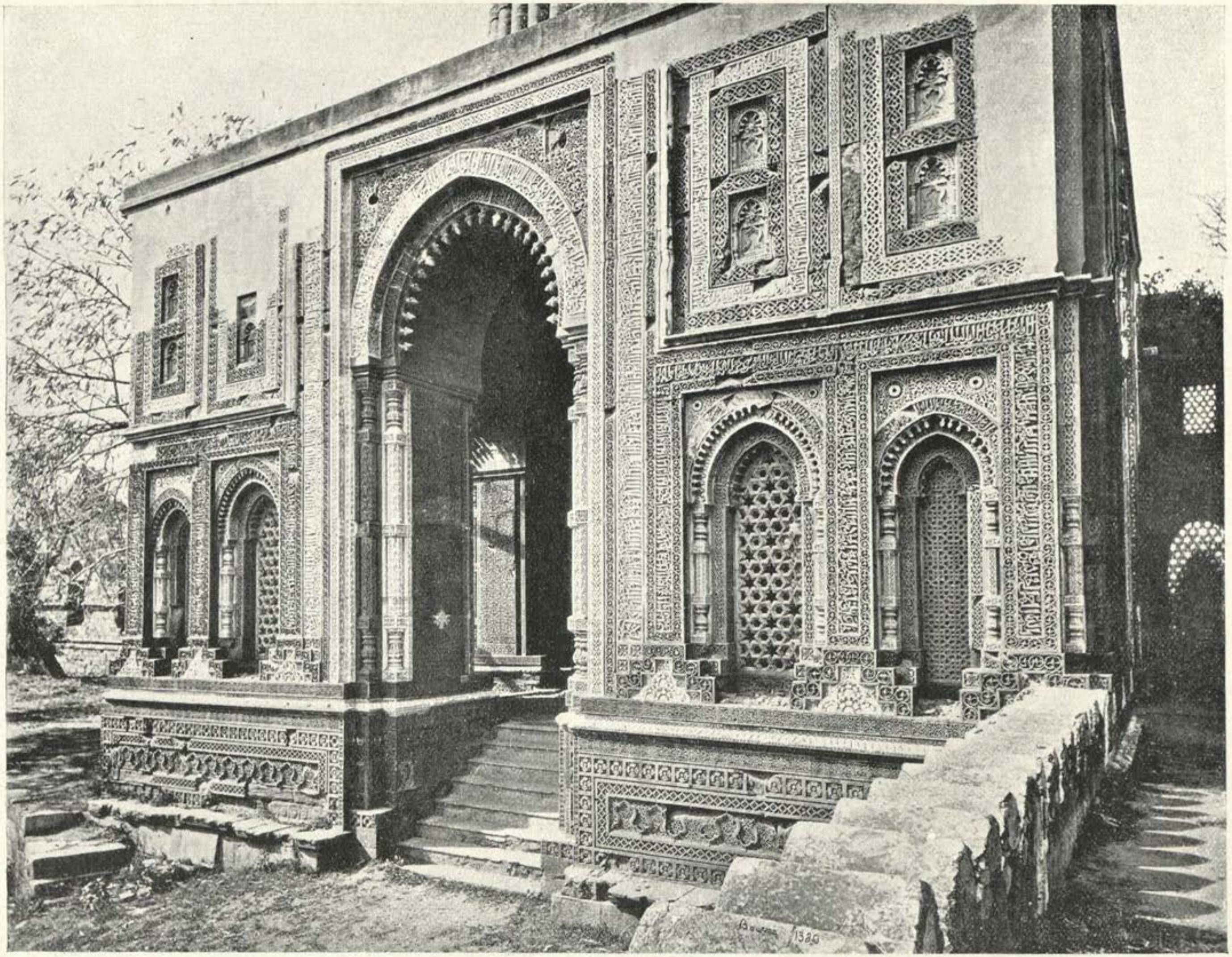
The Iron Pillar, Kutab Minar, Delhi.

December 14th.

To-day was spent by the Prince and Princess of Wales in visiting those tremendous monuments of past greatness with which the environs of Delhi teem. After breakfast they motored through the Delhi Gate, past the ruins of the old Delhis, to Humayun's tomb. Thence to the Kutab Minar, where lunch was served, and after lunch to the tomb of Safdar Jung and back to the Circuit House in the cool of the evening. With the wisdom that has characterised all the arrangements in Delhi, the excursion was quite private, Their Royal Highnesses being accompanied only by the smallest of Staffs, and by those who, well versed in the history of the Imperial City, could acquaint them with the significance of the monuments they visited.

Not since they arrived in India have the Prince and Princess passed, in a few hours, through scenes so amazingly rich in historical association, nor will they behold their like again in the course of their long tour. From the summit of the graceful minarets of the Jumma Masjid the eye looks down upon a panorama which cannot be paralleled outside Imperial Rome. In the distance are just discernible the perfect proportions of the Kutab Minar, which dwarf the insignificant iron pillar set up by the Aryan monarchs who founded the kingdom of Indra Prastha on land torn from the aboriginal peoples. Deeply graven in Sanskrit characters on the metal column is the proud boast of the Hindu monarchs :—"As long as I stand so long shall the Hindu Kingdom endure." The Kutab, set up by Kutab-ud-din, "The Pole Star of Religion," the first of the Mahomedan invaders, is the Moslem's proud retort. Between the Masjid and the Tower lies that amazing tangle of ruins—fort and temple, wall and mosque, which rose and fell as invasion succeeded invasion, draining the land of its substance, until Baber, placing his foot in the stirrup of recollection and his hands on the reins of confidence in God, marched against the hosts of Hindustan to found the Mughal Empire.

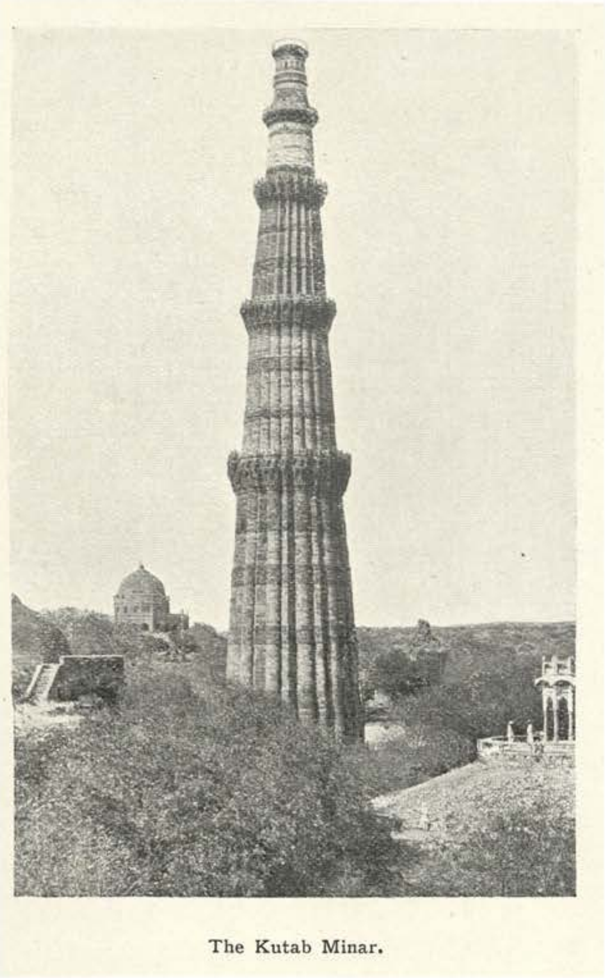
And at foot, modern Delhi, the city Shah Jehan created, enriching it with the noble Fort enclosing the Diwan-i-am and Diwan-i-khas, and the Masjid, grandest of Mahomedan fanes, from whose slender minarets the call to prayer still goes forth, crowding the courtyard with white-robed figures bent in devotion. The Delhi which, like a vampire, sucked the life-blood from the older cities to its own nurture. The Delhi which witnessed the first agonies of the Mutiny, the heroism of the small band of brave men who countered it, bringing down the last frail remnants of Mughal sovereignty in its collapse. The Delhi, too, revealed in the expanse of flat-roofed houses, the streets pulsating with vitality amid the smoke of a dozen tall stacks, which is bursting into new life. For is not this the greatest wonder of all, that through sack and storm, the loss of the court favour which was once the breath of its life, the rise of great cities and seats of government elsewhere, modern Delhi is, by sheer virtue of its incomparable position, growing into a potent commercial and industrial capital? Whilst other cities like Amritsar and Cawnpore may increase with it, nothing can rob Delhi of its birthright as the mother city of Northern India.


Bourne 1380

The Tomb of Ala-aud-Din, Delhi.

Through scenes vibrating with these recollections, Their Royal Highnesses drove through the Delhi Gate, over the shady road strewn with the relics of a mighty past, to Humayun's tomb. They paused on the way to note one of the two stone pillars of Asoka, the Purana Kila, with its lofty south gate, the mosque of Sher Shah, and Sher Mandal. Humayun's tomb itself crystallises two of the greatest names in Indian history. For Humayun was so beloved of his father, Baber, that he cheerfully offered his life for that of his son. When Humayun was apparently sick unto death, the stern old warrior king three times walked round the dying prince, a solemnity similar to that used in sacrifices, and prayed God to accept him as a substitute. The tomb was erected by Humayun's son, Akbar, the greatest of Mughal sovereigns, and in simplicity and chastity of design typifies the highest qualities of Mahomedan art. An octagonal mass of white marble and soft red sandstone, rising from a lofty platform crowned with a perfect Persian dome, and cunningly varied with cupolas, it is a monument entirely worthy of the builder. Through all these years it has preserved an amazing freshness. The walled enclosure is in spotless order, the paths are smooth, the shallow ponds, of the fashion of the Taj Mahal, are filled with water, and the trim hedges are a vivid green. Save for the erosion of the stone here and there, it might be the creation of a few years since instead of the heritage of centuries. Here was enacted the final scene in the tragedy of the decline of the Mughal Empire, when the frail old monarch, called from his obscurity by the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut, delivered his sword to the strenuous Hodson, and went forth to die in exile in Burma. From the tomb Their Royal Highnesses passed to the shrine of Sheik Nizam-ud-din Aulia, one of the three places of Mahomedan reverence in India, and were much interested in seeing men and boys dive into the tank which goes by the name of "The Heart-alluring Spring." The Princess specially admired the tomb of Jahanara Begum, the daughter of Shah Jehan, who shared his captivity. Grass was planted over her tomb, with the inscription :—"Let green grass only conceal my grave ; grass is the best covering of the grave of the meek."

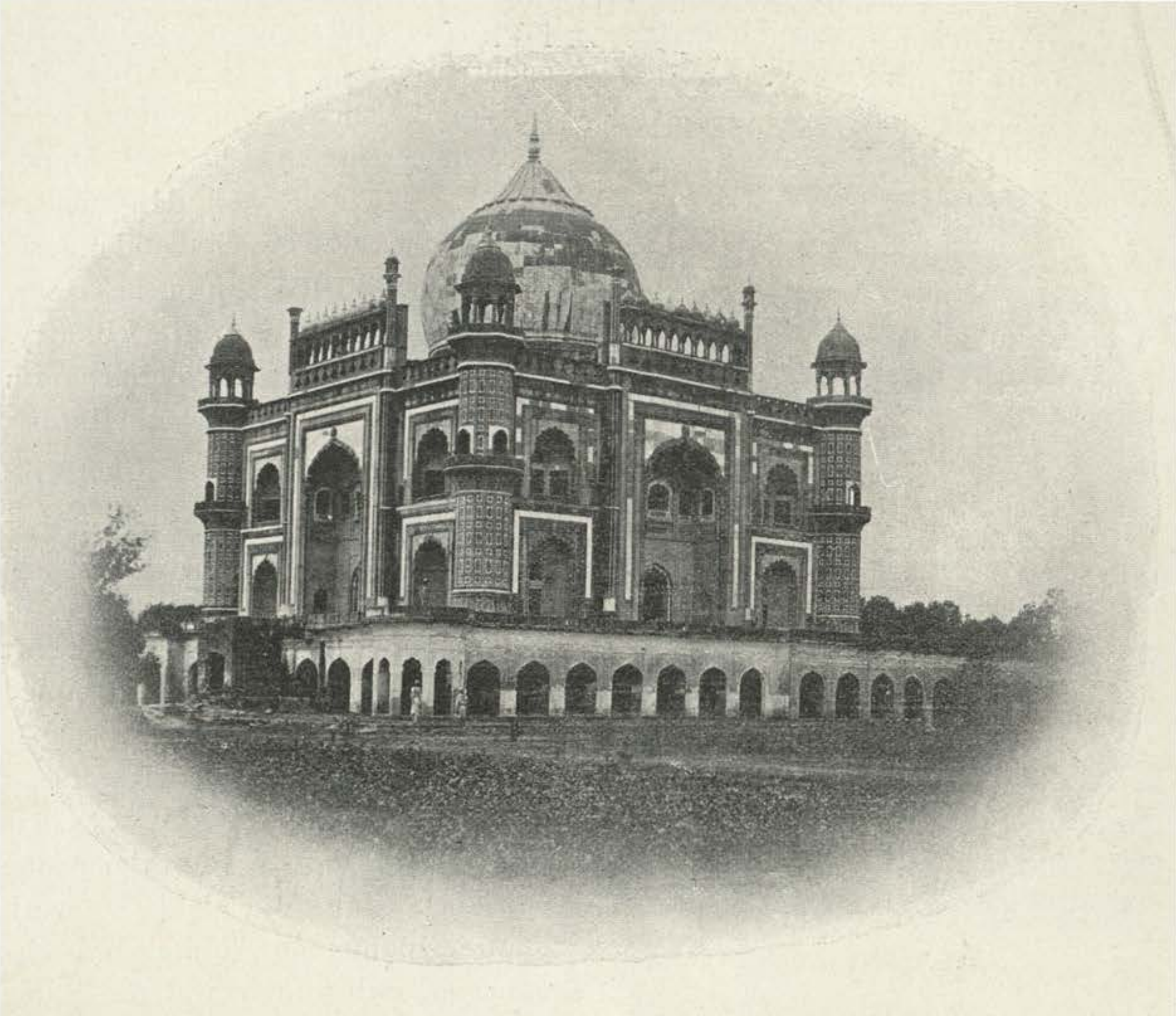
From the tomb a broad, shady, well metalled road led to the Kutab Minar, where lunch was served in the little bungalow which is hall-marked with the utilitarian ugliness of the Public Works Department. We have done much to beautify Indian scenery by the avenues of stately arborescence which shade the principal roads, much to disfigure it by the utter tastelessness of most of our Government buildings. On judgment, to which side will the balance incline? The wonderful freshness which distinguishes Humayun's tomb is even more marked in the Kutab Minar. The mosque, which once stood at its foot, is now a mere heap of ruins. With difficulty can be traced the outlines of the buildings, which in their prime had no equal for beauty or extent. But the Kutab, that exquisite shaft of sandstone, red and purple and orange, rising nearly two hundred and fifty feet into the clear blue Indian sky, is as beautiful as on the day of its completion more than six centuries ago. Its impressiveness, coming from perfection of proportion and grace of outline, will endure as long as it weathers the earthquake shocks which more than once have shaken its very foundations. Their Royal Highnesses climbed the three hundred and ninety-seven steps to the top of the tower, but the superb view of the country, which can be obtained herefrom on clear days, was spoiled by the haze.


The Kutab Minar.

The Kutab Minar illustrates the beginning of the Moslem architecture which has enriched India with so many priceless monuments; Humayun's tomb portrays that art in its simplest and most dignified form; the tomb of Safdar *Jung*—"The Piercer of Battle Ranks"—marks its decline. For here Their Royal Highnesses saw the same spacious courtyard, laid out with shallow ponds now quite dry, the same smooth walls, and the same fashion of plinth, dome and minaret. But the grace and simplicity of Humayun's tomb have departed, the minarets are spoiled by over elaboration, the crispness and patient labour of the earlier workers have gone. By way of compensation, the last part of the excursion was made in the full glory of the declining day, when all things in India are beautiful, and when against the splendid amber and emerald of these winter skies the noble creations of the Muslim builders are revealed in their full perfection. Truly the only time to see the Imperial City is when the sun has passed the meridian, and the land is wrapped in the subtle softness which foreshadows the departure of day.

December 15th.

To-day, the last day of Their Royal Highnesses' stay in Delhi, was spent in the quiet, profitable fashion that has characterised the whole of the visit. This morning the Prince rode, and Her Royal Highness motored, to the amphitheatre where His Majesty the King-Emperor was proclaimed at the great Durbar. There they were able to reconstruct the principal features of that historic pageant. In the afternoon Lady Rivaz was "At Home" at a charming party in the grounds of the Circuit House. All Delhi, with the Chiefs who are now staying here in order to pay their duty, was present, and Their Royal Highnesses entered into close conversation with many of the guests.



The Tomb of Safdar Jung.

Leaving the Circuit House at half past nine o'clock, they drove through roads and streets, brilliantly illuminated, to the station, whence they departed for Agra.

The recollection of the visit to Delhi will surely live in the memories of Their Royal Highnesses as one of the most pleasant and fruitful in their tour. Both the Prince and Princess of Wales are ardent sightseers in the best sense of the term. They have a knowledge of the great events of Indian History which would put many old residents in the country to the blush, and an insatiable desire to learn everything India can teach them. In Delhi they have had spread before them the richest store of historical relics that exists outside the ancient capital of the Roman Empire, and they were diligent searchers amongst its treasures. They have visited all the scenes in the epic siege of Delhi—the Ridge, with its precious associations, the sites of the batteries which prepared the way for that most audacious assault, the breaches and gates through which the tiny columns advanced against the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers, the spot where John Nicholson, the Titan of the Mutiny heroes, fell, and the modest monument which covers his remains. They have seen those noble monuments of the splendour of the Mughal Court—the Fort, with the Diwan-i-am and the Diwan-i-khas, and the noblest of them all, the Jumma Masjid. They have seen those towering memorials of the old Delhis which make the road to the Kutab Minar the Appian Way of the East, and which in their decay are eloquent tributes to the magnificence and creative taste of the Mahomedan sovereigns.

Hindu Colonnade at the Kutab Minar.

All this they have done under ideal conditions, without fuss or ceremony, but with just the expert assistance of those knowing all the Delhis and loving their grandeur. The weather has been at its best, unusually bright and mild for this season of the year whilst not until to-day was there a taste of those high winds and clouds of biting dust which occasionally make life in Northern India a burden. With all these activities, Their Royal Highnesses have not been unmindful of their Royal and social obligations. They have met the Chiefs of the Delhi Division in formal visit, in reception durbar, and to-day at Lady Rivaz's garden party, and they have also met all actively engaged in work in Delhi, in whatsoever capacity.

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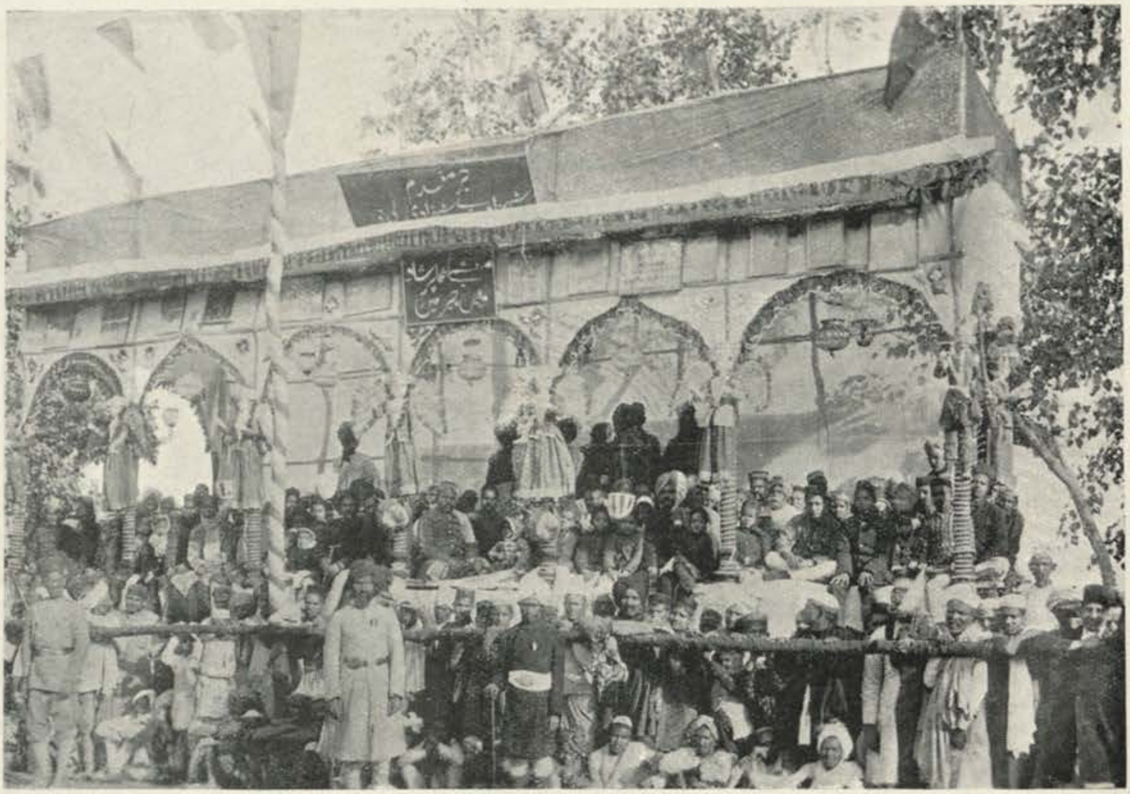
CHAPTER XVI.

In Akbar's Capital.

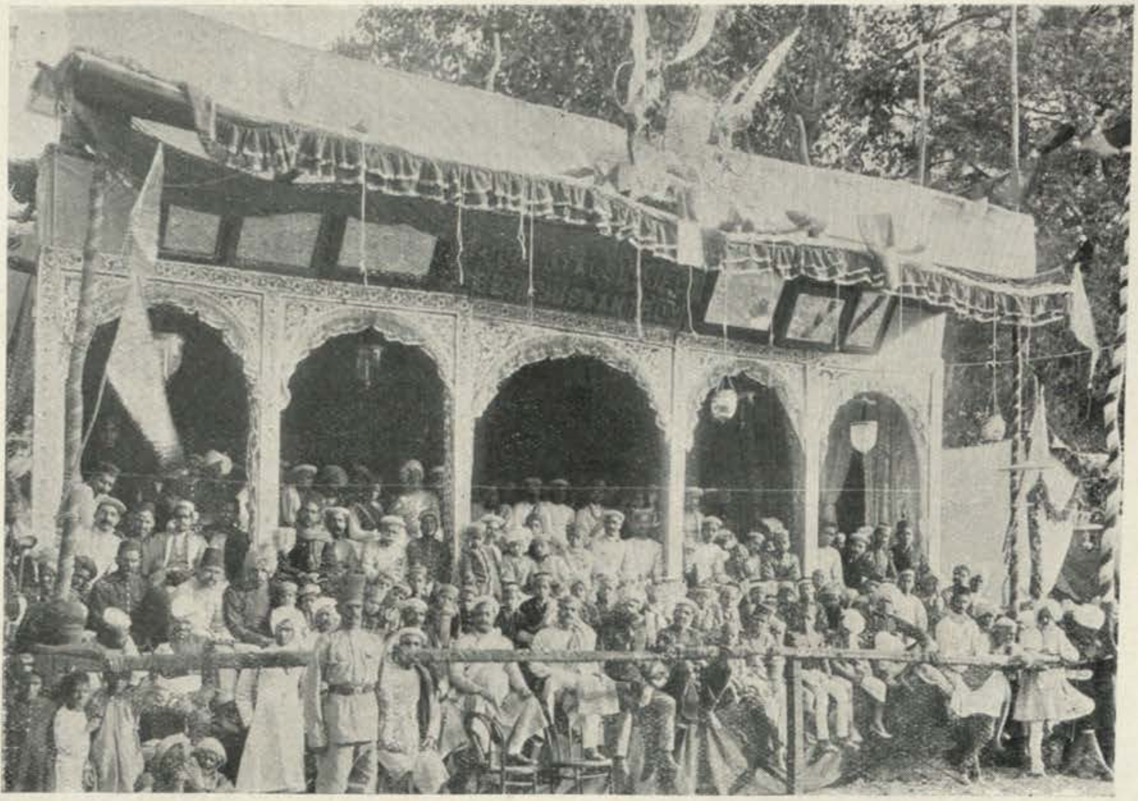
The City of the Taj—A Characteristic Reception—Agra's Links with the Royal House—A Visit to Sikandra—The Tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah—Impressions of the Taj—Pleasant Hours in the Fort—Art and Smoke—Memorial to Queen Victoria—Fatehpur Sikri: "The City of Victory"—An Impressive Monument of Mughal Power and Taste—Memorials of Akbar's Reign—The Man Himself in Stone.

Agra, *December 17th.*

It is inevitable that there should be a certain uniformity in the receptions accorded to the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visit great centres of population in the course of their tour. Yet, at each of these centres there is some special characteristic, some determining feature, which differentiates it from those which have gone before. Certainly at Agra the scene which met the Prince and Princess, when they emerged from the station, was like nothing they have yet seen in India. Dominating the whole situation were the majestic red sandstone walls and the superb bastions of Akbar's Fort. In a serried line extending almost from the base of the walls, on both sides of the road leading towards the Jumna and on the railway bridge, were gathered thousands and thousands of the people of the city, whilst amongst the battlements themselves were grouped a few score British linesmen in scarlet, who lent the final touch of colour to the spectacle. It is a subject of never-failing interest to watch the attitude of the crowd as the Royal cortège passes. There they remain for hours, squatting on their heels, or standing quietly in unbroken rows, waiting for the arrival of the Emperor's son with the patience which belongs only to the oriental. The booming of the guns announces the arrival of the Royal train. A brief pause, and the appearance of the Mounted Police indicates the approach of the Royal carriage. Instantly a ripple of movement plays over the turbanned heads, as they are



The Road to Sikandra: Scenes by the Way.



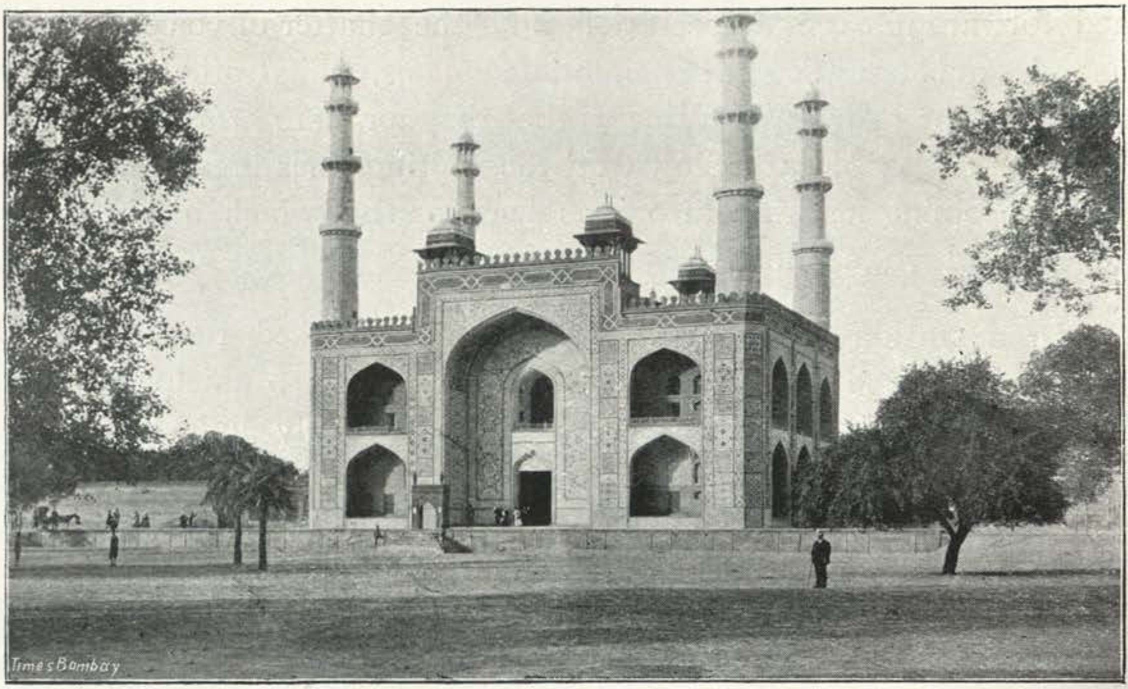
The Road to Sikandra: A Gathering of Civic Worthies.

craned forward in eager expectation, and the chatter of voices is hushed, a thousand hands are raised in reverential *salaams*, whilst others are so intent on studying the Prince and Princess that they forget to *salaam*. As soon as the cortège has passed at a slow trot, the waiting lines break and surge over the road, peopling it with a throng as dense as that which blackens the city at the Lord Mayor's Show.

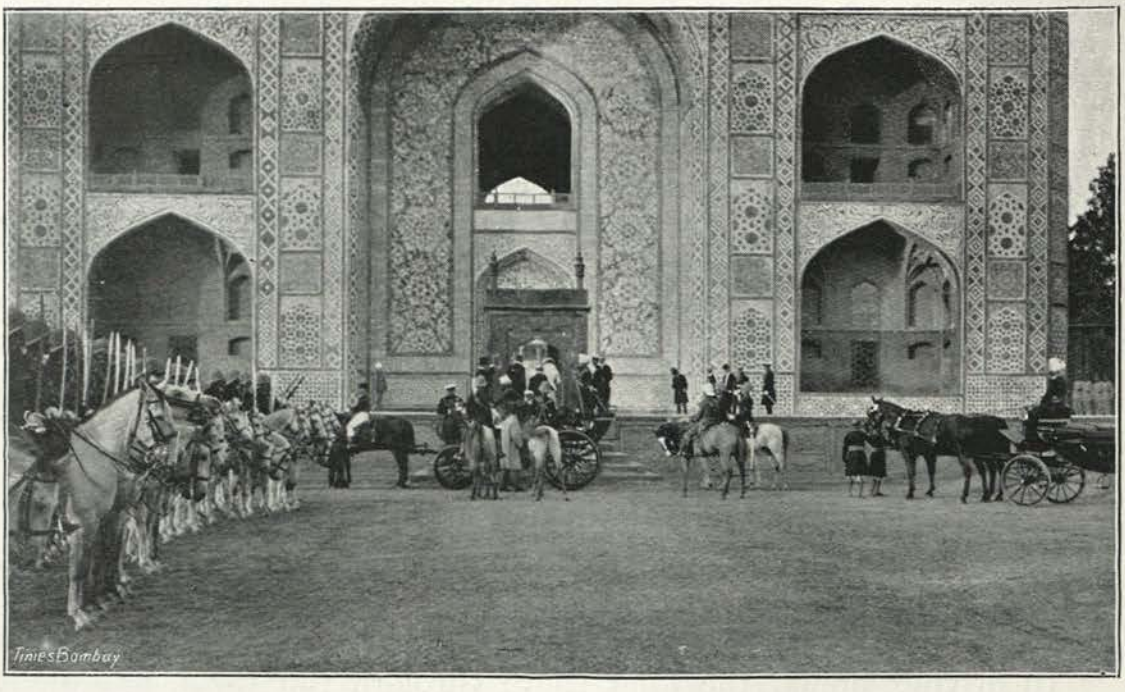
In a station carpeted with beautifully worked rugs, Their Royal Highnesses received the dutiful address of the Agra Municipality. In this reference was made to three events which specially linked the city with the Royal family—the circumstances that the people were able to pay their addresses to His Majesty the King-Emperor, on his tour, to Her late Majesty, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, and now to the Prince and Princess of Wales. "It is a privilege," said His Royal Highness in his reply, "to any one, whether from the West or from the East, to approach your beautiful and historical city. We look forward with keen interest to seeing its artistic and architectural beauties, of which you are so justly proud; and I am quite certain that, during our visit, we shall gain impressions of Agra that will never fade from our minds."

Their Royal Highnesses made their first close acquaintance with the architectural glories of Agra in the afternoon, when they visited Sikandra and Akbar's Tomb, in the beautiful grounds adjoining which the members of the Agra Club were "At Home." At first it looked as if this excursion would be made under conditions the reverse of pleasant. In the forenoon a strong wind sprang up, raising clouds of dust which made driving disagreeable. Afterwards the wind fell and at Sikandra the Prince and Princess enjoyed the full splendour of a Northern India December evening. The beautiful monument that Jehangier raised to his father, the greatest of the Mughals, has benefited greatly from the informed zeal for the preservation of its architectural treasures which now animates the Government of India. The minarets of the main gates have been restored, and portions of the coloured work in the arches of the second of the four tiers of the tomb replaced, so that it is possible to form an idea of the appearance of the building when these hues had not faded.

In driving home, the long route through the town, and under the shadow of the Fort, was purposely taken, so that Their Royal Highnesses might view the illuminations. These commenced with torches flaming smokily in the dusk near Sikandra, and then developed, as the city was


Times Bombay

THE TOMB OF AKBAR AT SIKANDRA.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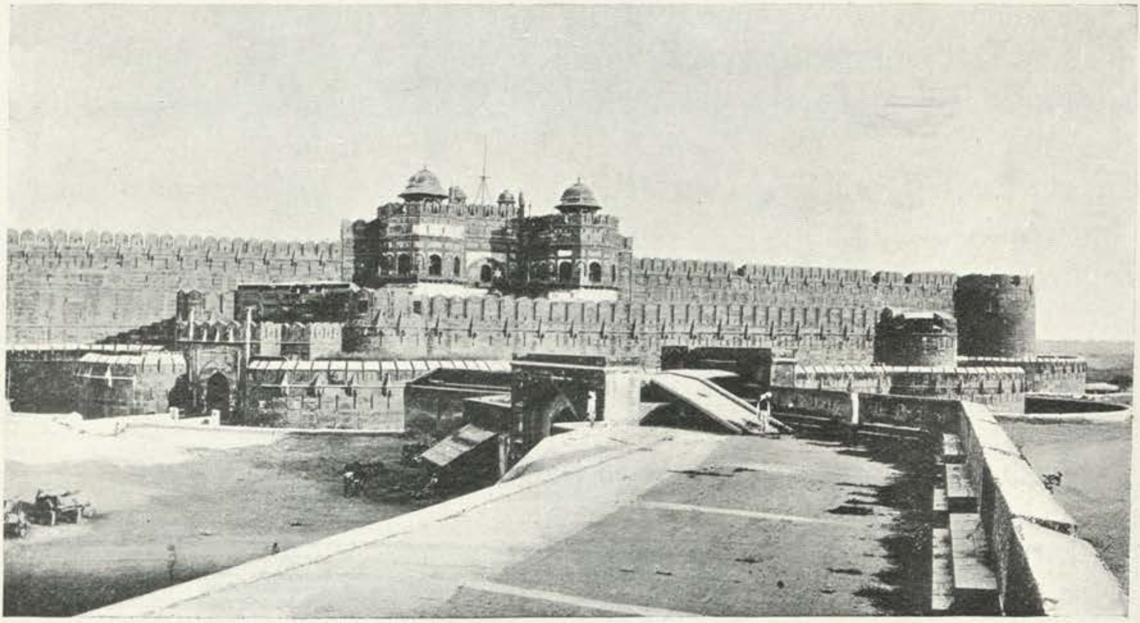
ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT SIKANDRA.

reached, into continuous lines of dancing flame. They culminated in thin streaks of fire on the grand walls of the Fort, and ripples of flickering light by the river ghats. In stands draped with red cloth, hung with chandeliers and ablaze with light, sat the city worthies, with their sons and small daughters, their uncles and their tribes of relations clustered round them, hugely enjoying the festival, whilst the whole population was in the streets below.

Sunday was the day of rest, and in the morning Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service at the Cantonment Church, where an impressive and apposite sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lucknow. In the afternoon they drove quietly across the bridge of boats to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah, on the opposite bank of the river. This, though not the most famous, is one of the most characteristic monuments of Agra. Built by Nur Mahal, the favourite wife of Jehangier, as a mausoleum for her father, the Lord High Treasurer—the officer who, as his Imperial master well knew, possessed an itching palm—it is graceful and refined rather than impressive. But these were the principal attributes of the Treasurer himself. The great gateway, through the complexity of the ornamentation, produces a somewhat unrestful effect, but the marble screens and filigree work are only surpassed by those in the Taj Mahal.

From the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah the Prince and Princess drove to the Taj Mahal, and spent the remainder of the afternoon appreciating its exquisite beauties in the softened light of the declining day. But this was not their first visit to "The Dream in Marble." Last night they left the Circuit House almost unobserved, and watched the moon rise over the river until it bathed the exquisite fabric in silvery light, transmuting the solid marble into an ethereal shrine of diaphanous opal. Is there any other building in the world that has so absorbed the literateur and the painter? And withal, neither brush nor pen has trasmitted its loveliness. It is far beyond the reach of either. The supreme creation of the artist in stone, the perfect material expression of man's love for woman—"the proud passion of an Emperor's love, wrought into living stone"—it stands irreproducible as the yearning which gave it birth.

But at least a word of gratitude may be offered to those who have made the surroundings of the Taj Mahal entirely worthy. Any one who visited Agra some years ago will remember the squalid village, the ugly ravines, and the generally poverty-stricken scenes through which he had to drive to the main gateway. All this has been changed. The village has been removed, the ravines partially reclaimed, and the whole clothed in verdure. The approach to the Taj Mahal is now in as intimate sympathy with the peerless monument as is the close of Salisbury Cathedral with that great fane. Within, the same care has been exercised. The turf is velvety, the paths are scrupulously neat, and no colour breaks the subdued green of the garden, save the occasional flash of the poinsettia, or the crimson glow of the croton. If anything needs a restraining hand it is the too luxuriant growth of the trees, which sometimes obscures those oblique glimpses of the fabric which, when the sun is high, are the most fascinating. And let us take heart of grace in that in some other ways we have emerged from the artistic barrenness of the past generation. When His Majesty the King-Emperor visited Agra they could think of no better way to entertain him than to place searchlights in the minarets of the Taj Mahal, and crude flares by the still waters of the canals.



The Fort at Agra.

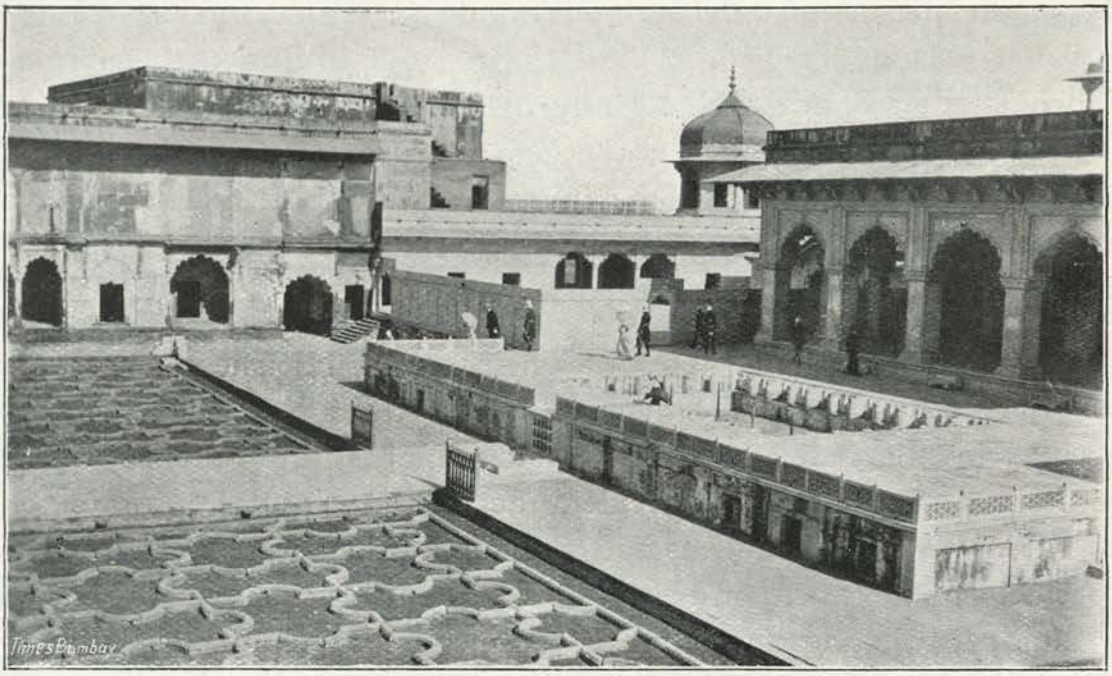
December 18th.

This morning was occupied by the Prince and Princess in studying the architectural treasures enclosed in the red sandstone walls of the Fort, which is such a conspicuous feature in the landscape of Agra. Entering through the massive Delhi Gate, they spent nearly two hours examining the principal memorials of the most magnificent of the Mughal Emperors—the Pearl

Mosque, in its exquisitely severe simplicity, still considered desecrate, because it was used as a hospital during the Mutiny; the Diwan-i-am, which has suffered as much as any other building in India from unskilful renovations; the Saman Burj; the gem of the fabrics within the Fort—the Jasmine Tower; and finally the irregular pile which goes by the name of Jehangier's Palace, and which, with its strongly marked Hindu characteristics, is reminiscent of much of Akbar's work at Fatehpur Sikri.

From the Jasmine Tower, Their Royal Highnesses were able to enjoy the grand view which it commands—the Taj Mahal, its graces half concealed by the red sandstone mosque, the beautiful gardens, the Jumna, its waters shrunk to a tiny rivulet, meandering through a bed of yellowish-grey, and the unbroken, tree-dotted plain. They were able to view, too, a spectacle none can regard without serious misgivings—the foul, black, oily smoke belching from half a dozen factory chimneys. One of the most vivid impressions left on re-visiting the architectural hoards of Delhi and Agra is the sense of their amazing freshness after centuries of exposure to the elements. They have retained that freshness because the elements in Northern India are kindly, but with the spread of manufacturing enterprise a new constituent is being introduced into the atmosphere. What will be the effect of the clouds of inky smoke one sees at Delhi and Agra on the spotless marble and warm sandstone? True, these factories are on the outskirts of the cities, but it is impossible to witness without apprehension the smoke-laden clouds bearing down on the Taj Mahal and the Jumma Masjid. A wise Government has created a special department and spent liberally to conserve its precious heritage. But of what avail these pains, if for the sake of petty economy the atmosphere of Delhi and Agra is vitiated with factory filth?

The principal event of the Agra visit was in the afternoon, when His Royal Highness unveiled the statue of Her late Majesty the Queen, which has been erected in memory of her splendid reign. The veneration inspired by Queen Victoria in the Provinces which had special reason to value the gracious terms of her proclamation, was so deep that in the province of Agra alone the sum of six and a quarter lakhs of rupees was collected. In all districts where the subscriptions amounted to twenty-five thousand rupees, seventy-five per cent. of the local donations were refunded for the erection of local memorials, and the remainder of the fund was allocated to the raising of provincial memorials at Agra and Allahabad. In this way twelve district monuments were erected, and at Allahabad a seated figure of Her Majesty,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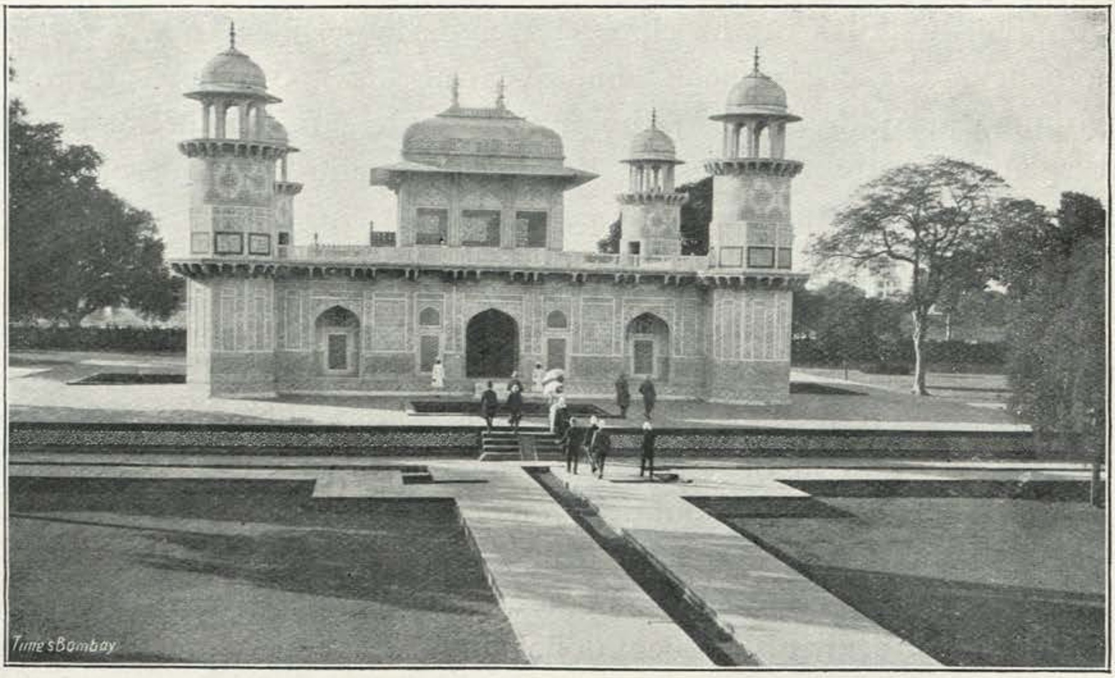
Agra Fort : the Royal Visit.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The Tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah.

in marble, under a Gothic canopy of grey limestone. The Agra statue represents Her Majesty standing. It is of bronze, raised on a lofty pedestal, and flanked by allegorical figures of Truth and Justice, with a bronze panel descriptive of Empire at the back. Round the base of the support is a marble reservoir, fed from bronze shells projecting from the pedestal.

The site of the memorial is extremely fine. It stands on the summit of a grassy knoll, the highest point in the vicinity of the city. Thence the bronze figure looks towards the salient of the red-walled Fort. Behind is the Taj Mahal. At the foot the city lies stretched out in all its picturesque confusion. The unveiling ceremony was simple and reverent. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Knox, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, read the address whose note is indicated in these two paragraphs :—

"Such is the love, such the reverence, which the present generation feel for the memory of the late Queen Victoria, first Empress of India, that this love and this reverence will long survive any memorial, be it of bronze or be it of marble, which can be erected as a token of their existence. It is not therefore mainly with the object of perpetuating the memory of our late great and noble Queen that this and other statues in this province have been erected.

"The thought that inspires this memorial is rather the simple desire to bear witness to the wondrous power which Her late Most Gracious Majesty held over the hearts of all her subjects in this land. Whatever their race, whatever their creed, all have united in one joint memorial to emphasize the confidence felt that in Her Majesty's eyes all were equally precious. And next, through it to proclaim in silent and reverent unison of one and all, the farewell tribute, the farewell blessing—'She wrought her people lasting good.'"

"No words of mine," said the Prince, "are needed to tell you that my revered grandmother loved the Indian people, and that

The Victoria Memorial, Agra.

she bequeathed to my dear father and to me her regard for India. I unveil this statue not only as a memorial of the first Queen-Empress, but also as a memorial of the fact that India knows how to be grateful for her love."

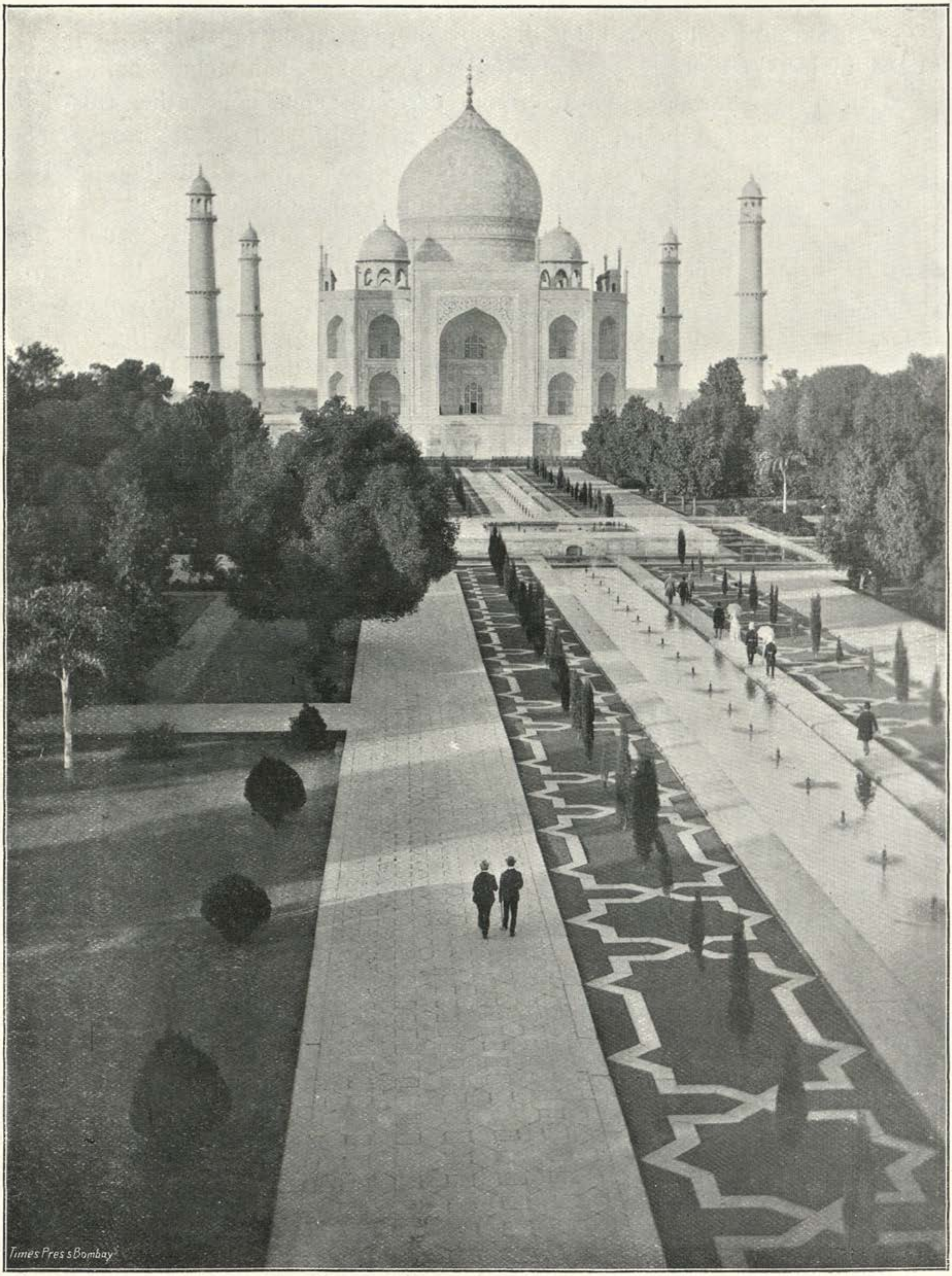
Few people in England, and perhaps not many in India, realise the place Queen Victoria held in the minds of her Indian subjects. How she was, and her memory is, to them, not only the embodiment of these regal virtues—truth, and justice, and integrity,—but the impersonation of that sympathy which finds so ready a response in the Indian heart. Hence the wisdom exhibited in these Provinces of making all memories of her reign personal, so that the community may have ever in their midst the likeness of the Sovereign so deeply beloved by them as the wise, far-seeing Empress and the noble, sympathetic woman.

Unveiling Ceremony : the Royal Arrival.

In the evening, a reception was given by the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, Sir James La Touche, and Lady La Touche, at the Circuit House.

December 19th.

To-day was spent by Their Royal Highnesses in visiting Fatehpur Sikri—"The City of Victory"— the great town built by Akbar in an outburst of pious devotion for the birth of an heir, occupied for a few years, and then given back to the beasts and the birds who held dominion over the plain until the Emperor disturbed their rule. Starting early from the Circuit House, Their Royal Highnesses motored over the broad and well shaded road which links Fatehpur Sikri with its successful rival, Agra. After some time had been spent in viewing the principal buildings, lunch was served in the Daftar Khana. Then the tour of the abandoned town was completed, and in the pleasant coolness of the afternoon the Royal party returned to Agra.

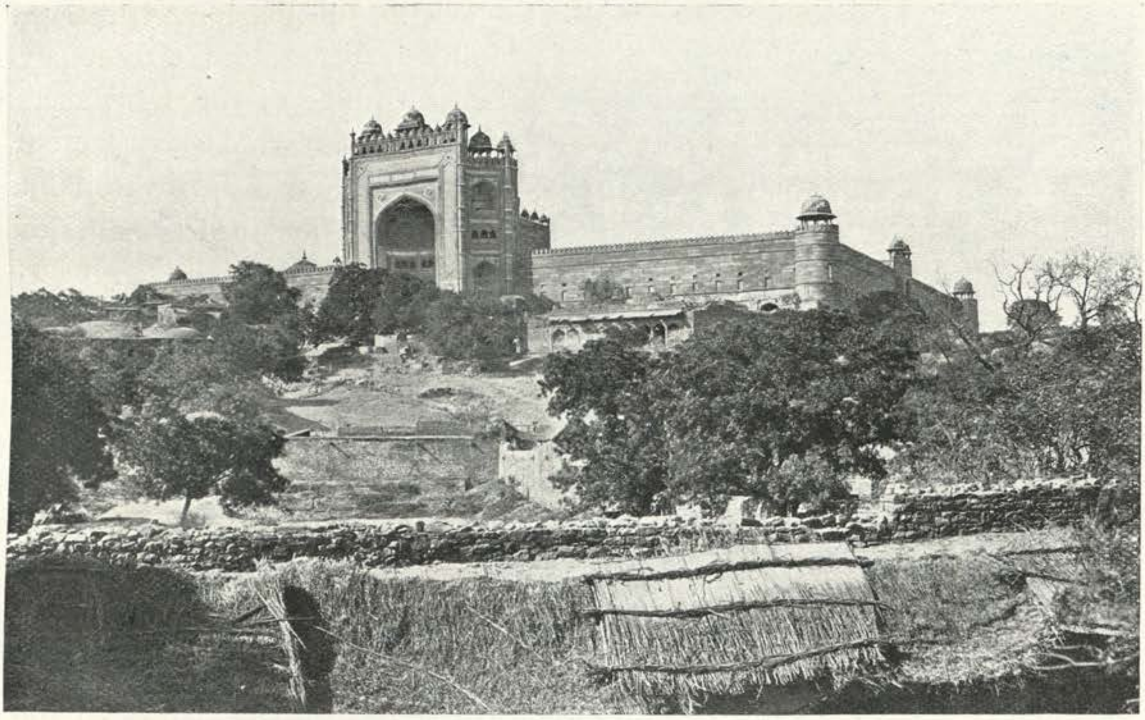

Times Press Bombay

The Prince and Princess visiting the Taj Mahal.

Surely Fatehpur Sikri is the most impressive monument of the power and majesty and taste of the Mughal Court! Shah Jehan built more lavishly, more artistically, and more perfectly; but none other raised a magnificent city in the jungle, stamped it indelibly with the impress of his own great soul, and before the last stone was laid, left it to the bat and the panther and moved his Court elsewhere. To stand on the "Gate of Victory" and gaze over the six miles of crenellated wall, the dry bed of the artificial lake which once laved the fourth side of the city, the riot of mosque, temple, palace and tomb, almost as perfect as the day they were forsaken, is to gain a far truer insight into this magnificence of the Mughal power than can be induced by the contemplation of the Taj Mahal, the Fort at Agra, or even Imperial Delhi. For none but a Titan amongst his contemporaries could have raised this splendid monument to his power and imagination, peopled it with the statesmen, philosophers, priests, artists, and beautiful women who flocked to his Court, and in the full zenith of his fame, whilst his craftsmen were yet busy in the building, discard it like a costly toy, and, in obedience to a whim or a sentiment, draw away and forget it as if it never existed.

This is how the story runs. Three and a half centuries ago, returning from one of his campaigns, Akbar halted at Sikri. Oppressed by the death of his twin children by Mariam Zamani, his Rajput wife, he approached Sheikh Salim Chishti, an ascetic who dwelt in an adjoining cave, and sought his counsel on the subject of an heir. Chishti advised him to come to Sikri, and nine months later Mariam gave birth, in the cave of the Saint, to a son called after the ascetic Salim, and known to history as Jehangier. In his gratitude, Akbar built the city of Sikri, afterwards called Fatehpur, or Victory, after the conquest of Gujarat. There he raised the Buland Darwaza, the noblest portal in India, whose majestic proportions are visible for miles around, to celebrate the conquest of the Sesodia capital of Chitor, the Jumma Masjid, the purest and most elevated of Mahomedan fanes, the Diwan-i-khas, concerning whose exact use archæologists still dispute, his own modest apartments, and the palaces which are as perfect as the day he left them; and dug the lake which broke the aridity of the plain. Why, in the plenitude of its glory, was the new city so completely cast aside that in a few years the wild beasts made it dangerous of approach? One story is that it was unhealthy, another that the water-supply was deficient, a third that Chishti, annoyed by the bustle of the city's life, said he or the Emperor must go—and the Emperor went. It could have been no very active cause that did not find exact record in the full history of his reign.

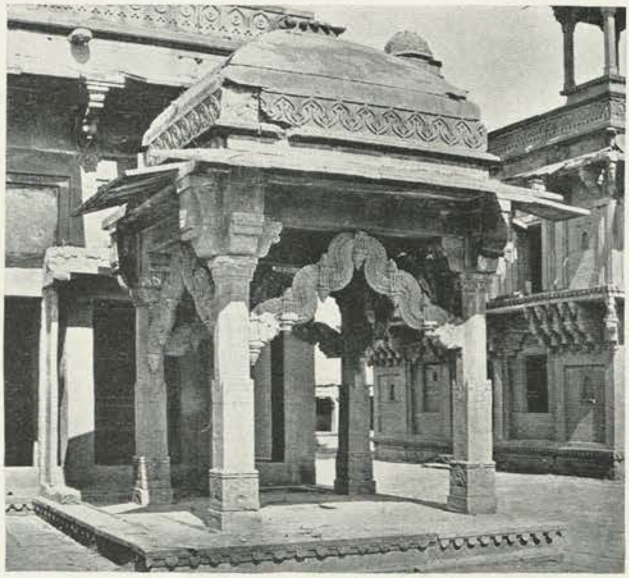
But whilst the vivid desertion of Fatehpur Sikri affronts by the audacity and wastefulness of its abandonment, the city fascinates by the completeness with which the characteristics of the founder are wrought into the fabric. Without other guide, his brief capital affords an index both to the cast of his mind and the main purpose of his life. Akbar's strong, virile, masculine being sought a fitting medium in the rugged red sandstone of the vicinity, and marble was but sparingly employed in works. His noble soul found its best expression in dignity and breadth rather than in subtle perfection of detail, and only in the adornment of the feminine apartments was the decorative skill of his Hindu architects allowed to run riot. The Buland Darwaza, or "Gate of Victory", bespeaks the soldier. Simple almost to the point of bareness, this splendid portal, standing on the point of the ridge over which the Court buildings are scattered, impresses by the sheer majesty of its proportions, and for miles around it was a visible sign of the power of Akbar's sword. The Jumma Masjid reveals the deep religious mind. In the reserve and dignity of its decorations it is unsurpassed, and the cloisters of the great square are true haunts of peace. The marked Hindu feeling in Jodbhai's Palace, Mariam's House, and Birbal's House, betrays the catholicity of his artistic instincts and his love for the solid and enduring. The variety of ornamentation in the Turkish Sultana's House and other



"The Gate of Victory," Fatehpur Sikri.

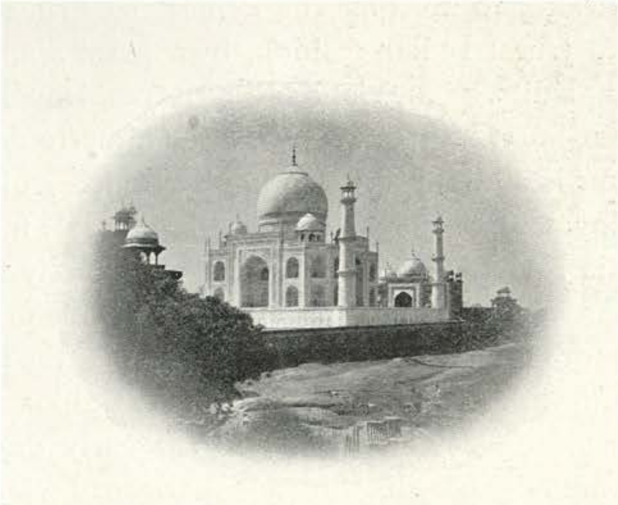
of the women's apartments, discloses the lighter side of his æsthetic tastes. Then this grouping of Hindu, Jain, and Saracenic styles in his new city, all of which are embodied in the quaint five-storied pavilion known as the Panch Mahal, evidences the liberality of mind and broadness of vision which distinguished Akbar from all his contemporaries. Fatehpur Sikri is the man himself in stone.

The most absorbing memorials of Akbar's life and reign that Fatehpur Sikri enshrines are the monuments to his wide religious tolerance in an age of bigotry. The Jumma Masjid is the declaration of his early Mahomedan belief, but in the pulpit he stood to pronounce the new all-embracing faith, which, dispensing with a priesthood, recognised only one God, the Maker of the Universe, and Akbar as God's vicegerent on earth. Near the Diwan-i-khas is the "Yogi's" seat of one of the Hindu *fakirs* who enjoyed his favour. The hospital is the model of that set up by the Jesuit Fathers, who were also permitted to erect a church and instruct the Emperor in the principles of the Christian religion. On one of the portals of the Buland Darwaza is written in Arabic: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there'." In the Ibadat Khana the learned men of all religions assembled for discussion. Akbar's new state faith died with him, as it was bound to do; but never sought man more diligently for the truth. It was no real failure to have aimed so high.



The Seat of the Hindu Saint: Fatehpur Sikri.

With all its strength and freshness, which make Fatehpur Sikri not a ruined city, not a city of desolation, but just an abandoned city, which yesterday might have pulsated with warm life, there are those human links which preserve it from hardness. In the exquisite marble lace work of Sheikh Chishti's tomb are the little coloured threads of hope tied by the women who suffer from childlessness—the greatest curse in the East. On the gates of Buland Darwaza are the horse-shoes, nailed as votive offerings by those whose steeds are sick. Sir Pratab Singh says that in the palmy days of Rajput chivalry, if the enemy's gates could be neither blown nor beaten in, a band of chosen horsemen, blindfolding their steeds, would gallop madly at the wooden barrier, dashing themselves to pulp, but carrying all before them. In the modest house near the Masjid lived Abdul Faz, who, coming to Court as a minstrel, compiled the classical Ain-i-Akbari which records in detail the events of Akbar's reign. The gentle-mannered guide who pilots you through the mazes of the city is a lineal descendant of the great Sheikh Chishti, in whose honour Akbar raised Fatehpur Sikri, at whose behest he is said to have quitted it. Having been ridiculously overpaid he importunes you for another rupee, and haggles over the value of cheap photographs !



Agra : The Last Glimpse.

CHAPTER XVII.

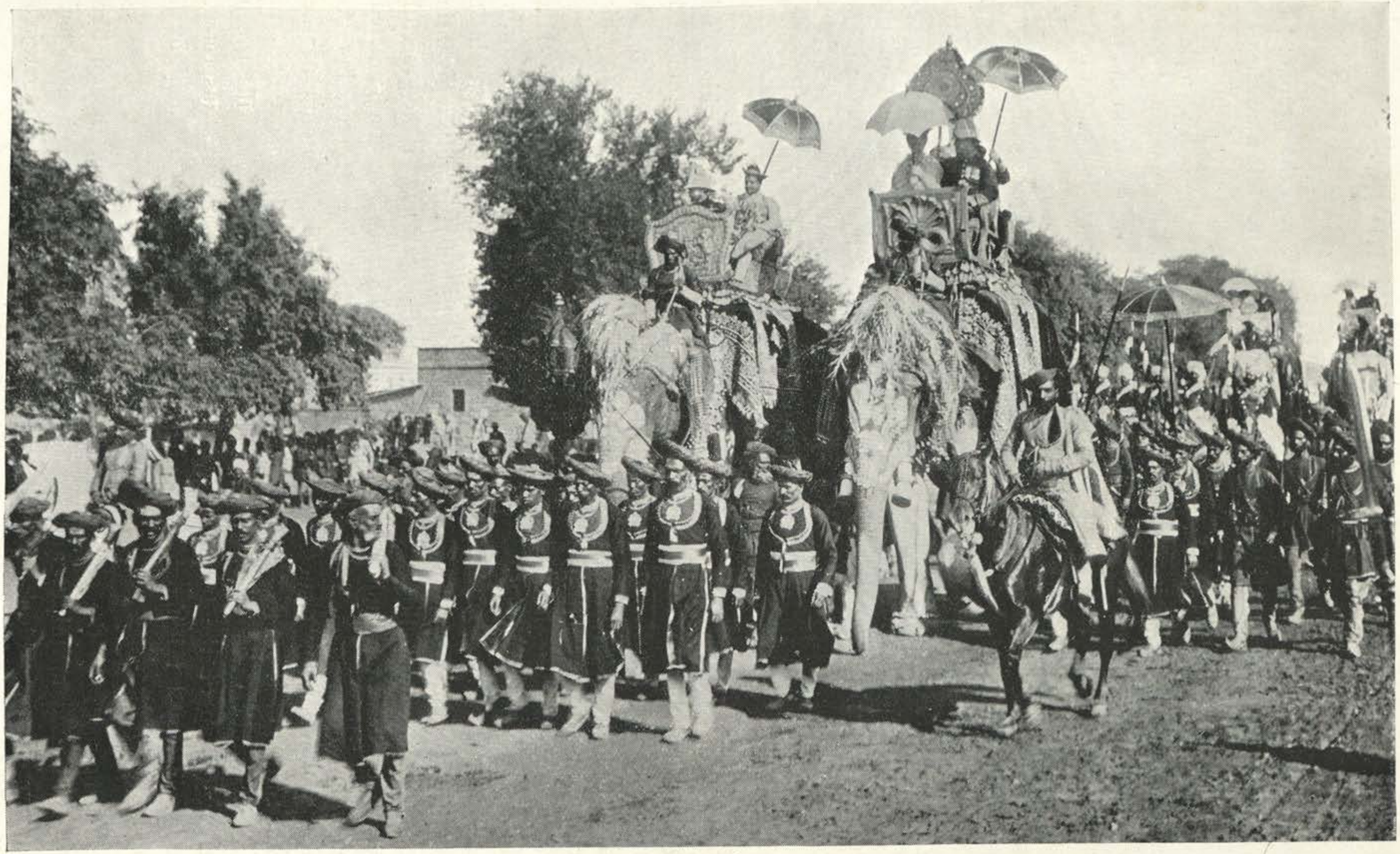
A Mahratta State.

AN IMPERIAL WELCOME—PROCESSION OF GORGEOUSLY-CAPARISONED ELEPHANTS—A TYPICAL MAHRATTA CITY—THE DREAD MAHRATTA HORSE—EASTERN POMP AND CIVIC REFORM—REVIEW OF THE STATE TROOPS—A QUAINT SHAM FIGHT—THE STATE BANQUET: SCINDIA'S STOUT PLEDGE OF LOYALTY—A DAY IN THE JUNGLE—EXCITING EXPERIENCES—CHRISTMAS IN CAMP—THE PRINCESS' FETE—A FINE TIGER BAGGED—MEMORIES OF GWALIOR.

GWALIOR, *December 20th.*

IT was reserved for His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the truest Indian fashion, by a great state procession on elephants. The elephant is the real Imperial beast. The four-horsed carriage which has hitherto done duty on the tour is a recent importation by comparison, and the employment of elephants on a large scale for the entry into this Mahratta city invested the ceremony with a far more distinctive Indian character than any which have gone before. At Udaipur the feudatories were more interesting, because they lined the route in the torn costumes and battered armour of centuries ago. At Jaipur the assemblage of retainers more accurately depicted India in the early days of villainous saltpetre. But the march of gorgeously-caparisoned elephants through Gwalior was the real Imperial India. It was instinct with the spirit of the East, and yielded a series of the most oriental pictures Their Royal Highnesses have yet seen.

A noble sight it was to see thirty-six of these regal brutes, in all the pomp and circumstance of eastern state, arrayed in readiness for the Royal visitors. Those for the Prince and Princess were gigantic animals, painted from head to foot a slatey grey, with the Prince of Wales' feathers on their foreheads, the historic motto "Ich Dien" beneath, and a riot of fanciful ornamentation in green and vermilion round eyes and ears. Their howdahs were of carven wood sheathed in beaten gold; trappings of crimson



Entering Gwalior: The Elephant Procession.

cloth, heavily broidered with Scindia's arms, almost swept the ground. In their ears were huge earrings of gold, their massive frontals were sheathed with gold mail and screened with shields of rhinoceros hide, whilst solid silver chains ringed their huge ankles. The mahouts bore fly-whisks of peacock feathers, fixed in sockets of gold studded with gems, and urged on their unwieldy chargers with goads of solid gold; whilst from the trappings hung silver-gilt bells, which tinkled melodiously as the brutes moved restlessly from side to side. Except that silver was substituted for gold, the accoutrements of the elephants for the Staff were scarcely less magnificent. Here the decorative fancy of the mahouts was given freer play. A favourite device was of twin tigers, the tails beginning jointly down the trunk and bifurcating into two vividly yellow tigers, one round each eye of the elephant. The eye of the tiger corresponded with that of the elephant, and when the beast winked, it looked for all the world as if the tiger were alive. Beyond, again, on a score of the elephants just as brilliantly painted and with sweeping cloths of crimson and orange, were the principal Sirdars of the State.

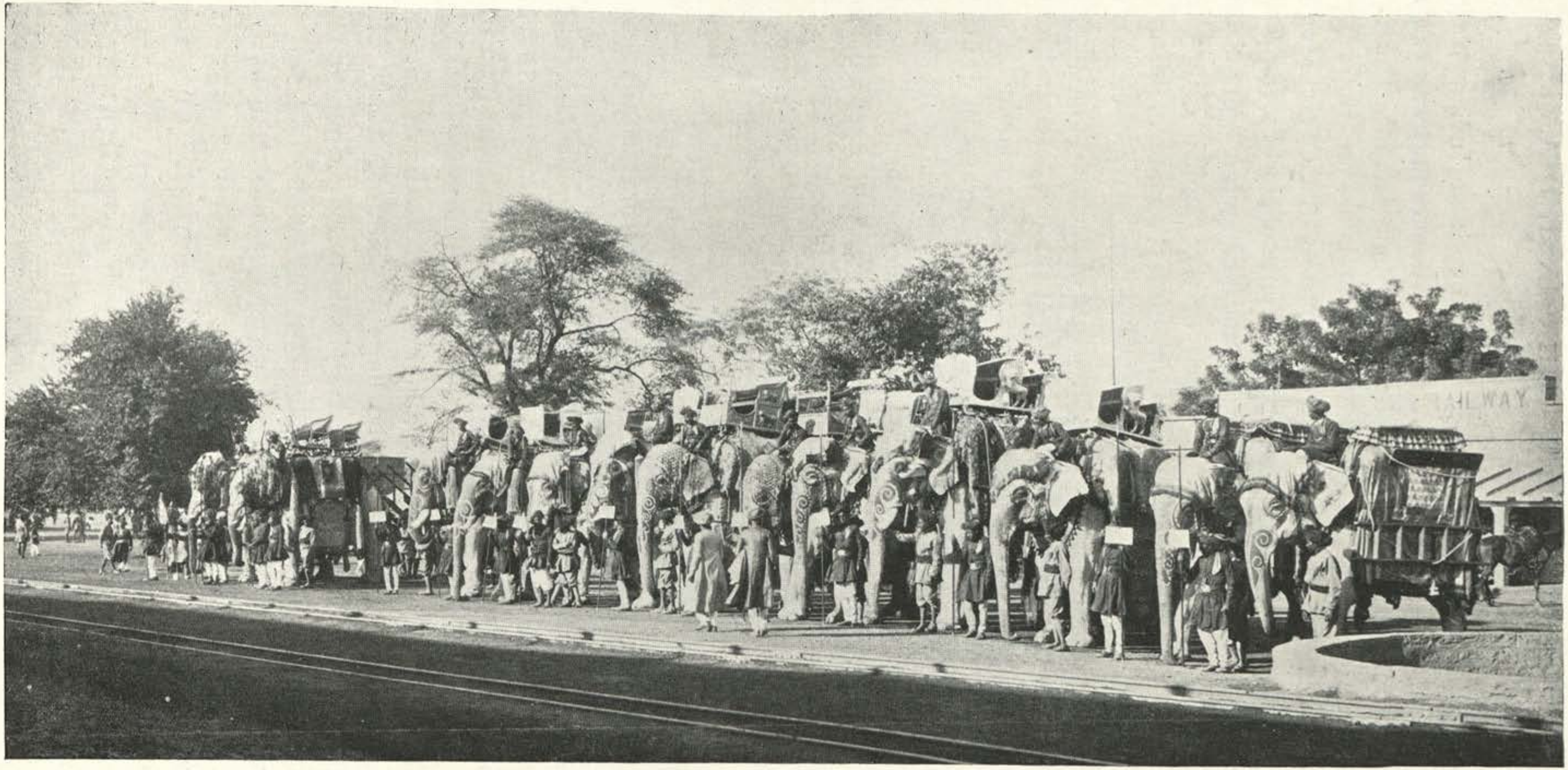
Escorted by smart Imperial Service Lancers in blue and white, and footmen in ochre and claret liveries, Her Highness the Maharani and her mother drove to the station and passed into the purdah enclosure. A little later came His Highness, an intensely alert and active figure in a pink surtout, embroidered with gold and crossed with the ribbon of the Victorian Order, and wearing the characteristically cocked Mahratta turban. His only ornament was a necklace of pearls of priceless value. As the train steamed in the Prince and Princess were received by the Maharaja, whilst the guns from the fine old fort, which crowns the hill rising like a gigantic battleship from the yellow plain, roared out a Royal salute. In the graceful pavilion of delicate shades of pink, yellow, and green, were gathered the Maharaja's guests, including General Sir Archibald Hunter, but no figure was more conspicuous than that of sprightly little Sitolin, as the senior Sirdar of the State, booted and spurred, and in the smart uniform of the Gwalior Cadet Corps. The guard-of-honour, in dark rifle green and forage cap of the fashion of the Gurkha regiments, was inspected, and Their Royal Highnesses mounted the Royal elephants by a flight of easy steps.

The scenes in the streets of this typical Mahratta city, though like many witnessed in Jaipur and Udaipur, had their own peculiar character. There were the matchlock-men with covered guns, who guard the Maharaja's sleep, the camelry with wooden swivel blunderbusses, the spearmen, the circus horses with nodding plumes and garters of green and silver, Imperial Service Lancers in neat uniforms, Imperial Service Infantry in riflemen's green, and Household Troops with obsolete rifles. All this we have seen before on many occasions, but not the wiry swordsmen on tough countrybreds, who stood silently in the second line. For these were the descendants of the dread Mahratta Horse, who wore down the Mughal power and scourged India from Satara to Delhi and from Bombay to the Bay of Bengal. Bassein, with its ruined walls, Calcutta with its Mahratta ditch, Delhi with its story of a captive sovereign, Rajputana with its shorn districts, and the Central Provinces with their towers of refuge, bear witness to the widespread power of these irregular cavalry in their palmy days—these "Deccani Rats," in the phrase of John Jacob, who drilled them into stout frontier soldiery. Besides these survivals of a great fighting force, there was a distinctiveness in the decorations and the crowd. Failing flowers, the roadside burst into trees with paper palm-shaped leaves and brilliant blossoms, and myriads of flags. The people clustered most thickly on the prow of the rock fort and the streets near the palace. As they were garbed for the most part in white, with gorgeous headgear, the play of light on the brilliant turbans was delightful.

Through scenes thus recalling the wild Mahratta days the procession moved onwards to the palace at a walk. The spectacle as it passed under the gateway was extraordinarily picturesque. The State Lancers with dancing lance pennons lined the road, and the women crowding on the flat house-tops splashed the background with colour. Down this guarded way came the camels with their soft, swishing motion, mounted swordsmen, with their war-horns wailing and tom-toms beating erratically, more swordsmen in quilted doublets of purple and orange pantaloons, cavalry with squealing fifes, and footmen bearing the heraldic emblems of the State. Now the road was alive with showy chargers caparisoned in red and gold and silver, with bells on their backs and garters round their knees. These passed, and it was crowded with porters carrying gilded palanquins. Following the mounted band that played "God bless the Prince of Wales," were the State Lancers with fluttering pennons and gleaming lance points, and they in turn gave way to a powerfully-horsed battery in column of route.

Again the scene changed, and one stepped back a century in beholding a swarm of spearmen carrying enormous weapons and accompanied by raucous music, and then to the present again, when another mounted band played up the Cadet Corps. The Maharaja maintains, amongst other educational institutions, two colleges for the sons of his Sirdars,—one to fit them for civil employ and the other to equip them for duty with the Imperial Service Troops. Both joined in furnishing this part of the escort, and uncommonly smart they looked, too, in uniforms of blue and white, well-mounted and sitting like soldiers. All this was but the prelude to the great feature of the day—the elephant procession. Round the bend in the road came the head of the column, two abreast,—His Royal Highness riding with the Maharaja, and the Princess of Wales with Major Daly, the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India. When the road was blocked with these monstrous beasts, shuffling along with their peculiar gait, their gay trappings glistening in the strong sunlight, it was indeed a vivid blaze of colour, and as they passed under the gateway the melodious notes of their silver bells pleasantly smote the ear. Through the gardens wound Their Royal Highnesses and their retinue, round the great courtyard of the palace, and so to the main entrance, where all dismounted. The Prince and Princess were so struck with their experience that they came to the front of the palace to see the painted monsters led away.

The palace at Gwalior is a huge, modern pile, in the Italian fashion, and washed the whitest of whites. But the hall, where the durbar was held soon after Their Royal Highnesses' arrival, is a more restful apartment, decorated in cream and gold, with some of the largest glass chandeliers ever made. The ceremony was quite unique in its way, combining a durbar with the formal and return visits, and was watched with keen appreciation by the Princess from the library. Having been received with all ceremony and conducted to the chair of state, His Royal Highness entered into close conversation with Scindia. The Maharaja personally presented his twelve leading Sirdars, commencing with little Sitolin—men in whom the Mahratta characteristics were very strongly marked. Then entered a solemn body of perfectly-drilled retainers who bore trays with the vessels containing *attar* and *pan* and gold-braided garlands, and the ceremonial ornaments and weapons to be presented to His Royal Highness, and laid them on the ground. The presents comprised beautifully embroidered cloths of every kind, the ornaments were studded with diamonds, and the weapons included everything from a bow and arrow to muzzle-loading gun. Outside were arrayed the ceremonial gifts of animals, five elephants and six horses. The Maharaja gave *attar* and *pan* to His Royal Highness, and put a handsome garland round his neck. The Prince garlanded the Maharaja in return, the gifts—for no gifts were accepted—were removed and the Prince left.



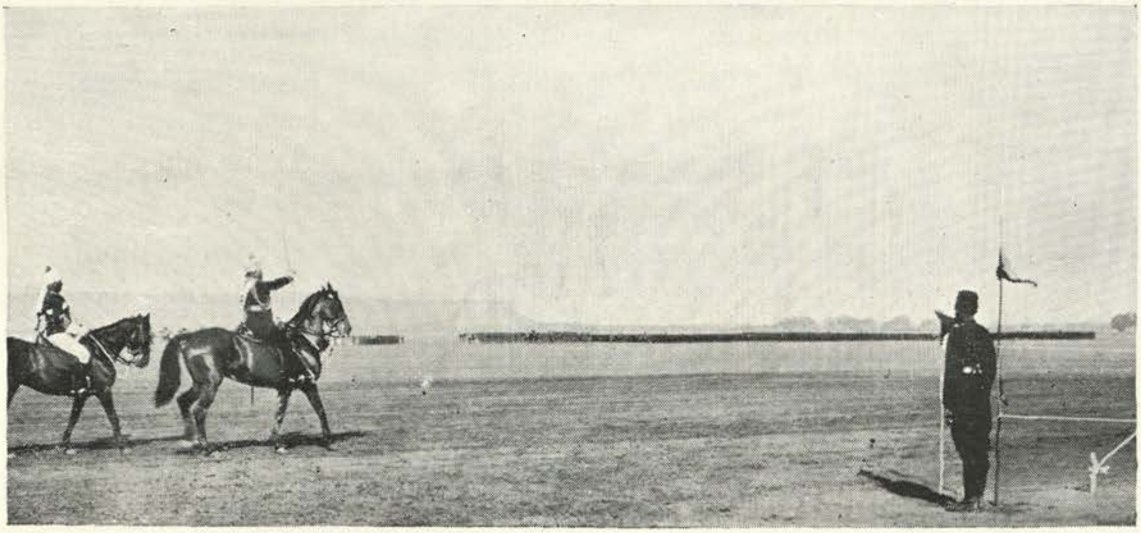
The State Elephants, Gwalior.

The rapidity with which the scenes change in an Indian Native State taxes even the most mercurial imagination. The morning was passed in an environment recalling the days of Akbar and Shah Jehan. The setting of the Royal entrance to Gwalior might have been taken from the pages of Sir Ralph Fitch's diary of the mission to the court of the Great Mughal with letters from Queen Elizabeth ; that of the afternoon, when the Prince and Princess opened the new town market and inaugurated an electric light supply, evoked recollections of the work of the English county councils. This morning the Maharaja was the oriental potentate of history and of romance, seated in a gold-sheathed howdah on a regal elephant, robed in shimmering silks and wearing pearls the size of the traditional pigeon's egg ; this afternoon, as he headed the procession of municipal councillors in the capacity of president of the corporation, he was the embodiment of western civic activity. Yet one grows so used to these contrasts in India, and so subtly have these peculiarly English institutions been grafted on the age-worn Asian stock, that they never induce a sense of incongruity. The drive back to the palace was through streets softly illuminated with open oil lamps and crowded with as dense and as pleased throngs of people as any which have met Their Royal Highnesses in this eventful progress. But the most effective feature of the decorations—a feature more pleasing even than the illumination of the old fort and a blaze of fireworks therefrom—was flight after flight of fire balloons. These were sent up in their hundreds until they formed a new milky way of enormous stars right across the firmament.

December 21st.

Everyone was early astir this morning, for at nine o'clock the Prince was to review the military force, which the Maharaja Scindia maintains, on the plain that lies about three miles from the palace. The review ground was charmingly situated--a great stretch of yellow alluvium, enclosed in an amphitheatre of low hills and ringed with trees. The huge fort-crowned rock, looking more like a battleship than ever, formed a fitting background. Sunlight and shadow wrought fascinating changes upon its scarred and rugged face, now wrapping it in the softest purple, now, as the unclouded sun beat upon it, revealing every line and house and battlement. To the left, a modest hillock was spotted with the people who had come in holiday attire to witness the display; to the right was the stand erected for the Princess of Wales, with *purdah* arrangements for the Maharani. For though Her Highness of Gwalior observes the strictest seclusion, no ceremony is held in the State without thoughtful provision for her to witness it. In the centre were massed the troops—Horse Artillery, Elephant and Bullock Batteries, Cavalry, Infantry and Sappers. Besides his Household Troops, the Maharaja Scindia maintains three regiments of Imperial Service Cavalry, two of Infantry, and a Sapper Company. There paraded two Batteries of Horse Artillery, three Regiments of Cavalry, one Bullock Battery, one Elephant Battery, a Company of Sappers, and four Regiments of Infantry—a total of just under five thousand of all arms, under the command of the Maharaja himself.

Now there emerged from the dark line of trees over which the white towers of the palace were just visible a line of crimson and amber blotches. These were the elephants of the Sirdars in their gorgeous trappings, coming to take up their position with the camelry, the swordsmen, the spearmen and the palanquin-bearers on the line of route. A darker and larger patch indicated the approach of the Prince and Princess, escorted by a detachment of Lancers, and the pleasant-faced, clean-limbed and smartly turned out Cadets of the Sirdars' Schools. A mile or so away the patch broke in half, the Prince galloping up to the line with his Staff, the Princess driving past the saluting point before the carriage turned on the parade ground to carry Her Royal Highness at a walk down the whole length of the line. Of the parade what is to be said that has not already been said of the review of Punjab Imperial Service Troops at Lahore, and the great array of armed might at Rawal Pindi? Well, this—that the five thousand men who marched past the Prince to-day were all the troops of one Indian Chief and of the head of a great Mahratta State; that they represented the various stages in



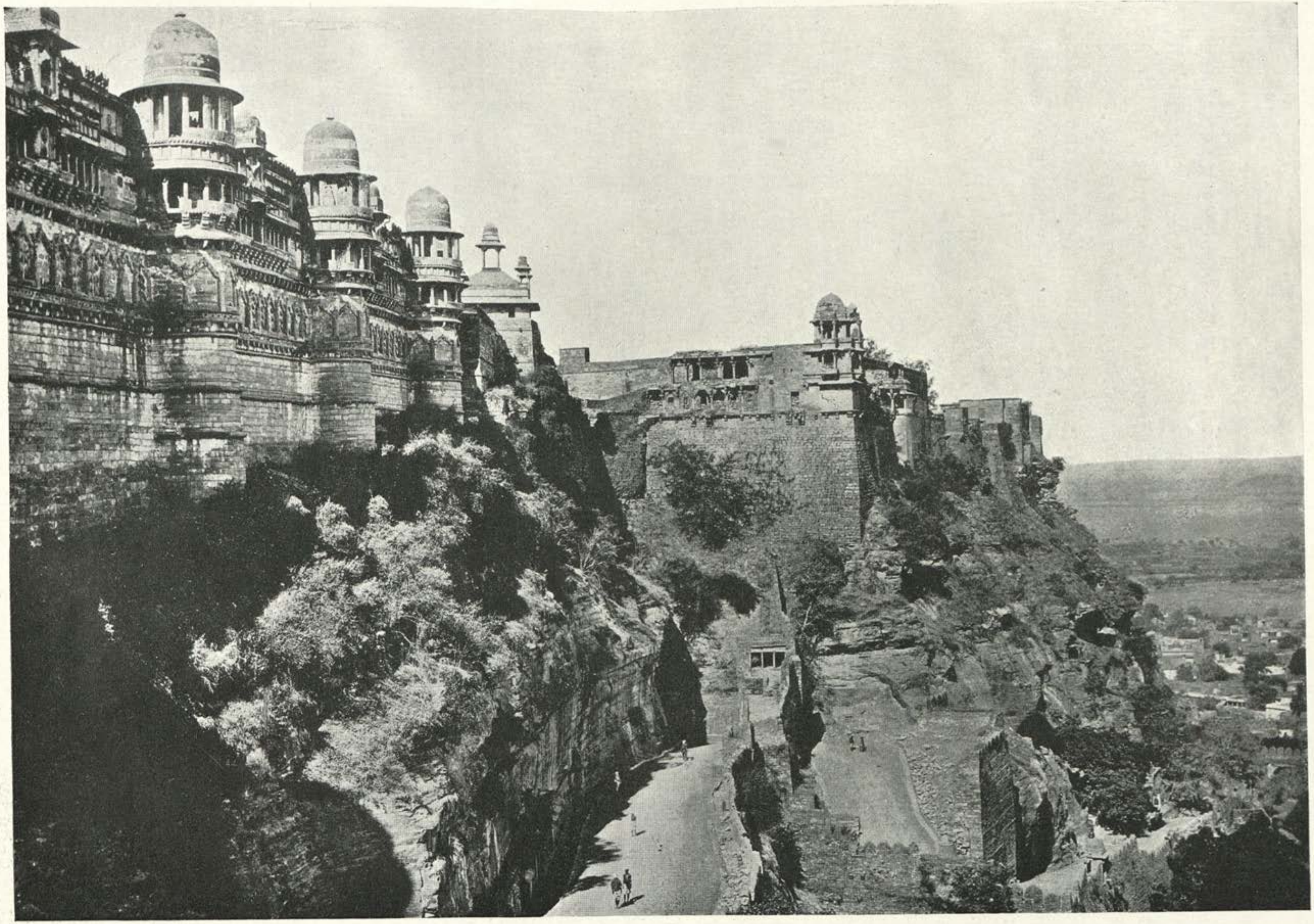
The Maharaja Scindia saluting.

the evolution of the Imperial Service Forces, which, to the extent of nearly an Army Corps, are the free contribution of the great feudatories to the defence of Hindustan; and that they embodied certain picturesque units in the military forces which are being swept aside by the stern utilitarianism of modern warfare.

First there marched past the Cavalry Band, and the Staff, with the Maharaja in rear—a soldierly figure in the uniform of a British Colonel crossed with the Star of India ribbon, and mounted on a grand bay. Saluting, he rode into position near the Prince's right and made way for the Artillery. These advanced in column of batteries, well disciplined and powerfully horsed with Walers, but with muzzle-loading smooth-bores. The Cavalry Brigade passed in column of squadrons, and presented a gallant sight in their blue and white uniforms and dancing pennons. The Elephant and Bullock Batteries represented those historic elements in the Indian Army which, having fulfilled their purpose, are passing away. The elephant has already been superseded in our heavy batteries, because he is such a mighty trencherman that it is hard to keep him supplied on campaign, and the day of the bullock is drawing to a close. Then came the company of Sappers in khaki, their mule-borne tools rattling, and the Infantry in column of double companies. First the Household Troops in rifle-green and some in scarlet, with muzzle-loading guns and long triangular bayonets, afterwards the Imperial Service Regiments, quite recently raised, with Lee-Metfords tipped with stabbing steel, and all with a medallion of the Maharaja in their headgear. Back came the Infantry in line of quarter column, and the Artillery and Cavalry at the trot.

Hitherto there had only been the interludes which seem inseparable from every public display. The inevitable dog trotted to and fro as gravely as if it were the most important part of the pageant, and an Indian jay fluttered in front of the Prince, its azure wings flashing in the sunlight like those of an enormous butterfly. But as the Horse Artillery thundered by at the gallop, a graver episode occurred. Just opposite the Prince the off wheeler of the middle team apparently put his foot over the trace and came down with a crash. The dust was so thick that this could not be seen from behind, and it seemed as if the third Battery, following hot upon it, must collide. One of the Staff galloping into the fog stopped it, and soon the fallen horse was up and the Battery away, none being one whit the worse. Galloping

The Maharaja.



THE FORT, GWALIOR.

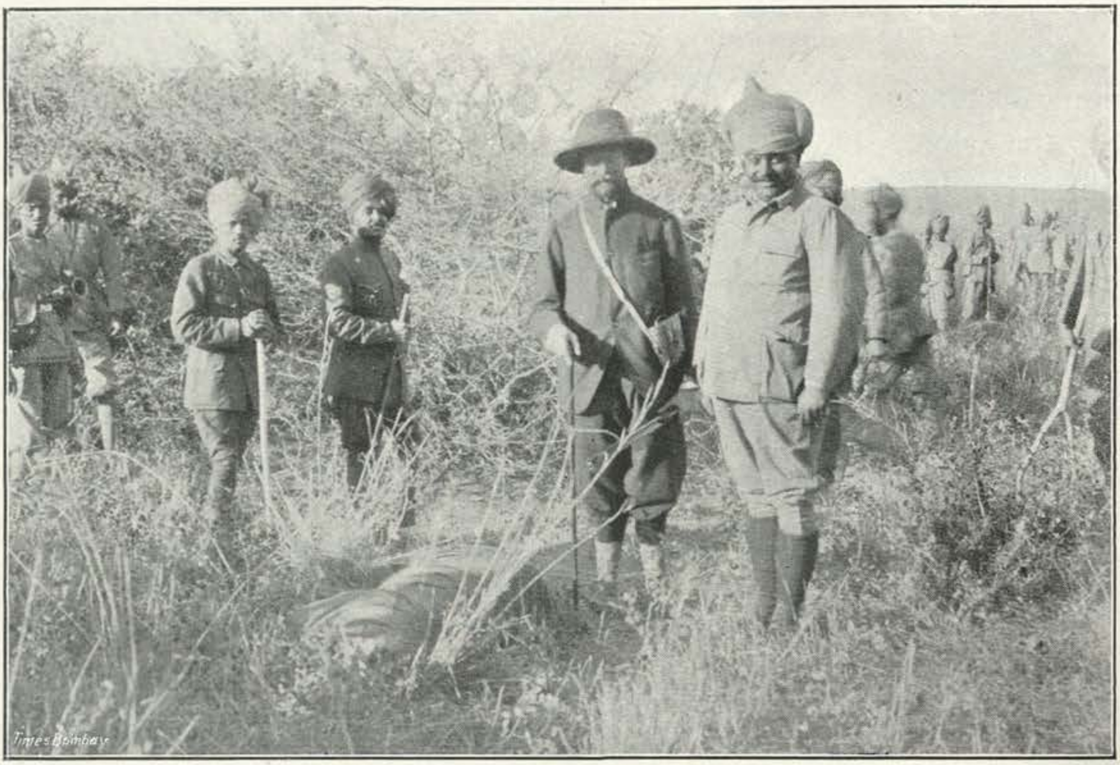
out, the Maharaja placed himself at the head of his Cavalry and brought them up at the gallop in line of squadron columns—a gallant sight indeed, and the fitting climax to a well-organised and well-executed review. His Royal Highness warmly complimented the Maharaja on the parade, and then, when the troops were drawn up in a crescent, presented medals to nine sowars and two sappers for service in South Africa. It has not fallen to the lot of Scindia to send his troops on foreign service, but everyone remembers the princely generosity with which he placed his horses at the disposal of Government for employment in South Africa, and equipped a splendid hospital-ship for use with the China Expeditionary Force.

On the east side of the parade ground there was a performance of quite a different character in the afternoon, closing with a realistic sham fight. A squad of the 1st Infantry gave a clever display of semaphore signalling and the 4th Infantry an exhibition of Indian club exercise. There was also a picturesque musical ride by sections representing the military dress of different periods in the history of Gwalior, from the reign of the Maharaja Mahadji Scindia to the present day—periods as far apart as men in chain armour to men in the smart uniforms with magazine rifles of the Imperial Service Lancers. But the crux of the entertainment was the mimic combat between the state troops and a Chinese Army for the possession of a battlemented and bastioned fort that sprang like magic out of the plain. This was conducted with infinite zest and spirit. The scouts advanced spying out the land over their recumbent horses, and the Chinese cavalry charged with true Mongolian yells. The plain was littered with dead and wounded who were carried off in litters, or were doubled up behind the more fortunate horsemen. The guns blazed at each other, artillery from the encircling hills joining in the fray, cavalry charged wildly, and infantry peppered away with blank at a range of ten yards. Finally, the enemy having abandoned the fort, the victorious General decided to blow it up. Flames having been started by artillery fire, the fortalice vanished with a most satisfactory amount of fire and smoke and explosion. The concluding tableau was when the conquering army marched their prisoners back with bands playing, torches flaming, and the Tartar General, an unwilling spectator of the enemy's triumph, being carried in his own sedan chair. The Prince and Princess, with all the Maharaja's guests, enjoyed it hugely, and returned to camp immediately it was over in order to get ready for the state dinner.

The banquet, which was held in the new dining hall of the palace, was attended by a hundred guests. Conspicuous amongst many novel and ingenious decorations was a tiny railway that ran round the central table, carrying the wine. Dinner over, the Maharaja joined his Royal guests and in a speech ringing with his own masculine, practical patriotism proposed the health of the Prince and Princess. "Whatever useful work has been or is being undertaken in the various departments of my State, has but one ultimate goal—to help towards the stability of the British Empire, and with that end in view to ameliorate the condition of the people over whom I am called upon to rule." "Wherever Your Royal Highnesses travel in India you will see on the triumphal arches and in the addresses read to you the words 'Loyalty and devotion to the Crown.' If I say little on this subject it is because I feel all the more deeply. My hope and ambition is that the day may come when my army and I may, by our acts, show not only what is on our lips but in our hearts." These were the salient points in a speech stamped by sincerity and depth of feeling. The tone of exceptional cordiality that has marked the relations of Scindia with his guest was reflected in His Royal Highness' response. The Prince at once recognised the Maharaja's practical statesmanship when he said "His goal is the stability of the British Empire, and to attain that goal he sees that he must strive—and indeed he is striving with all his characteristic energy—to improve the condition of his people." The personal note was deepened when the Prince conveyed "My dear father's warm messages of esteem and goodwill, and I am glad to have another message which, I am sure, will please Your Highness. You have been appointed Honorary Colonel of the Indian Regiment of which I am proud to be Colonel-in-Chief; the 1st Lancers will be as delighted as I am to welcome you as one of us."

December 22nd.

To-day was wholly given up to a shooting excursion. Leaving the palace soon after breakfast, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Maharaja, motored to Paniar, about twenty miles from Gwalior. There the road came to an end and the Prince rode to the shooting tower, about a mile and a half away, whilst the Princess was carried in a palanquin. In this part of Central India, as in Rajputana, tiger generally frequent certain convenient nullahs. So fixed are these customs that if a tiger is killed in a favourite nullah one week it is almost certain that another will be there before the month is much older. Hence it is the custom not to shoot from *machans*—small platforms concealed in the trees—but from small towers erected in advantageous positions. It was on one of these towers that Their Royal Highnesses waited the appearance of the tiger to-day.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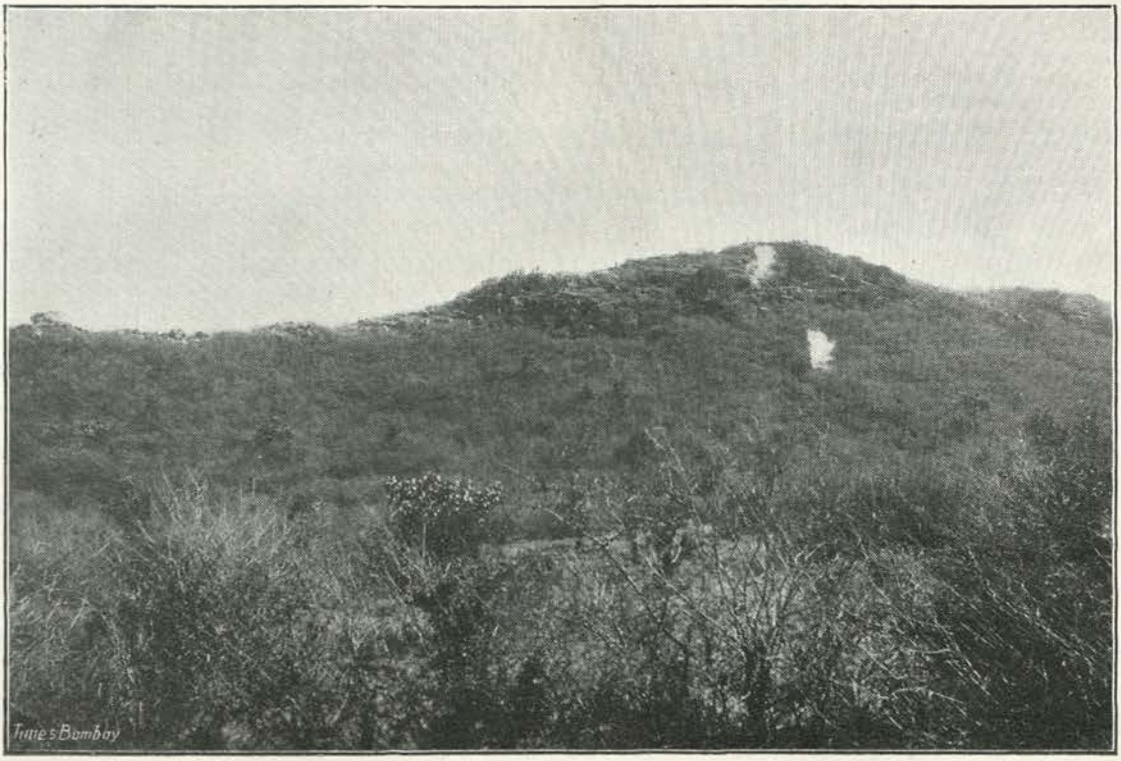
A SHOOTING EXCURSION: THE PRINCE AND THE MAHARAJA.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THE SHOOTING GROUND.

The tower commanded a big nullah into which ran several lesser clefts and the ground was covered with a good deal of leafy growth, for this is early in the season for big game shooting. It was indeed very much like a big Devonshire combe when winter has stripped the trees of most of their foliage. There were some three hundred beaters out, most of them state troops, and crowning the ridges, they at once began to work towards the tower. This was a long business and the stars were not auspicious. A tigress and two cubs were observed, but it was not until half past three o'clock that His Royal Highness got a shot; then a tiger was seen moving through the leafy growth about eighty yards from the tower at a half trot. The Prince marked down the spot where he intended to shoot, waited coolly, and then placed a bullet just behind the shoulder, killing the beast at once. It was a beautiful shot, admirably timed and placed, but the tiger was a young one. No other shot was fired, and as it was evident that sport was at an end for the day, Their Royal Highnesses returned to the motor terminus, where they lunched. From the sporting standpoint it was not a productive day, but as an excursion into the jungle it was delightful. The weather has changed and it is now colder and crisper and delightfully stimulating. The scene at Paniar, too, was picturesque and very characteristic of the jungle in this part of the country.

December 24th.

The scene of yesterday's tiger shoot was at Tikanpur, twenty miles from the palace. It provided the most interesting and exciting day's sport the Prince of Wales has yet enjoyed.

The Tikanpur shooting tower stands upon a small saddle joining two longish slopes which rise into stone bluffs. The sides were covered with dense thorn jungle, affording plenty of good shelter and making the beat by no means an easy matter. Some hundreds of the army were engaged in the task, and a well-managed and patient beat put up a tigress in full view of the Prince. But the ground was broken with small water-courses, and as the beast was galloping at full speed she did not afford an easy shot. It was difficult to say whether His Royal Highness' bullet had struck her. Sir Pertab Singh was positive that it did, and as subsequent events showed, he was right. The look-outs declared that the tigress had not left the slope of the second hill, which she entered after being wounded. There she was in the thick thorny growth, and she had to be dislodged.

This was no easy matter. The jungle was so thick that the beaters could scarcely see fifteen yards from them, and to turn a wounded tigress out of this growth required no little skill and address. With extraordinary quickness, the Maharaja, who was the animating personality of the shoot, gathered his beaters, worked them up the hill and brought them back from the opposite direction. It was hoped to drive the tigress back past His Royal Highness and so afford him a chance of a second shot. Every effort, however, proved futile. She lay tight under a bluff, and it illustrates the thickness of the jungle to say that some of the beaters were for half-an-hour within twenty-five yards of the spot where she was crouching and did not see her. After nearly two hours' persistent effort she was dislodged. A Woof! Woof! showed that her lair had been discovered and with a terrific roar she charged down on the line of beaters.

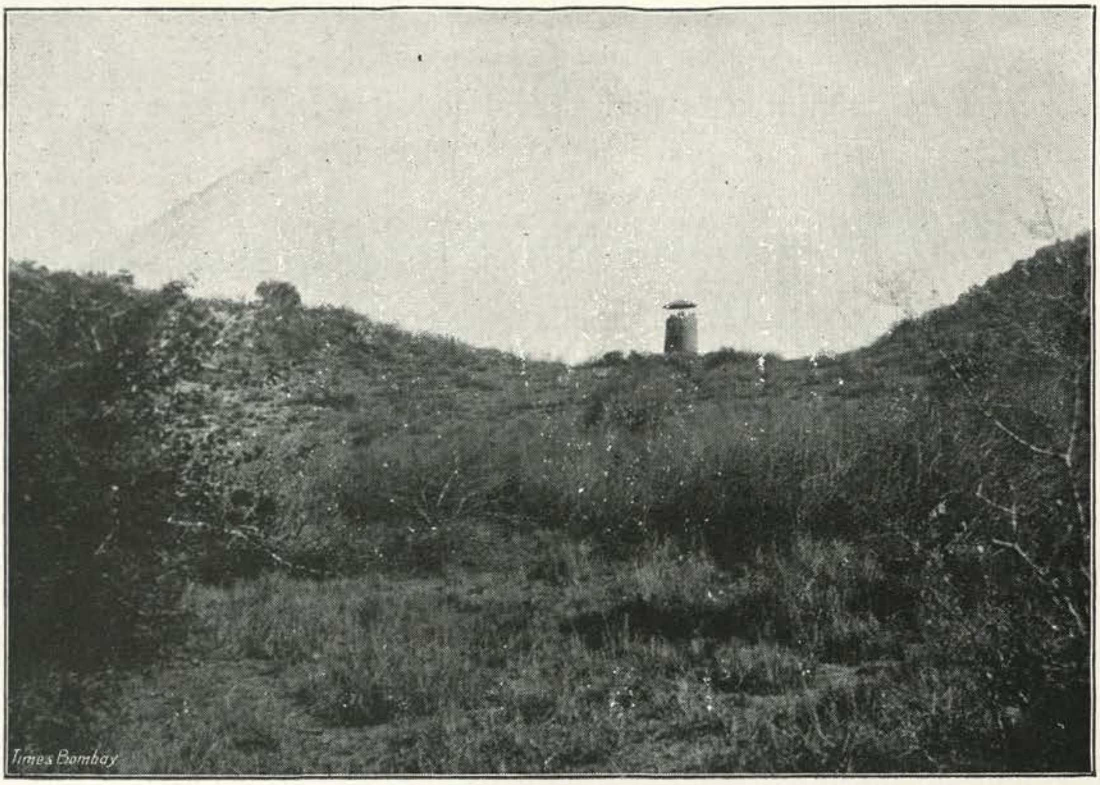
No one who knows the Maharaja needs to be told that he was where the scent was warmest and the beat most active. No one who knows those good sportsmen—Sir Pertab Singh and General Stuart Beatson—needs to be told that they were on foot with him; the latter carried no more deadly weapon than a stout stick. With almost unerring fatality it was in the direction of this group that the wounded beast charged. Sir Pertab Singh turned her, when within fifty yards of him, with a bullet and followed it up with another shot, which made her swerve towards the Maharaja Scindia. Jumping behind a tree, the Maharaja rolled her over with his second bullet through the neck, when she was only thirty yards from him. "All's well that ends well," but this hot following up of a wounded tigress on foot in thick jungle, even by such experienced sportsmen, might easily have had a different termination. The Princess of Wales did not join the shooting party. Instead, she spent the morning quietly in the palace and visited the Maharani, who speaks English fluently and sings quite charmingly. In the afternoon she went for a short drive, by the Victoria College and other buildings which line the parade ground, to the hospital.

To-day, Sunday, was the day of rest. In the morning Divine Service was held in the little Cantonment Church of Morar, some three and a half miles from the palace. The now abandoned cantonment of Morar is one of the many silent witnesses to the changes wrought in the affairs of Central India of recent years—changes which are still progressing. In those days in the middle of the last century when the country was very unsettled, Morar was raised into a considerable cantonment and a strong military force posted there. Later, the occasion for it disappeared, and in 1886 the cantonment was returned to Scindia in exchange for Jhansi. All that remains of the old cantonment territory is a small area round the

Residency, but the church is maintained and it was filled for the morning service when the Prince and Princess motored out.

In the pleasant coolness of the early afternoon Their Royal Highnesses visited the famous rock fortress which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of Central India. That vast mass of ochreous sandstone, a mile and a half long and at its maximum three hundred and forty-two feet high, marked Gwalior out as a seat of power as surely as did Chitor for the Sesodia Rajputs. Hence it is that the ruins its walls protect form an epitome of the history of the State. Hindu, Jain, Rajput, each left their mark thereon, and there is an unmistakable ugliness about the disused portions which hall-marks them as evidences of the British occupations, which went on at intervals until the affairs of Central India were ordered in their present shape. Motoring to the north-east entrance Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Maharaja, mounted the gorgeously-caparisoned elephants awaiting them and in this fashion made the ascent of the stiff slope to the Elephant Gate under the shadow of the nobly proportioned walls of Man Singh's Palace. Thence to the Man Mandir, with its graceful courts and exquisite fretted tracery, all carved in the soft yellow sandstone which has such a restful air. The fine old palace was carefully repaired in 1881 and the blue and yellow tiles are as fresh in colour as the day they were wrought into the fabric.

From the Man Mandir their itinerary lay to the Telika Mandir, or Oilman's Temple, supposed to date from the eleventh century, and the loftiest building in Gwalior. In the vicinity of the temple are the archæological fragments discovered during Major Keith's restoration work a quarter of a century ago, and it is interesting to note the strong Egyptian resemblance in many of the figures. Thence the path lay to the prow of the Fort to enjoy the grand view obtainable therefrom—the new city of Lashkar, the white palaces glistening amid their umbrageous surroundings, and the arid plain stretching away to the horizon. Retracing their steps, the Prince and Princess descended to the terrace to view the colossal Jain statues hewn out of the living rock. These giants, which stud the face of the rock, are amongst the most interesting monuments in Gwalior. The largest is fifty-seven feet high and the seated figure of Neminath, the twenty-second Jain pontiff, is upwards of thirty feet high. The Emperor Baber in a fit of iconoclastic zeal ordered the figures to be destroyed, but only the faces were mutilated, and in some cases these have been repaired by the Jains with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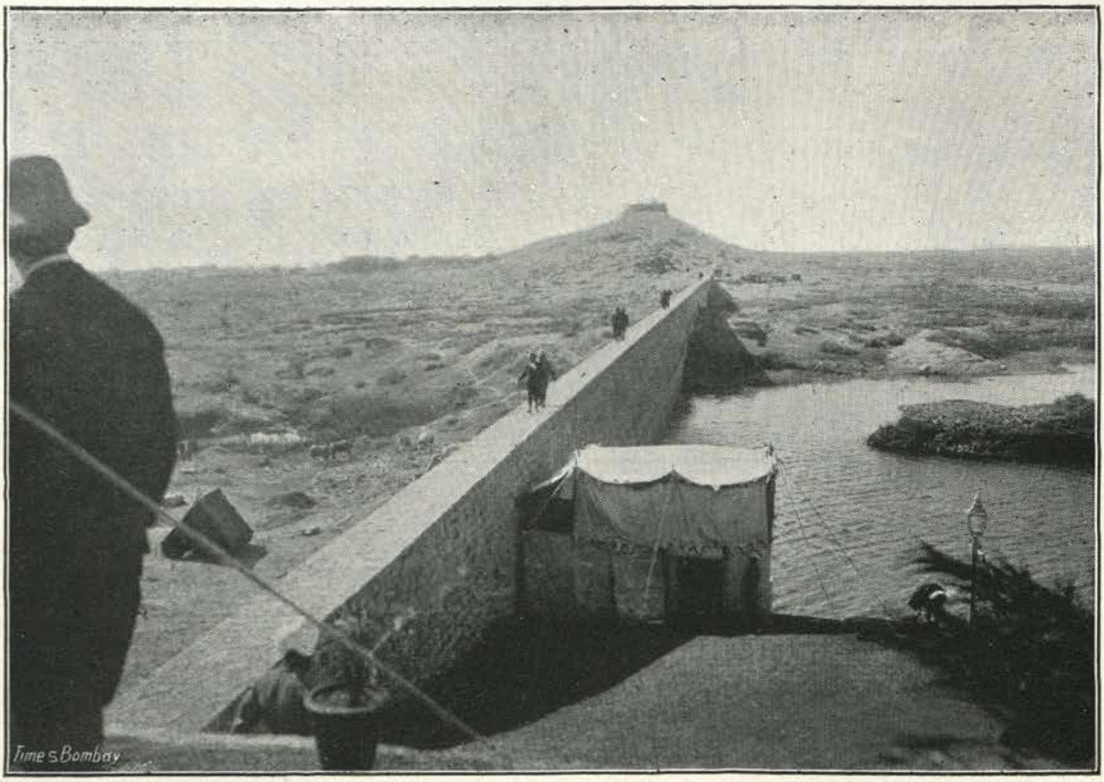
THE SHOOTING TOWER AT TIKANPUR.


Times Bombay

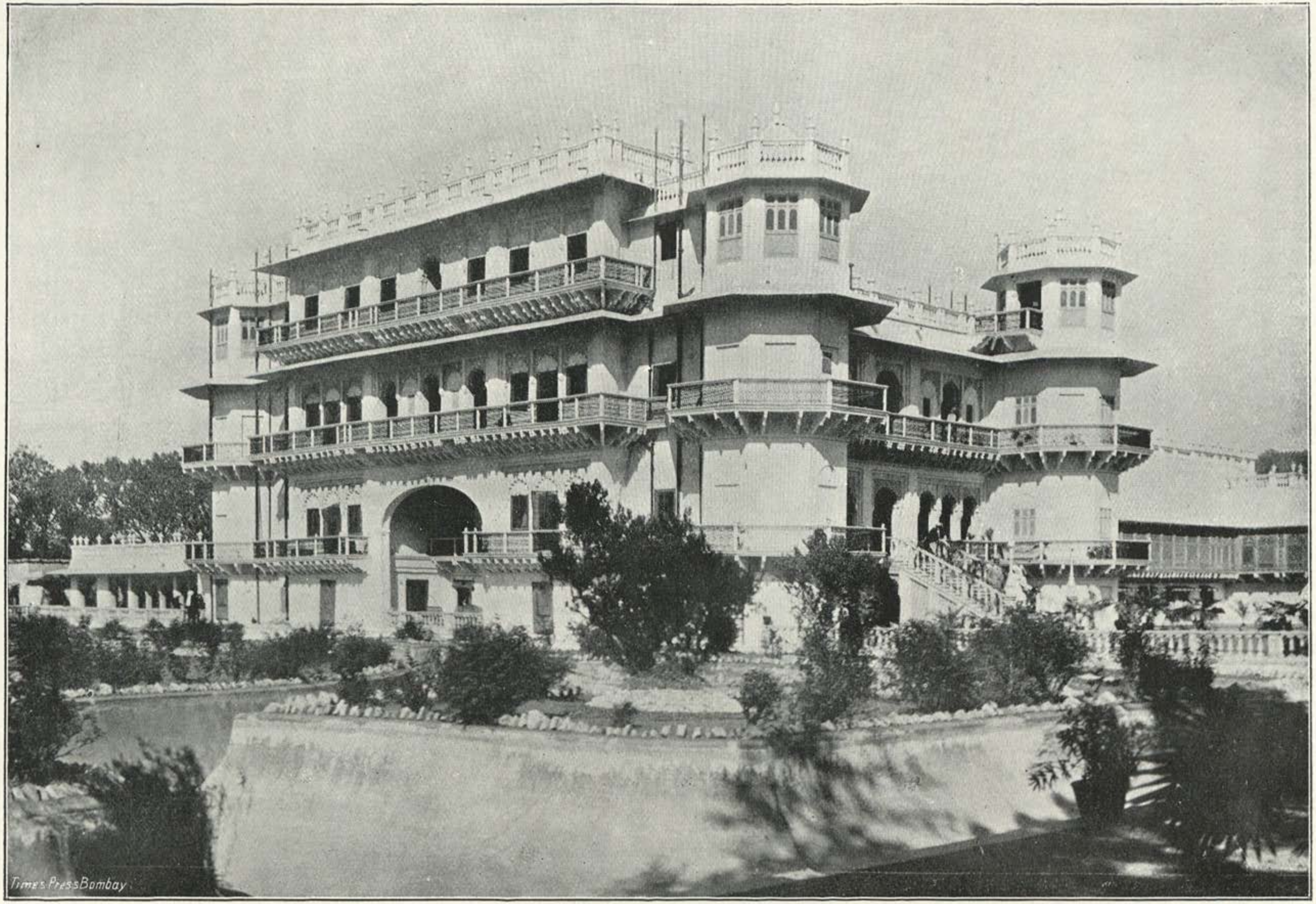
THE ROAD TO THE SHOOTING GROUND.

coloured stucco. From the terrace Their Royal Highnesses walked to the Sas-Bahu, a temple which is supposed to be of Jain origin, though some give it a Hindu foundation. Whatever the source, it is an extremely picturesque fragment. The central hall is crowded with the four pillars which help to bear the pyramidal roof, but the extraordinary richness of the carving, which covers the whole of the yellow sandstone, removes the impression of heaviness and is typical of the most ornate Hindu school.

December 25th.

Christmas morning broke at Gwalior with a crisp, bracing air, a blue sky lightly flecked with mackerel clouds, and everyone bent on quiet enjoyment. Indeed, nothing could have been more delightful than the weather during these last five days. The nights and mornings have been just cold enough to be bracing, without being so cold as to make life under canvas at all trying, and even at high noon the sun has never been more than comfortably warm. With the *chota hazri*—the early morning tea—came one of those pleasing attentions which make the Maharaja Scindia such a perfect host—hand-painted Christmas cards for each one of his guests, with an excellent portrait of himself and a pretty view of the palace. In a hall hung with mistletoe, which gave it a most Christmassy look, all the Maharaja's big house party assembled for breakfast amid more than the usual hum of conversation as the time-honoured greetings passed from one to another. After breakfast there was a general exodus to Morar, where the Lord Bishop of Nagpur conducted a simple, earnest service and preached an appropriate sermon. So opened the day.

There everyone's paths diverged. The Prince and the Maharaja went after tiger; Her Royal Highness prepared the Christmas tree which was her surprise for the children of the station; and the European guests of the Durbar proceeded to lunch and after that to finish the badminton, bridge, and other competitions which have helped to make the visit speed all too quickly. To follow His Royal Highness—the beat was at Tikanpur, the scene of Saturday's shoot, and was most productive. A fine tiger was put up and passed down the nullah at a tremendous pace, some seventy feet below where the Prince was standing and fully ninety yards away. The Prince wounded it and the Maharaja got in a couple of shots before the beast sought shelter in the cover. Elephants were now requisitioned and they beat through the thorny scrub towards the tower. Just as the light was failing the tiger was put up and driven towards the tower. It broke out in full view and a regular fusillade greeted it, killing the brute about thirty yards from the first


Times Press Bombay

THE NAUTALAO PALACE.

line of beaters. It proved to be a splendid tiger, nine feet five inches in length and in the pink of condition. This success was the more acceptable because it was not altogether expected, as the news from the shooting ground was not promising.

Her Royal Highness' Christmas Tree in the early evening was one of the most charming episodes of the tour. Is it not characteristic of the thoughtfulness of the Royal Family that in the midst of the distractions of the closing days of her stay at Home, the Princess made the time to purchase the toys that were to accompany this Christmas tree? But the Princess must have been more than repaid by the joy of her little guests. There was erected in the handsome Durbar Hall a real Christmas tree—a thing of beauty glowing with electric lights, ablaze with tinsel glories, and decked with all that can lure the juvenile heart. This tree was planted in a very excellent imitation of real snow, sparkling with frost; it was, too, in charge of a Father Christmas, who made the heart warm—a snowy-haired and bearded old gentleman, the rich blood mantling his cheeks, his crimson raiment breathing comfort and dropping spangles wherever he went—a disguise in which it was hard to discover the familiar features of the Maharaja's Military Secretary, Sir Clement Filose.

Round the tree were grouped the sons and the daughters of the leading Sirdars and a sprinkling of flaxen-haired Saxon children. Happy, nice little lads and lassies they were, the boys with their clean cut features, their frank eyes, their cocked turbans and broidered surtouts and stockinged feet. The little maids with their braided hair, their rich draperies and their quaint, timid ways. Most conspicuous was a group of Kashmiri maidens with their small round turbans and handsome skirts. And what perfect manners! Some of the older boys from the Sirdars' School spoke excellent English and bore themselves like true gentlemen. The smaller ones, although a little timid, were never gauche; indeed they were so intensely pleased that they forgot to be shy. One gazelle-eyed young nobleman of the mature age of five had to be occasionally disinterred from his hiding place behind a chair. A mite of three, like Rachel, "refused to be comforted" away from his guardian, who seemed to have been selected on the principle that governs the choice of small nurse-maids—that it is not so far for the child to fall. But a more dignified and happy lot of juveniles could not have been found.

On this glad throng descended the Princess. Not the regal, stately figure which graces every state ceremony, but a beautiful, gracious, loving lady, with kind, smiling eyes and a bright word for everyone ; a lady whose presence will live in every little heart. Then the distribution of gifts began; the boys *salaaming* like courtiers, the lassies with a quiet confidence in this great lady which robbed them of all tremors. But when, with much snapping of cord and rending of wrappers, the treasures were disclosed, even the sedate gravity of the young Mahratta nobility gave way before a shrill burst of joy. Let it be said for their judgment, that of all the handsome and apposite gifts none gave greater pleasure than the photographs of Prince Eddie and the other Royal children, which will be treasured even beyond magical pocket knives and dolls which closed their eyes. But the appetite came with eating. It was "Saheb, the red one," and "Memsaheb, the white one" until the Christmas tree was stripped of all that could be taken from it. When the Prince, in his shooting costume, and the Maharaja, in khaki, coming straight from the shoot, mingled their joyous personalities with the throng, the cup of happiness was complete. And yet there was a little ache behind it all, for the thought of those who were not there would obtrude. Of such is service in the East.

With this happy picture let the visit to Gwalior conclude. These have been days of unrestrained joy in the hospitality of the gallant Prince whose best has been, in his eyes, hardly good enough for his honoured guests.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Modern Indian Prince.

THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR—HIS PART IN THE ROYAL VISIT—AN ALL-PERVADING PERSONALITY—HIS PART IN THE STATE – A SOBER CONCEPTION OF HIS DUTIES—HIS WORK AMONGST HIS OWN PEOPLE—GLORIOUS HERITAGE WELL DESERVED—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE—HIS SPLENDID HOSPITALITY—A GENUINE PARTNER WITH THE BRITISH—A SHOWER OF HONOURS—THE INDIAN PRINCES OF TO-DAY—TRANSITION FROM OLD TO NEW—SCINDIA'S OPPORTUNITIES.

GWALIOR, *December 25th.*

AN hour or so before the special train bringing the Prince and Princess of Wales to Gwalior was due, a motor car bearing an alert, active, joyous figure was seen speeding to the station. It was the Maharaja Scindia, sparing time from the manifold preparations for his honoured guests to welcome some of his large house party. A little later this intensely live personage, now clad in gold-broidered silk and wearing a necklace of pearls worth a king's ransom, was watching a recalcitrant motor car with ill-concealed impatience. His fingers were itching to have the bonnet off and be amongst the mechanism, and no one knows what a struggle it was for him to remain an onlooker. And it was in the small hours of the morning that the same individual, after twice twelve hours of unremitting activity, in preparation, with the triumphal elephant procession, at the durbar, and at the opening of the memorial market, modestly inquired of the Chief of Staff if his duties as host might be considered at an end for the day, so that he could snatch a brief rest before those of the morrow began !

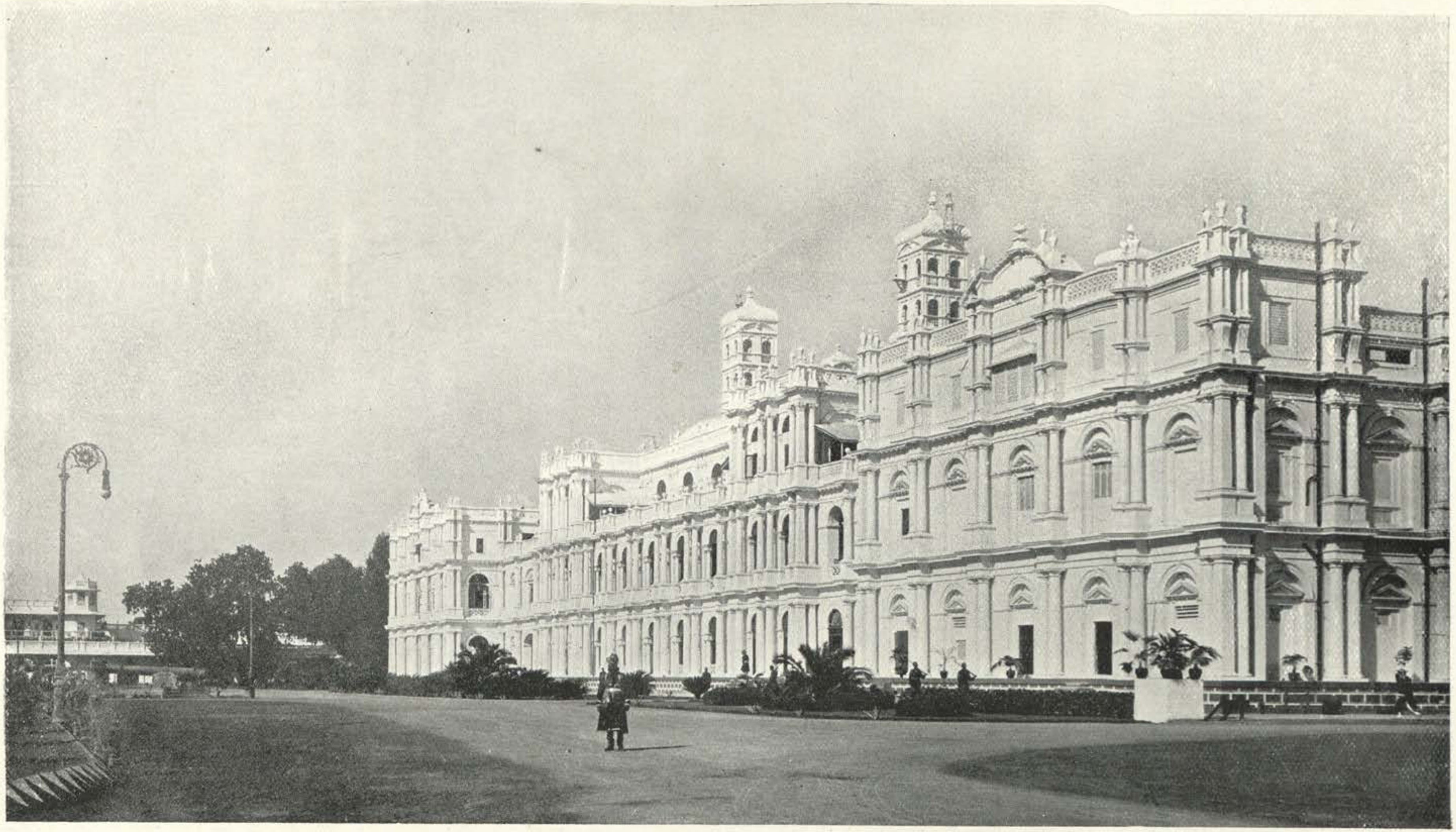
These little episodes are characteristic of the Ruler of Gwalior. From the moment that the Royal train was due at his capital it was the virile personality of Scindia that animated every scene and every ceremony. It was Scindia who supervised the arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses in the splendid Jai-Bilas Palace, and for his six score personal guests, down to the fixing of the last tent peg. It was Scindia who organised the gorgeous elephant procession and who sat proud and happy beside the Prince of Wales at the state entry. It was Scindia who presented the Sirdars at the stately durbar, and who later read an address of welcome as President of the Lashkar Municipality. It was Scindia who arranged the review, personally led the cavalry gallop, and directed the order of each item of the subsequent military display. It was Scindia who planned the tiger shoots, who was afoot amongst the beaters where the scent was hottest and the wounded beast skulked in the thick undergrowth, who was at the danger point when the infuriated brute charged, who laid her low at a distance of thirty yards with a bullet in the shoulder. It was Scindia who on Christmas morning presented each one of his guests with a graceful memento bearing a portrait of himself and a view of his handsome home.

This was not a sporadic outburst of activity designed to impress his Royal visitors. Of all the busy administrators in this land of Ind none is busier, none takes his responsibilities more seriously than the Chief of Gwalior. At the age of twenty-eight and after ten years of personal rule, he combines the enthusiasm and bubbling activity of youth with the wisdom of the veteran statesman. He was never of those who conceived that God gave the Indian Princes a charter to do nothing in perpetuity. His own Prime Minister, he knows more of the details of administration than some of the heads of departments, and scarcely a rupee of his revenue of a million sterling is spent without his knowing where it goes. His own Commander-in-Chief, he can lead his five thousand armed men with the skill of an old soldier, and it is to forget that you are in the leisurely East to see the head-quarters Staff move when the Maharaja gives the word. The owner of a hundred miles of railway and a garage full of motor cars, he can drive an engine with his locomotive engineer and a car with his best chauffeur. Nor is this embodiment of personal rule, this all-pervading activity, the clog on the wheels of the administration it has been known to be in other cases. The Maharaja dwells amongst his own people, finding his work and his pleasures in his own State, and not in Simla, in Calcutta, or in London. His influence on the heads of departments is stimulating and progressive, not hampering. Although he can take his despatch box to Bombay and discuss, on terms of equality with grey-headed railway officers, the detailed working of his line, he knows that interference with minor administrative matters is obstructive rather than helpful, and leaves to the able staff he has gathered round him a large discretion. The presence of many grown grey in the service of the State is evidence of his fidelity to those who serve him well.

H. H. The Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., A.D.C.

It was a splendid heritage indeed to which the Maharaja Scindia succeeded a decade ago—thirty thousand square miles of territory, with the fat lands of Malwa to counterbalance the thin soils of the north, three millions of hardy frugal people, a revenue of million pounds a year. All this lay in the strategic heart of India, centering in the proud fortress-crowned rock which Nature raised as the destined capital of the central plain. Behind it was the stirring story which tells how this was the spoil of the strong right arm and wise statesmanship of the Peshwa's slipper-bearer. The Maharaja Scindia was entirely worthy of his fortune. His revenues have been so carefully conserved that his investments in Government Paper are ten millions sterling against a rainy—or, as we are in India, a rainless—day. A hundred miles of narrow-gauge railway link up the scattered districts and pay a modest three per cent. on the capital outlay. Four hundred primary schools, four high schools, and an arts college provide a solid educational foundation. In addition, a new technical school, with scholarships for the students, gives facilities for industrial training. Schools for the Sirdars, with a military and a civil curriculum, and a special school for the training of civil servants, supply recruits for the army and services, and rescue the sons of the landed gentry from a life of sloth. The hospitals are of the best, the streets of the capital city are as wide and clean as any in India, the roads are well maintained, and the Jai-Bilas Palace, though modern, has been re-modelled in excellent taste. With all these utilitarian activities, the Maharaja has not been unmindful of his social obligations. Scindia's hospitality is proverbial in India, and fittingly to exercise it the Nautalao Palace has been splendidly equipped for the reception of state visitors.

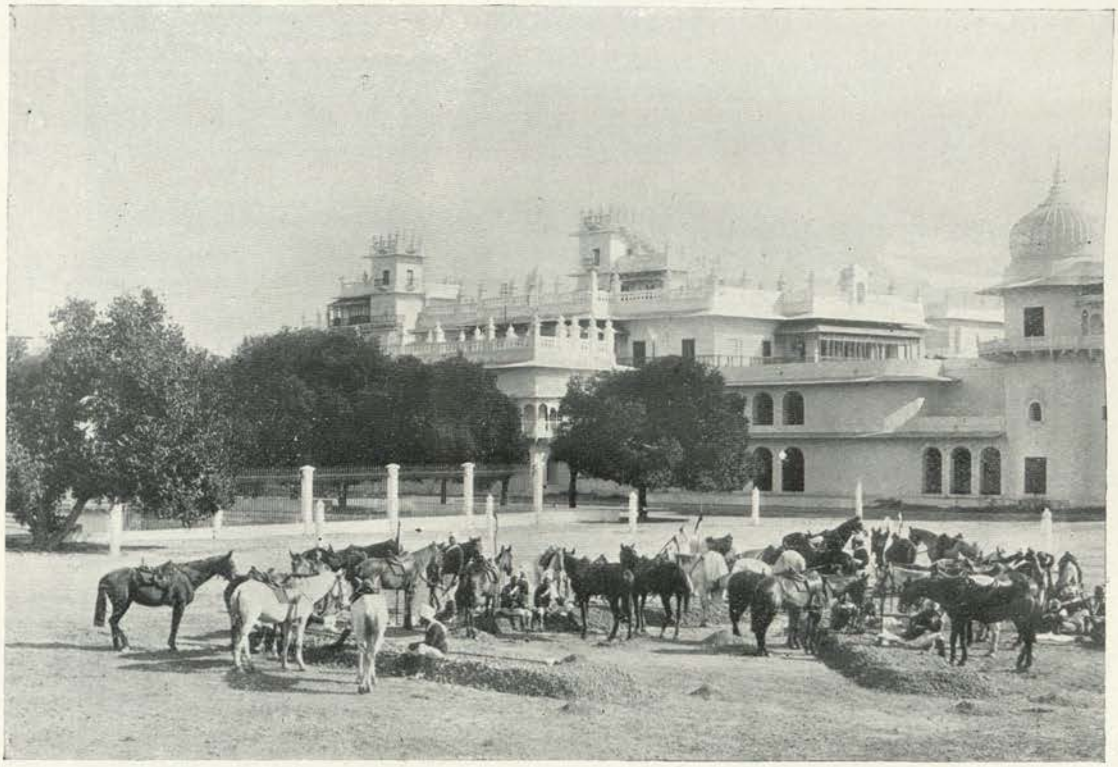
Nor has the Maharaja Scindia been so absorbed in domestic affairs as to exclude the liberal consideration of the Imperial responsibilities attaching to his great position. None realises more fully than he that to be a genuine partner with the British *Raj* he must bear his part in the burden of the common defence of India, as well as reap the advantages of the peace which military efficiency secures. The three regiments of cavalry, to which were recently added two of infantry, which passed in review before the Prince of Wales, are his permanent contribution to the sword arm of the Empire. The generous gift of his artillery horses and of many of his cavalry remounts helped to tide Great Britain over the most difficult days in South Africa. The splendidly-equipped hospital-ship which he personally accompanied to China was of priceless value to the sick and wounded of the expeditionary



The Jai-Bilas Palace, Gwalior.

force. Nor do Scindia's plans stop here. It is proposed ultimately to convert all his armed retainers into Imperial Service Troops, setting an example to his brother-Chiefs most worthy of imitation.

Honours have come thickly, and rightly so, upon the Maharaja Scindia. At the age of twenty-eight he finds himself a Grand Commander of the Victorian Order, as well as a Grand Commander of the Star of India, an Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty the King-Emperor, a Colonel in the British Army, to which was added on Friday a colonelcy in the Prince of Wales' own regiment, the First Cavalry, or Skinner's Horse. But what His Highness doubtless values above all this is the full knowledge that these are but the outward expressions of the fact that he has the trust and confidence of the Imperial Government, and that he is regarded not only as a most loyal and exemplary feudatory, but as a valued coadjutor in the complex task of the governance of India. The intense loyalty that animated every sentence of Scindia's speech at the state banquet was no mere *façon de parler* : the gracious terms of His Royal Highness' reply came from the heart. Indeed, the Maharaja Scindia is one whom the Government are proud to call their partner in the great work to which they are committed,



The Prince's Escort : The Hour of Rest.

and they feel that they will never ask his co-operation in vain. Only one circumstance is needed to complete the happy prospect that seems to be in store for the State—the birth of an heir; and the Maharaja's own desires to see the direct ruling line continued could not be more ardent than those of the Imperial Government to which he pays such proud allegiance.

Although to some it may seem that the Maharaja Scindia is at the zenith of his career, he stands on the threshold of even greater opportunities. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." The old generation of native Princes is passing away. The venerable Raja of Nabha, the Maharaja of Jaipur, and the Maharana of Udaipur are amongst the few survivors of the régime that grew up with the consolidation of Imperial power in the last part of the century. It gave to India some of the finest types, to the Government some of their staunchest allies; but with the development of ideas and communications it could not endure. A new generation, a new school, is now seated on most of the thrones; these are men trained in the traditions of this English public school, broadened by travel, familiar with the practices of English social life. No one doubts that the principles laid down for the education of the Indian Princes were in the main correct. There have been errors of detail, and though some have been remedied do we not still expose them to the volcanic influence of western travel and unfettered power at too early an age? But the transition period is always one of trial and disappointment, of some disheartening failures relieved by a few successes. The Maharaja Scindia's sterling qualities and splendid character enabled him to pass through these disruptive tendencies without wavering, and to emerge therefrom only with greater capacity for usefulness. He is trusted and admired by all the younger generation of Rulers. In helping them over the narrow bridge which leads from the old to the new, by sage counsel and sober advice as well as by his shining example, he can render service to India, and to the Government, exceeding even his own conspicuous record.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Capital of Oudh.

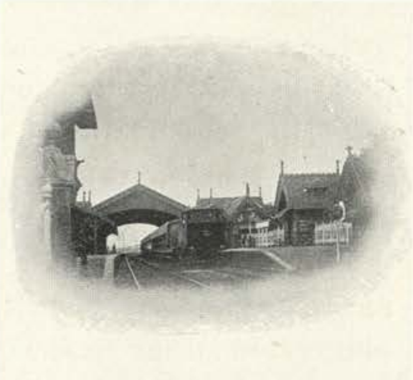
Lucknow as a Railway Centre—Novel Station Decorations—Kings of Oudh and the Royal House—A New Medical College—The Residency—A Review of Mutiny Veterans—A Laurel Wreath on Lawrence's Tomb—The Talukdars of Oudh—The Gardens of Lucknow—More Mutiny Memorials—Hodson and Claude Martin—Memories of the Residency.

Lucknow, *December 26th.*

LUCKNOW achieved the seemingly impossible and at this stage in the tour struck out an absolutely new line in railway station decoration. The city is well known as a provincial centre, as the scene of the most harassing struggle in the Mutiny, and as, in the winter, one of the most pleasant plains stations in India. It is not so familiar as a great railway head-quarters, the administrative seat of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, one of the three state lines in the country. But it was this side of its activities that sounded the prevailing note to-day, when the Prince and Princess of Wales alighted on their arrival from Gwalior. One looked in vain for the strings of bunting, the mottoes, and the formal rows of plants in pots, and found nothing more suggestive of hackneyed decoration than the inevitable red cloth. Why does not someone imitate the bold example set at His Majesty's Coronation and substitute a royal blue for the red, of which everyone is growing a little tired? The reception room, however, was unique. It was lined with every variety of railway material, from a locomotive to a guard's whistle, and as all was arranged with an excellent eye to effect the result was not only novel but extremely bright.

An Indian Porter.

Gwalior, with its Imperial elephants, its picturesque reminiscences of the wild Mahratta days, has been left behind. Here we are in one of the handsomest, as we certainly are in



An Indian Railway Station.

one of the most interesting, stations in British India. But with its wide roads, its spreading cantonment, its absorbing memorials of the Mutiny, Lucknow has brought the Royal visitors back to the region of official routine and much ceremony. So it was that the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, Sir James La Touche, received the Prince and Princess as they alighted from the train and presented to them the Nawab of Rampur, the Raja of Tehri and the Talukdars of Oudh—an interesting group, in their handsome dresses and curving aigrettes. And so it was that the Municipality of Lucknow presented their address of welcome, which set forth that Lucknow had always prided itself on a special personal loyalty to the British throne since the days when the Kings of Oudh desired, above all other titles, to be known as the "younger brothers of the Kings of England," and were honoured by their personal correspondence and friendship.

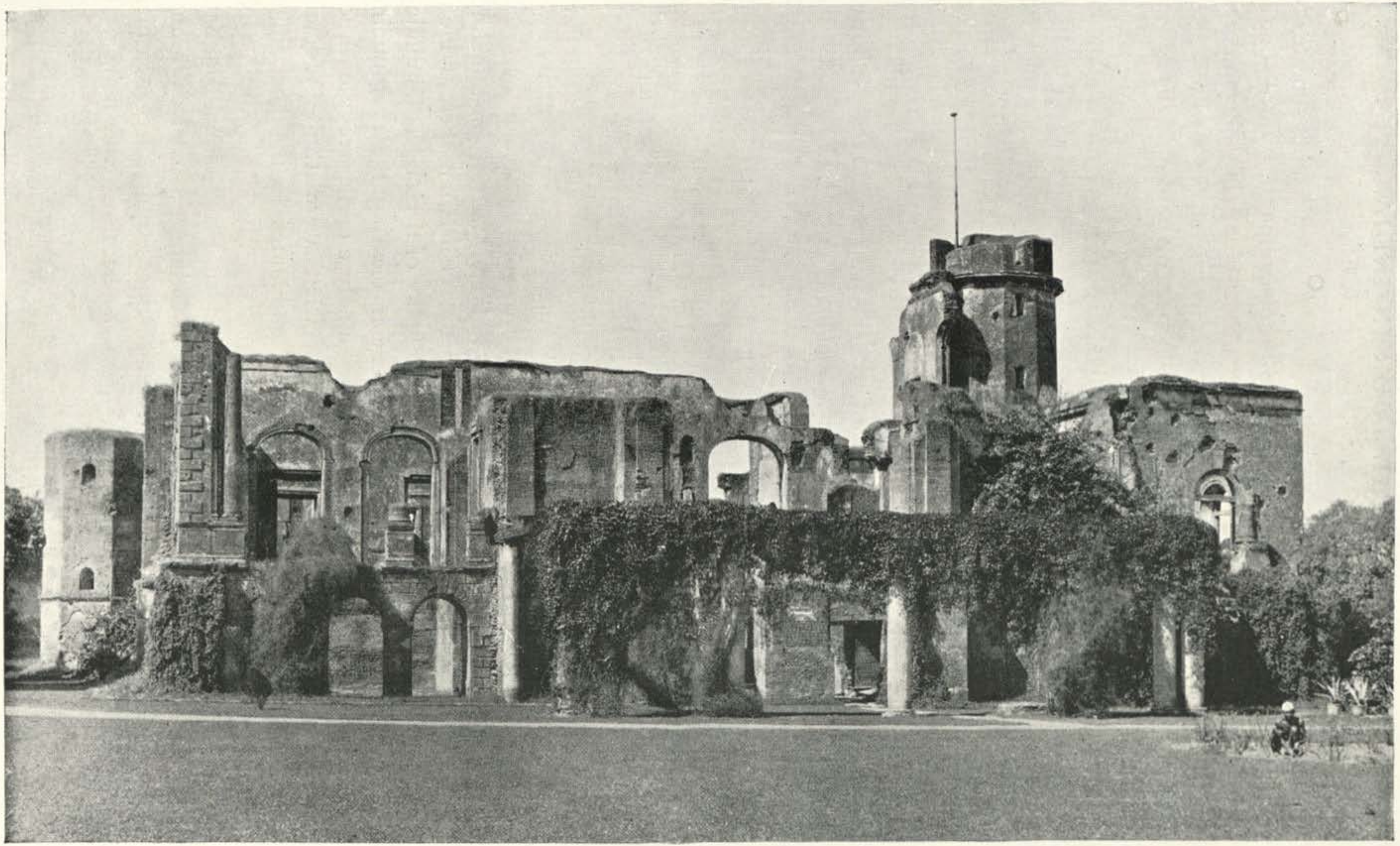
After receiving formal visits from the Nawab of Rampur and the Raja of Tehri, His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, laid the foundation stone of the medical college, which is to be the Province's permanent memorial of the Royal visit. The history of the movement which culminated in this ceremony is one of which all connected with the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh may well feel proud. It was not until October 20th that the first formal measures were taken, when a deputation of influential gentlemen, headed by Maharaja Sir Pertab Narayan Singh, laid the project before the Lieutenant-Governor. Four lakhs of rupees were immediately subscribed, including a munificent donation of three lakhs from Maharaja Bhagwati Prasad Singh of Balrampur. Since then money has flowed in freely, and the college is assured of an opening endowment of sixty thousand pounds, which it is hoped to increase to ninety thousand. The Province will not only secure the college for which it has waited for thirty-five years, but will obtain it upon the completest scale, with, thanks to the liberality of the Raja of Jehangirabad, a branch college for women. The raising of so large a sum by voluntary contributions in so short a time is unprecedented; it is due to the entire co-operation of all classes of the community.

The scene of the ceremony was the site presented by Government—the expanse of open high ground stretching from the old Machchi Bhawan Fort to the tomb of Shaikh Mina, the patron saint of Lucknow. Here we were amid surroundings instinct with memories of the Mutiny. In the Machchi Bhawan and the Residency Sir Henry Lawrence prepared for a final stand, when the smouldering ashes of the sacked cantonment forbade all hope of a peaceful issue from the growing discontent. When the unhappy losses in the action at Chinhut compelled Sir Henry to reduce the perimeter of the defences, the Machchi Bhawan was blown into the air, as a contemporary writer records, "in grand style." As at Delhi, the effacing hand of Time has obliterated all save a few giant landmarks. In 1857 the site was overlain with the crowded houses of the native city, which were all cleared away when Colin Campbell and his Ghurka allies had stamped out the embers of the rising. In declaring the foundation stone well and truly laid, the Prince remarked that they deemed themselves fortunate "that the year of our visit should have seen the fulfilment of this great idea, for I have inherited from my dear parents their keen interest and sympathy in all that concerns the noble art and profession of healing."

From the site of the college Their Royal Highnesses drove to the treasured monuments of British valour and constancy, and Indian devotion, that cluster round the Residency. Hitherto it had seemed as if the weather would mar the pleasure of the visit, for a high wind was blowing, raising the clouds of dust which are the only blots on the perfection of an Upper India winter. But when the sun began to decline the wind died down, and as the Royal carriage passed through the gate it was a strikingly beautiful evening. The visit was entirely informal but for one happy exception. With the innate sympathy that characterises the English Royal Family it was arranged that those who fought so stoutly for the *Raj* should have the privilege of meeting the Heir-apparent to its wide dominions. All the Mutiny Veterans who could be assembled, with their wives and their daughters, gathered to meet the Prince and Princess. But from the latter there was one conspicuous omission. There lives in Lucknow a Mrs. Lincoln who passed through all the horrors of the siege. Its long-drawn agonies bit so deeply into her memory that since the day when Sir Colin Campbell led the survivors along the bank of the Gumti to safety, she has never dared to venture within the walls.

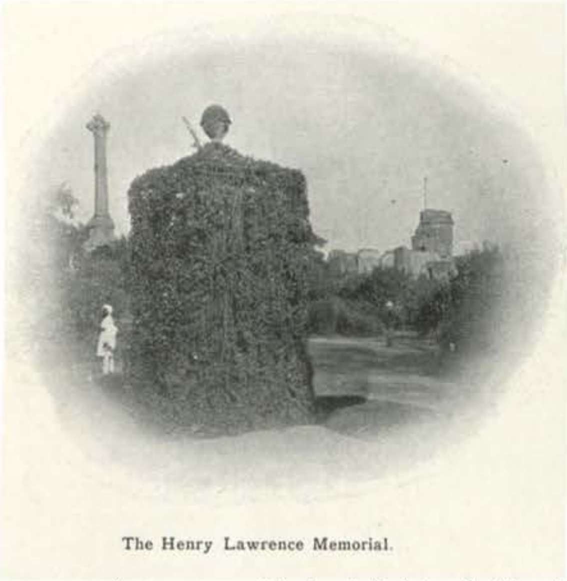
They gathered under the shadow of the shot-torn tower from which flew the flag that the armed hordes of Oudh could not pull down, although their advance works were not a stone's throw from it.

> And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England flew.



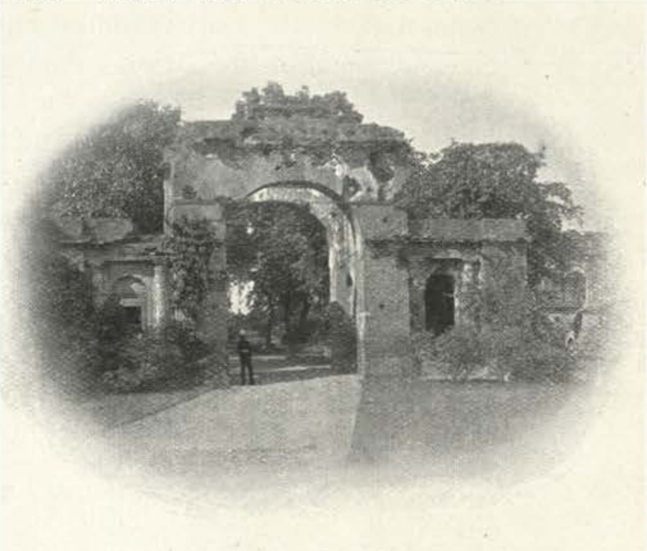
The Residency, Lucknow.

They were grouped round the simple obelisk which commemorates the courage of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment of Foot—some thirty in all, one half of whom actually passed through the siege; fresh-faced Englishmen bearing the burden of years remarkably well; hard-bitten Eurasians who, as boys from the La Martiniere College, played the part of heroes in the defence; grizzled Sikhs and Pandays who were grown men when Havelock and Outram cut a pathway through the swarming city. A quiet, almost homely group, but one which brought memories of the siege surging through the brain. For each the Prince had his hand-shake, and frank, sailor-like word of cordial appreciation. For each the Princess had a gracious smile and hand-clasp. Then the Veterans crowded round the obelisk to record the autographs which are to be stored amongst the Prince's souvenirs of the tour, whilst the Princess crossed to where the women sat, and Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. De Cruz, and Mrs. Ratcliffe, who were amongst the besieged, were presented to her.


The Henry Lawrence Memorial.

Thence Their Royal Highnesses visited the historic landmarks of the siege; but the Princess was renewing her acquaintance with them. Soon after the ceremonies attendant on the arrival were over, she drove to the Residency, where she laid a laurel wreath on the simple tomb of that Christian hero, Henry Lawrence, "who tried to do his duty". So many of the original buildings have disappeared and so much has been done in clearing the surroundings that it is impossible to appreciate the desperate nature of the struggle without reference to the raised model maintained in what were the "Women's Quarters." But General Locke Elliot had flags planted in the most salient places to show where the British lines ran and the rebels' advanced posts stood, and Their Royal Highnesses were guided by Colonel Bonham, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, who fought at Chinhut, as well as through the siege. It was dusk before the Prince and Princess quitted scenes which, in their now perfect repose, so little suggest the hand-to-hand fighting of half a century ago.

The reception given to Their Royal Highnesses by the Talukdars of Oudh—the great landed gentry whose estates are such a distinctive feature in the land settlement of Oudh—was full of life and colour. The scene was the Kaisar Bagh, erected by Wazar Shah, the last King of Oudh, which has been vigorously described as the largest, gaudiest and most debased of all the Lucknow palaces. But the Prince and Princess saw it at night, when darkness mercifully hid the green mermaids and the crude European influences which arouse the scorn of architectural purists. Of the confusion and tastelessness of the buildings nothing could be seen; the soft light of myriads of tiny lamps and a multitude of gently-flickering tongues of flame was a triumph in the art of decorative illumination. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the ceremony was the wide variety of race, religion, and feature represented by the Talukdars. There were Mahomedans who might have sat for the portraits of Shah Jehan or Jehangier which are amongst the relics of Mughal power; Hindus with the caste of features specially associated with the Province; a Sikh or two bearing himself with the pride born of his martial instincts and stern militant faith; and others with evident traces of Kashmir and Afghan ancestry—representatives of all the races for whom the rich province of Oudh was a happy hunting ground in the bad old times. And there was every variety of garb, from the gold-laced brocade and superb diamonds and pearls of the squire whose income is credibly reported to reach two hundred thousand pounds a year, to the portly gentleman who disdained anything more ornate than a surtout of country-made tweed. Yet all these representatives of conflicting races and creeds were met with a single object,—to do honour to the Heir to the Imperial Throne.



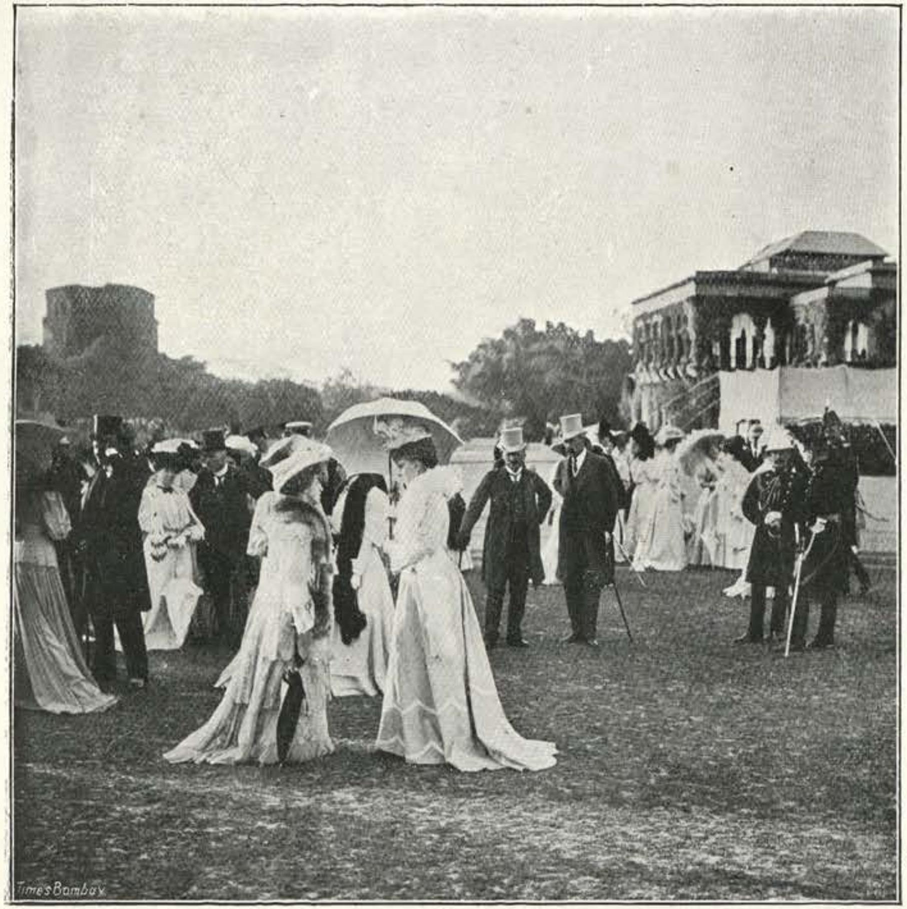
The Bailey Guard Gate.

December 27th.

All the morning the station resounded to the blare of bugles, the rattle of drums, and the booming of cannon, for His Royal Highness was entirely occupied in receiving and paying state visits. The first to be received was Sulaiman Kadr, of the ex-Royal Family of Oudh, attended by his son. Sulaiman Kadr is the brother of the last King of Oudh, and the son of his predecessor; he is the head of the survivors of the House which studded Lucknow with the memorials which indicate such an extraordinary variety of taste. Afterwards nine representative Talukdars were presented, headed by the Maharaja of Balrampur, the Maharaja of Ajodhya and the Raja of Mahmudabad. Soon after noon His Royal Highness drove to the Mote Mahal to return the visit of the Nawab of Rampur. This completed the purely ceremonial duties. In the early afternoon Their Royal Highnesses drove to the Husainabad Park, where the United Service Club and the Muhammad Bagh Club were "At Home."

Many of the Lucknow palaces and tombs exhibit the most execrable taste, but in the variety and beauty of its parks and gardens the station has no equal in the East. Although not the largest, the Husainabad Park yields to none in its verdant loveliness. It has a history of its own, too. The old Kings of Oudh left large sums for the maintenance of their tombs and palaces and dependents. These moneys are now vested in a single trust, which includes amongst its activities the care of the gardens. The duty is fulfilled in the most perfect taste. The turf is smooth and velvety, the trees are varied and include groups of beautiful palms, and upon all sides are evidences of skilled and unremitting care. The route lay past the Residency, with its shot-battered tower, past Victoria Park, which replaces the quondam unsightly common formerly disfiguring the vicinity of the Residency grounds, past the Imambara, the finest of the architectural memorials of the Oudh sovereigns, and through the graceful gateway which gives entry to the Park. Their Royal Highnesses arrived just as the sun was declining and saw the charming grounds, with the domes and minarets of the city, all pleasing at a distance, in the soft, chastening light which is the glory of the Indian day. All the station was there and the lawns were gay with pretty frocks and handsome uniforms. Here the Prince and Princess renewed acquaintance with many of the Mutiny Veterans whom they reviewed at the Residency yesterday, and the Native Officers of the regiments in Lucknow were presented.

Another relic of the old Oudh dynasty was the scene of the final ceremony of a visit which has been more than usually crowded with incident. The Chatter Munzil Palace, built by Nazir-ud-din Hyder as an abode for his queens, is leased to the United Service Club, and by them has been converted into a handsome club-house. Here the state dinner, attended by the leading officials and residents, was served.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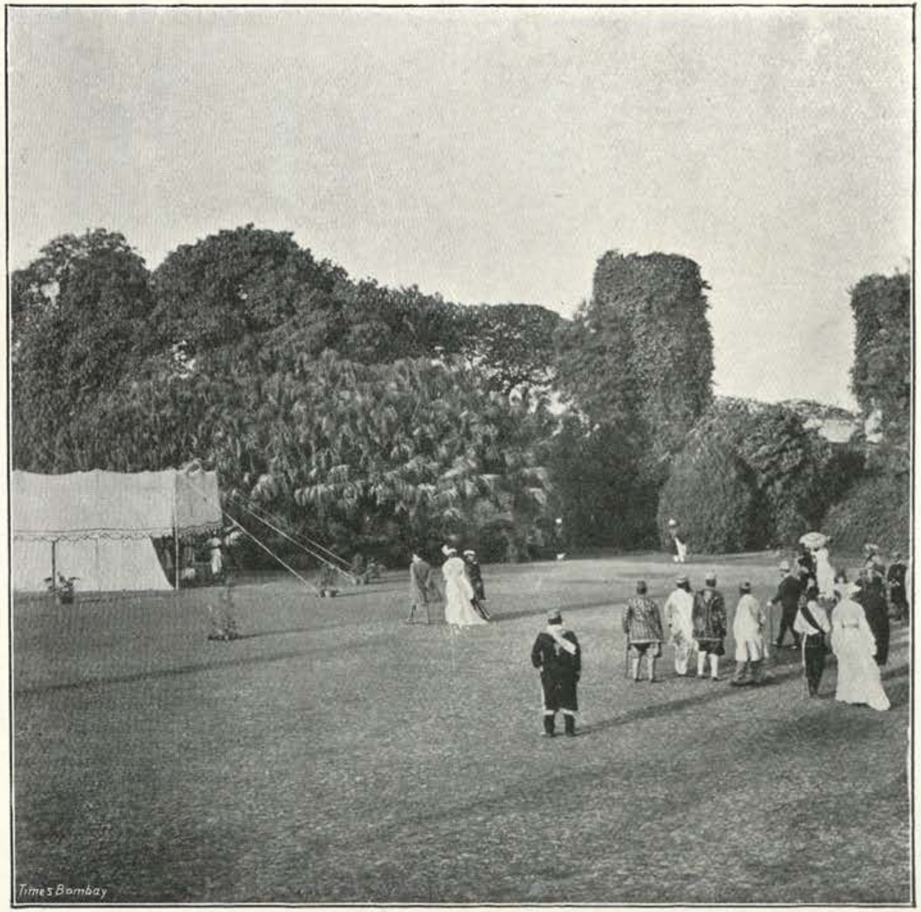
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE GARDEN PARTY.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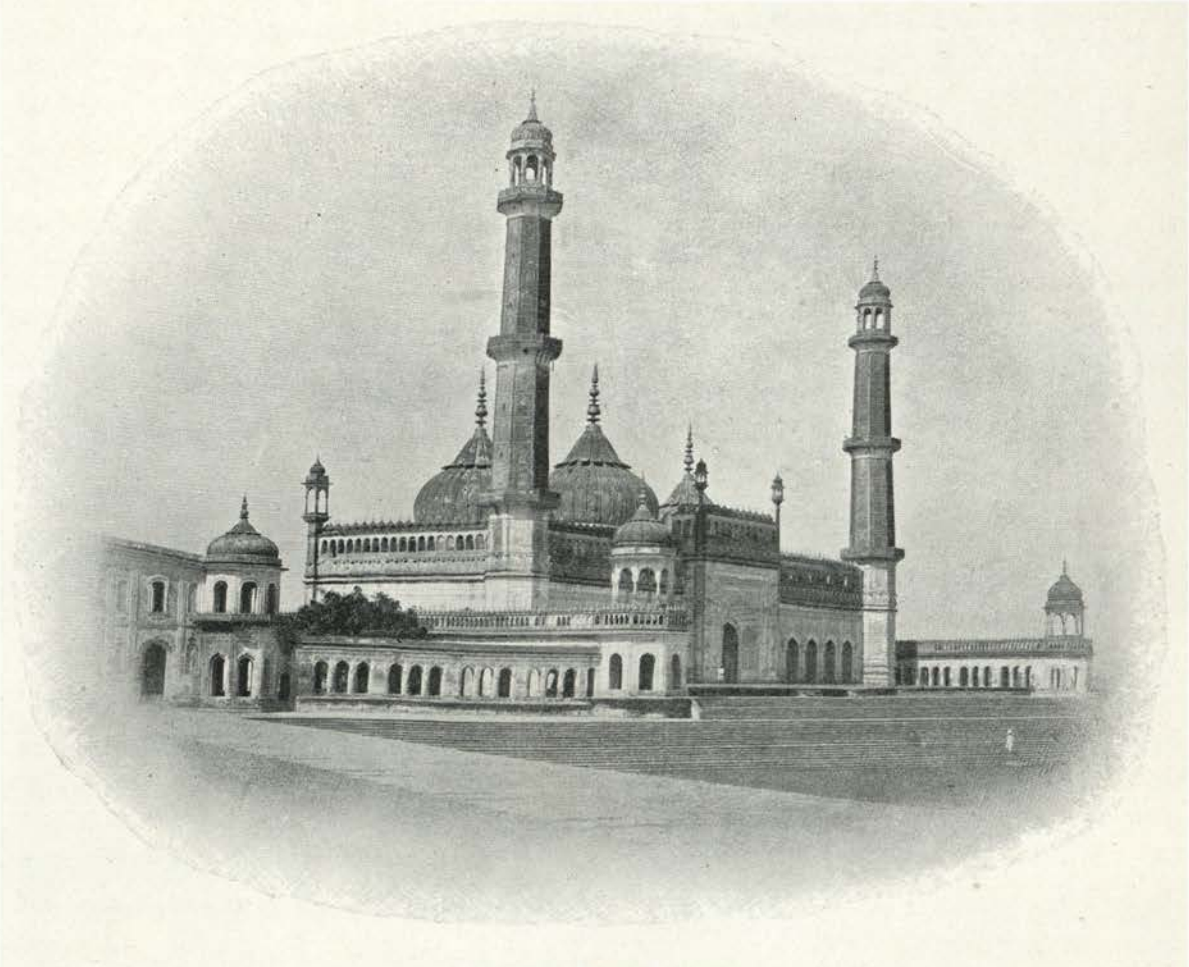
THE HUSAINABAD PARK.

December 28th.

The visit to Lucknow came to a quiet close to-day. This morning the Prince of Wales was driven round the Cantonments, which lie some three miles from the city. Though it is not often considered in that light, Lucknow is one of the great military stations in India, as it is, certainly, one of the handsomest, and in the winter most agreeable. He was accompanied by General Locke Elliot, Commanding the District, and under his ciceronage visited the Hospital and the Dilkusha Palace. The drive also brought him to the famous La Martiniére College, whose boys played their part so well in the siege of the Residency. Of all the great adventurers whose names flit across the pages of the history of India in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, none left a nobler monument than Claude Martin. The value of his foundation grows every year, and not the least of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's services to India is the place he gave to the College in the most vivid of his stories—"Kim."



The Jumma Masjid, Lucknow.

Hard by the College stands the modest monument to that dazzling figure of the Mutiny days—Hodson. Could man desire a finer epitaph than one who loved him caused to be written over his grave :—"Here lieth all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson ?" And then those words from the Epistle of the great Apostle :—"A little while." It deserves to stand with the beautiful words, so much better known, on the simple tomb in the Residency Cemetery which reanimate the spirit of Henry Lawrence. Hodson was one of those men born to make enemies by reason of his rapid promotion, his fiery temperament, his fearless sense of responsibility, which could not be understanded by men of timorous minds who had not seen the things he saw. When we remember his unsurpassed courage, and the greatness of his services in our hour of need, should we not passionately put aside the unproven charges of financial irregularities and share the devotion of those simple sowars whose iron reserve broke down at his graveside ?

It is not soft words that a soldier wants ; we know what he was in fight ;
And we love the man that can lead us, ay, though his face be white.

* * * * * * * *

Remember, Hodson trusted us, and trust the old blood too,
And as we followed him—to death—our sons will follow you.

The visit to Lucknow was all too short in view of the heavy official duties which had to be accomplished, and the absorbing interest of the Mutiny memorials. But prominent amongst the recollections Their Royal Highnesses will retain will be that of the visit to the Residency in the peace and quietness of Tuesday afternoon, and the parade of Veterans. They examined every part of the historic ground, the Princess returning on more than one occasion to confirm her impressions of the most conspicuous scenes. Before leaving, too, the Prince received the three ladies who passed through the siege, and accorded an interview to Haji Mirza Yusuf, the Indian who was in constant attendance on Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, from 1889 to 1893.

CHAPTER XX.

The City of Palaces.

The Entrance to Calcutta—An Unworthy Portal—A Water Pageant—Calcutta and the Hughli—A Life-giving River—The Municipal Address—A Jewel for the Princess—Its Graceful Acceptance—Reception at Government House—Canada and India—The Royal Link—Presentation of Colours—Record of the King's Own—The Opulence of Calcutta—Splendours of "Cup" Day—Proclamation Parade—Depth of the City's Welcome—Tollygunge.

Calcutta, *December 29th.*

THE approach to Calcutta by rail is totally unworthy of a great Imperial city. The engine slinks into Howrah station as if ashamed of its dingy surroundings. Every alteration or improvement in the terminus only brings into more painful prominence the fact that not without heroic measures can it be made a fit portal for the second city of the Empire. Then, when the depressed voyager escapes from the dimness and confusion of the station, it is only to find that the narrow bridge of boats and a series of mean streets divide him from the spreading opulence of the heart of the town. A more hopeless theatre for a meet reception of the Heir-apparent and his consort at the fount of Imperial rule in India is inconceivable. Yet it had this advantage, that it compelled the authorities to prepare other means—a water pageant—which brought Their Royal Highnesses at once into contact with the two distinguishing features of Calcutta—the river and the *maidan.**

For the Hughli is to Calcutta even more than the Thames is to London. It has the same life-giving purpose as the Elbe to Hamburg, inasmuch as it feeds it with the produce of a vast hinterland as well as linking it with the open sea. Broad as the Thames below London Bridge, without a span beyond the pontoon bridge to break the wide expanse of

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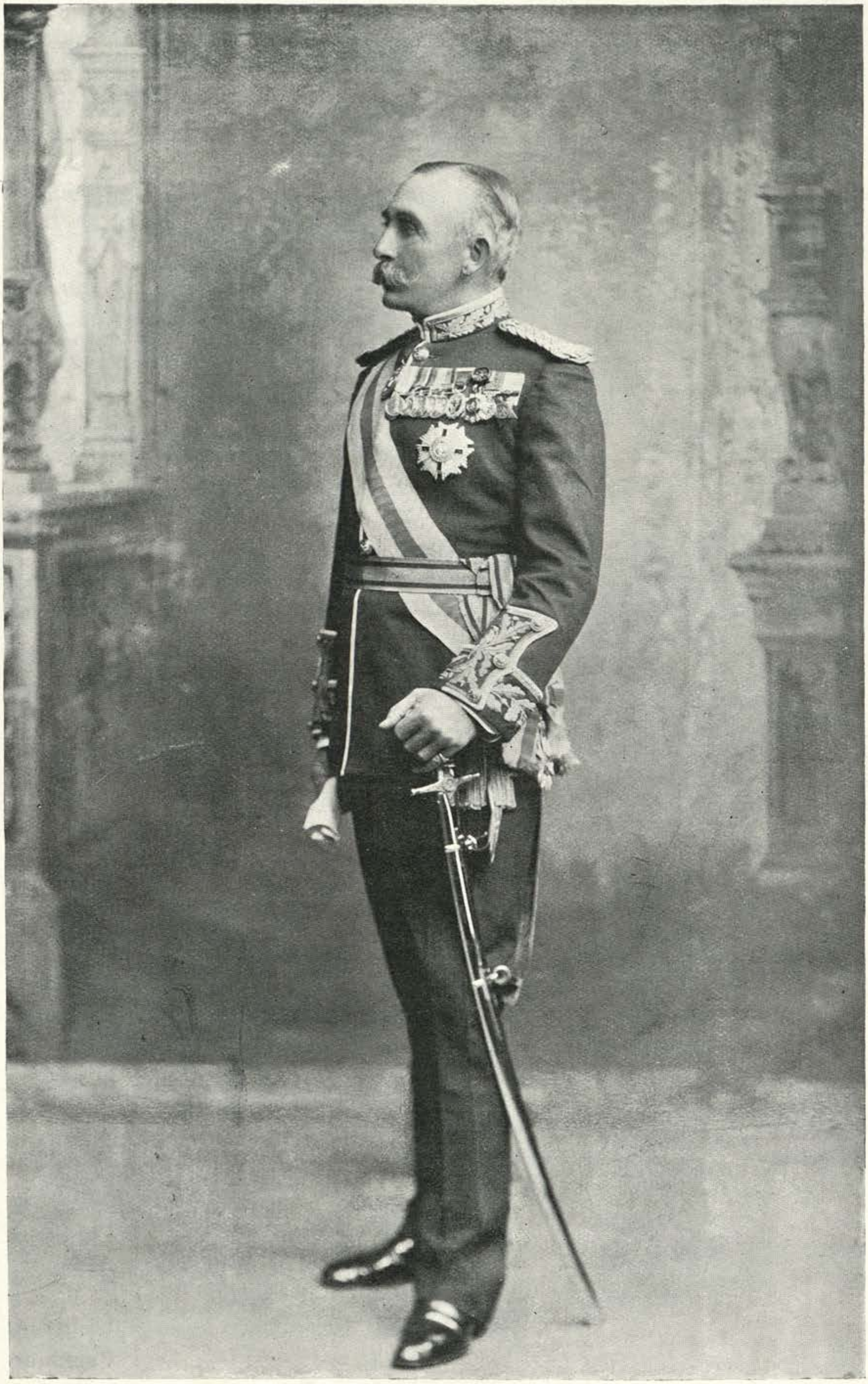
* Maidan : a level, open plain or park.



H. E. LORD MINTO, VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

the swiftly-flowing tide, it embraces in one short mile the most distinctive features of Calcutta's activities. As the flower-bedecked launch on which they embarked at Howrah steamed slowly down the river, Their Royal Highnesses saw on the right, the smoking chimneys of the jute mills which are the foundations of the city's industrial wealth; on the left, rank after rank of merchant steamers which bear the burden of her world-wide trade; beyond, the ramparts of old Fort William and the fringe of the *maidan*, the city's second most precious possession, which she does well to guard so zealously. In no other way could they have seen in so short a time the picture of the mighty change that British rule has wrought in the industrial life of India, or of the sources of the power and wealth of the great mother city which has arisen on Job Charnock's mud bank.

Boats on the Hughli.

The steamers, in full gala dress, gave a joyous shriek of welcome as the Royal launch approached, whilst the guns of the stern old Fort boomed out a Royal salute. A double line of little dinghies, gaily painted and as heavily dressed as their big sisters, led direct to the barge moored at the foot of Prinsep's Ghat where the Royal visitors were officially received. Here draperies of amber and crimson and a broad red way led to the platform. This path debouched on a circle where, round a carpet of olive green and crimson, were gathered the leading officials and citizens and all Calcutta society. Ordinarily, the row of Corinthian pillars which commemorates the long work in India of James Prinsep would not be considered either graceful or appropriate, but they formed a fitting background to the scene—the green and red of the groundwork, the military, political and consular uniforms, the rich dresses of the native gentry and the brightness and grace of the ladies' frocks. From the architrave of the memorial a small group looked upon the dais, seated whereon Their Royal Highnesses received the City's greeting, and through the archway could be discerned the thousands waiting to accord the people's reception.

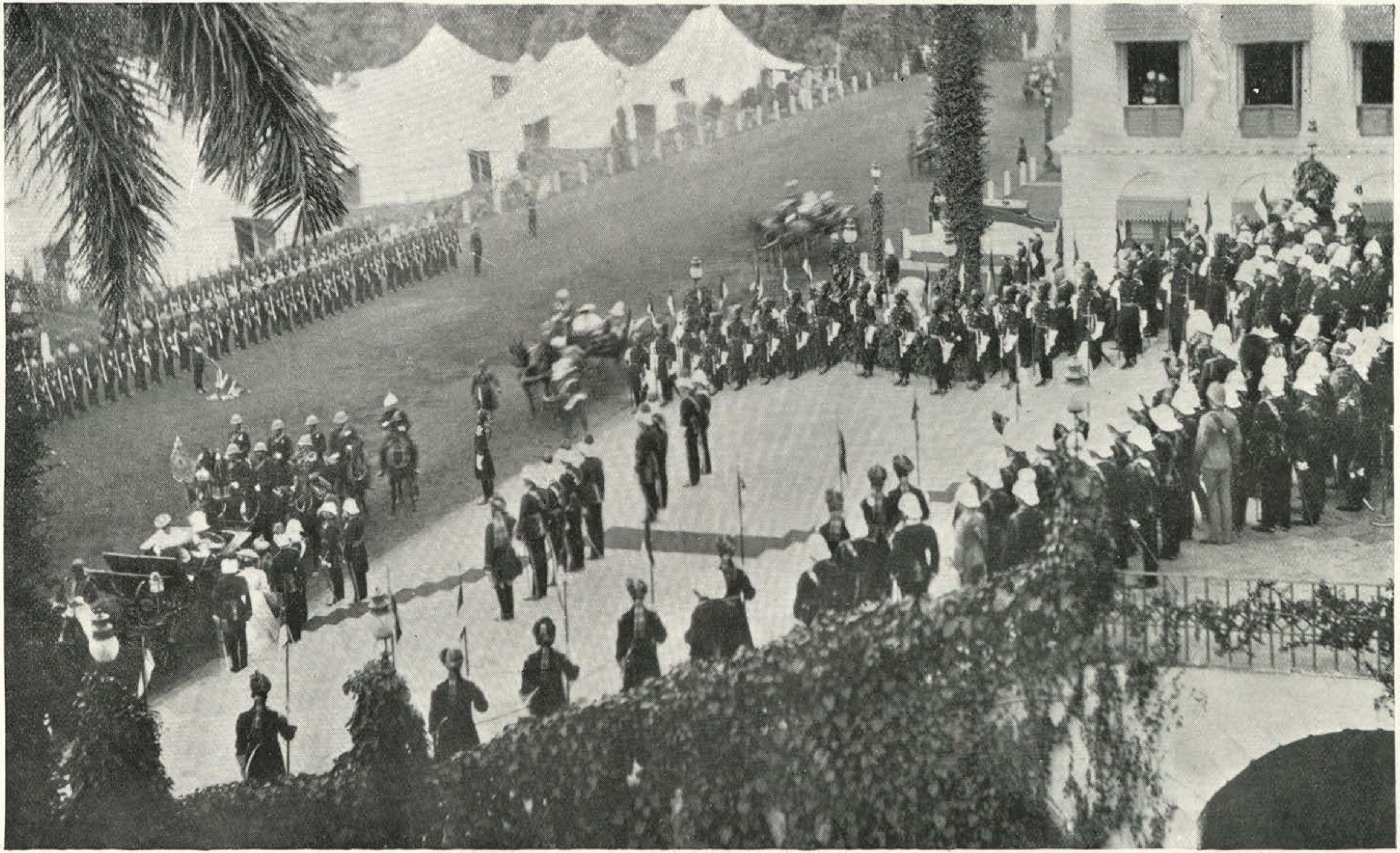
The address of the Municipal Commissioners embodied the proud boast of Calcutta—"Calcutta is proud to be reckoned the second city in the British Empire, and Your Royal Highnesses will find here abundant indications of the prosperity which everywhere accompanies British rule; the continued moral and material progress, not only of Calcutta, but of all India, as evidenced by the numerous works of public utility, the growth and development of trade, commerce and industries, and the spread of education, are a passing testimony to the fostering care for the Indian people which is the guiding principle of His Majesty's rule." "There is," said the Prince in response, "perhaps nothing in the whole of India more typical of the relations between the British and Indians than Calcutta, which has grown from a river swamp to be the second city of our Empire. If, as you say, the prosperity which blesses this place is common to all India, we may congratulate ourselves on the results of the bond between the mother country and India. Every citizen of this great capital may feel a legitimate pride in the wonderful town which has sprung up on the Hughli, and our fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire will see, in Calcutta's present prosperity and future growth, the sign which, I recognise everywhere in India, of a union which, under God's providence, seems destined to endure."

Then followed a charming incident. To commemorate the advent of the first Princess of Wales in the mother city, the Commissioners sought and obtained leave to present Her Royal Highness with a jewel. This was a necklace of pearls and diamonds—the pearls of large size and each one a different colour. But instead of passing the necklace to the Lady-in-Waiting on receiving it from the Chairman, Her Royal Highness intimated her desire to wear it, and, placing it round her neck, Lady Shaftesbury snapped the clasp—a graceful act of appreciation which was deeply valued by the donors. The route to Government House lay by the Ellenborough course—a curve on the *maidan*—until it joined the Red Road, the great evening resort, by the statue to the late Lord Dufferin. From this point it was densely packed with people of all grades; these, mingling in their holiday garb with the decorations of tall Venetian masts with bannerets and laurel wreaths, formed into shimmering streaks of colour. At the head of the Royal cortège rode the 15th Hussars. The 36th Field Battery brought their guns rumbling along. More Hussars preceded the Calcutta Light Horse and the Imperial Cadet Corps—the fruit of Lord Curzon's admirable policy to find military employ for the sons of those martial houses who are the salt of India. Sitting easily their black chargers, and faultlessly appointed in cream, blue and silver, they were as gallant a body as one could wish to see. Their Honorary Commandant, Sir Pertab Singh, rode a superb black on the right of the carriage. In the immediate neighbourhood of Government House—which stands in the heart of the city—the crowd approached suffocation dimensions, and when it surged into the street after the procession passed, it looked as if neither man nor horse could move.

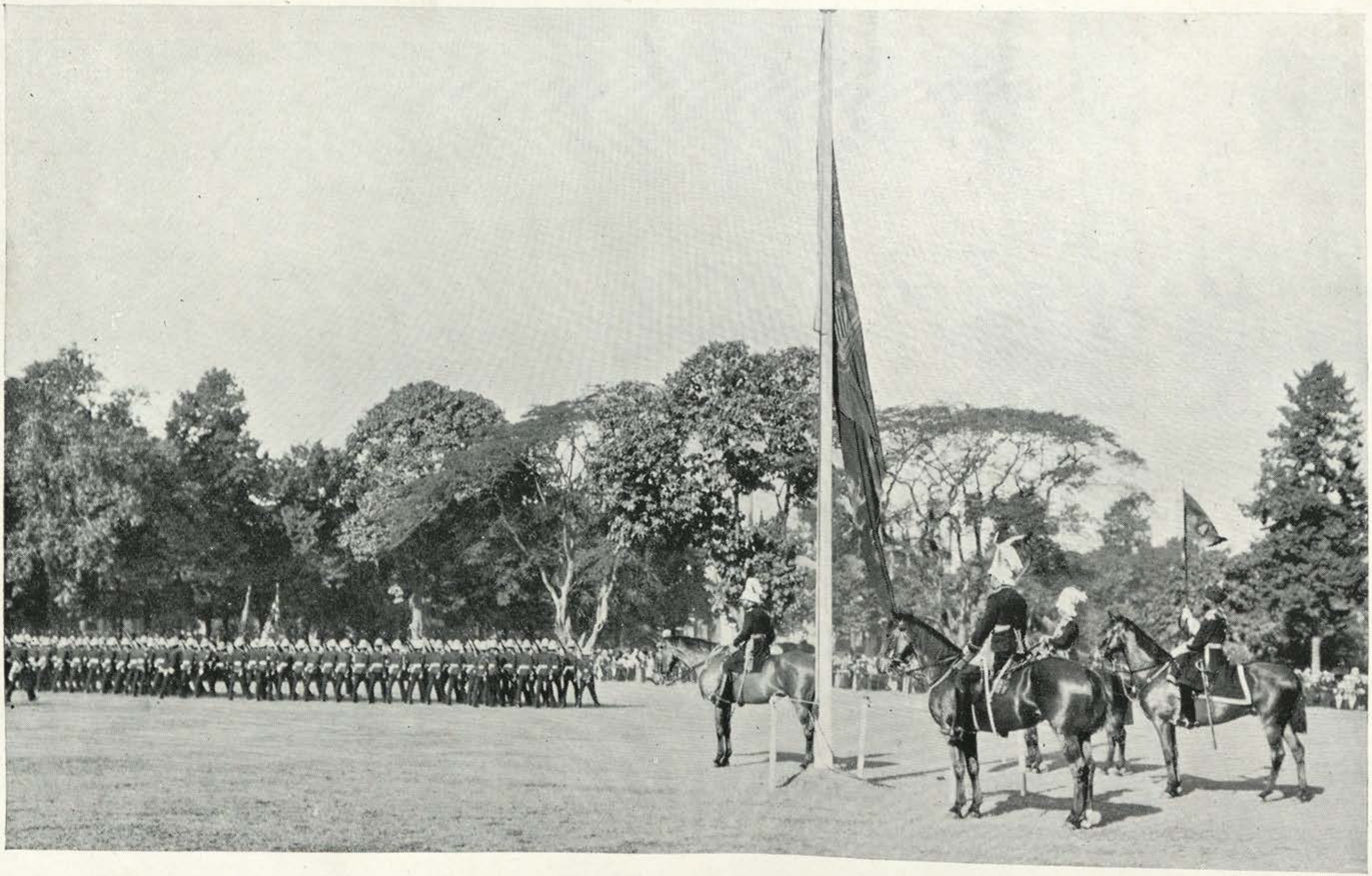
The arrival at Government House was a scarcely less imposing picture. The broad, white façade of the stately pile which Lord Wellesley reared to be the Indian home of the Governor-General, receding in the centre to admit a wide flight of steps, is a noble setting to any tableau. The softened light of the declining day brushed aside the garishness it wears at high noon, and made the smooth grounds even more beautiful. Here were gathered the Viceroy and the principal civil and military officials—Lord Minto, an erect, soldierly figure in scarlet, Lord Kitchener and Admiral Poe; but conspicuous even in this group was the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, with his refined features and inscrutable expression, in his rich robes, and our old ally in the Tibet Expedition—the Tongsa Penlop of Bhutan. In a corner of the verandah was the diminutive figure of the Rani of Sikkim, in quaint skirt and a head-dress like a spreading fan. They lent the Imperial touch to the scene.

The Imperial Cadet Corps.

The greeting between Their Royal Highnesses and Lord and Lady Minto was most cordial. It recalled the circumstance that only a few years ago



The Royal Arrival at Government House, Calcutta.



Presentation of Colours to the "King's Own."

the same hosts were receiving the same Royal guests in far distant Canada and accompanied them on their tour through the Great Dominion. Is not this one of those episodes which bring home very vividly all that is summed up in those words "The British Empire"? The time separating the two progresses is so short, the distance so vast, and the conditions vaster still. Yet the flag which flew from Quebec to the Pacific is the same as that which has flown over Their Royal Highnesses from Bombay to Calcutta; the loyal acclaim that meets them has the same significance. It also brought home very forcibly what we mean by the Indian Empire when the Imperial Cadets, the sons of the ruling families of Hindustan, were separately paraded and individually presented the hilts of their swords to His Royal Highness in token of fealty.

There was yet another ceremony before the programme of the day was exhausted—a Levée in the Throne Room of Government House. The presentations were the most numerous ever made in Calcutta, and occupied nearly two hours.

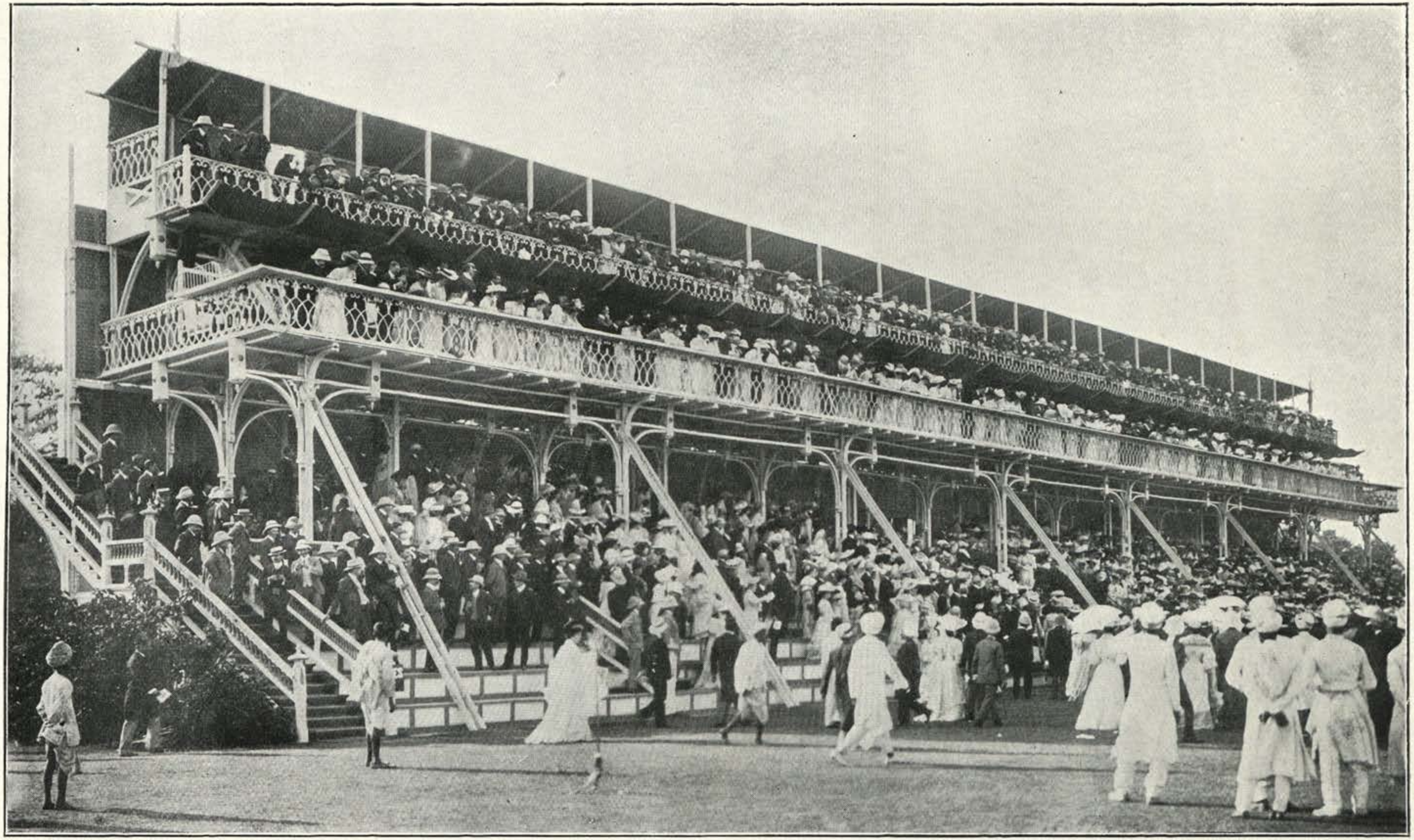
December 31st.

Although it was nearly midnight when the ceremonies connected with the Levée on Friday concluded, the Prince of Wales was early astir yesterday morning and at half past eight o'clock presented new colours to the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. In marked contrast to the cloudless skies of Upper India, the weather was dull and threatening. A heavy bank of aqueous vapour, through which the struggling sun had torn a jagged rent, overhung the city, and there was a soft moistness in the air which is not commonly associated with Calcutta in Christmas week. The King's Own were paraded on an oblong stretch of turf, enclosed within the venerable walls of Fort William. Down the centre of the verdant lawn ran the immobile line of scarlet and blue and khaki—a lawn ringed with plane trees, encircled with spectators, and hemmed in with the barracks, marked so unmistakeably "British pattern, Mark III." Into this theatre rode the Prince on his bay charger, the tall soldierly Commander-in-Chief, and the youngest General in the British Army, Sir Archibald Hunter, who came to see his old regiment receive this further honour from the Heir-apparent.

Of the ceremony accompanying the presentation of the colours what is there to say that has not been many times well said? But, although the routine is so familiar, one can never tire of its simple dignity and quiet earnestness. More particularly is this the case in India, when one brings to mind all that is represented by the "thin red line" tipped with steel—all the stirring story told in the names woven on the torn and faded silk. From their earliest service in Tangier, the King's Own have borne their colours whenever British bayonets have glistened. Corunna, Salamanca, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, Badajos, Bladensburg, Nive, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Abyssinia and South Africa—an epitome of the military history of Great Britain for two centuries! And so it was that one watched as intently as if the scene were entirely novel, the old colours played round to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne"; the lines break up and curve into a hollow square; the choir raise the strains of the grand old hymn; and the representatives of the Regiment receive their new colours, which soon will be carried from Fort William to Shwembo, in Burma—the first stage on their unending progress round and round the world.

Calcutta is at once the most opulent and most occidental of Indian cities. In the level greyness of its architecture, the striking lavishness of its *maidan*, gardens, and parks, and in the splendour of its social life it has nothing in common with the East. Neither have its miles and miles of back-streets, with their unredeemed meanness, the life, the character, the picturesqueness which relieve the backwash of other Indian capitals. Rather is it a block of Europe translated bodily to the banks of the Hughli, and peopled by the most active, the most successful, the most intensely British—and it must be added, the most self-centred—body of Anglo-Saxon merchants who exist outside the United Kingdom. These traits, which forcibly impress themselves upon the traveller the moment he crosses the pontoon bridge over the river, are indelibly impressed upon Calcutta at play. What is there to remind one of the East on the Calcutta race course on "Cup Day"? A sprinkling of native gentry, a few thousand excited Bengalis within the course, nothing more. And they are irresistibly overborne by the great gathering of smart women, well-groomed men, the perfect organisation, the luxurious appointments, the timber-fringed savannah, the atmosphere of Home. The East? Not a bit of it. Chantilly, perhaps, or Goodwood, or Ascot. But no more the East than Byzantium is Europe.

The splendours of "Cup Day" have been sung by a generation of Anglo-Indians. On no other sward in Asia can be gathered so many well-known men and women. Nowhere else can be seen so many familiar figures and so many pretty faces and lovely frocks. Nowhere else can be found such careful preparation and such complete arrangements for comfort and enjoyment. Well, the course on Saturday, when the best horses in India



Calcutta Race Course: The Prince of Wales' Cup.

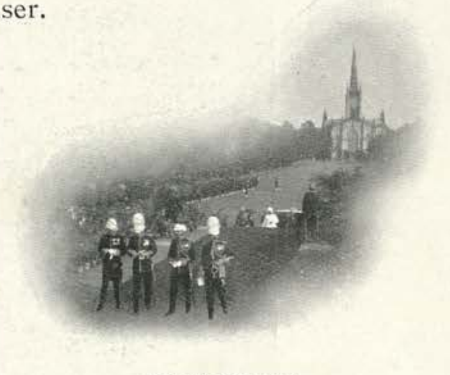
raced for the handsome Cup given by the Prince of Wales, was "Cup Day" over again, with the added distinction of the presence of the Royal visitors. The course has never worn happier or a gayer air, for all had donned their smartest habiliments in honour of the occasion. To join this glad throng the Viceroy and Lady Minto drove up in state, escorted by their scarlet-clad Bodyguard. Ten minutes later Their Royal Highnesses arrived. Instantly a forest of hats rose in the air, and it was to the accompaniment of wholehearted cheering that the Prince and Princess walked through a lane of loyal citizens to their box in the centre of the stand.

Palm Avenue, Calcutta Botanical Gardens.

The Prince of Wales' Cup brought together the pick of the Indian stables, and of the thirteen horses entered, twelve started. Their Royal Highnesses saw the race from the Viceroy's box at the corner of the stand, which commands an uninterrupted view of the course, and from which the eye sweeps over the expanse of tree-fringed turf until it meets the forerunners of

Howrah's smoky chimneys. The distance, one mile five furlongs, embraced the whole of the course, and from the moment the horses were sent away, the Prince and Princess could follow their progress. But the race was won in the straight, when Robinson, who had played a skilful waiting game, brought "Long Tom" through with a rush, and striding gallantly, Dr. Spooner Hart's bay repeated his win in the Viceroy's Cup. It was a popular win, and when, before leaving, the Prince presented his fine Cup to Dr. Hart, and shaking him cordially by the hand warmly congratulated him on his victory, this feeling was unmistakeably manifested. But it was nothing to the cheering which went up when Their Royal Highnesses drove away shortly before the races closed. The enthusiasm was genuine and spontaneous, and not since the King-Emperor was in Calcutta has the usually phlegmatic community been moved to such an emphatic demonstration of deep-seated loyalty. The day closed with a quiet dinner at Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andrew Fraser.

This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended the state service at the Cathedral. It was arranged that after the service they should motor to Barrackpur and return by train or launch, but they preferred to spend the day more quietly. Accordingly they went by water to the Botanical Gardens in the late afternoon to view the beautiful grounds and the huge banyan tree.



Calcutta Cathedral.

January 1st.

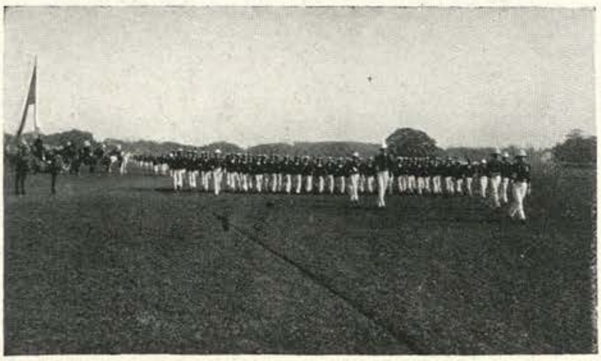
Old residents of Calcutta have attempted to gauge the number of people who lined the route to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales on Friday. Some put it at two hundred thousand, some at three. The task is well nigh impossible, for although the drive from Prinsep's Ghat to Government House is a short one, there were tens of thousands of patient spectators on the river banks. But there is a consensus of opinion that the crowds who thronged the Ellenborough Course over the *maidan*, the Red Road, and the narrower thoroughfares near Government House, were denser than any previously known in the history of Calcutta, and that certainly not less than quarter of a million people were in the streets. Also that, although the Bengali is not given to vocal expression of his satisfaction, there were on every hand indications of pleasure in the occasion and of a quietly respectful welcome of the Royal visitors.

LADY MINTO.

The Prince at the Parade.

Perhaps a better indication of the interest of Calcutta in the visit was afforded this morning by the Proclamation Parade. Their Royal Highnesses had three times passed in state through the principal streets, and the occasion had none of the charm of novelty. Yet from soon after daybreak all Calcutta seemed to be converging on the *maidan*, and long before the Prince and Princess were due, the road was only kept open by the incessant activity of the police. Near the Royal Standard the moving throng coalesced into a troubled sea of oiled, black heads, which rippled with movement like sands behind the receding wave. Mingling with the crush it was possible to meter more accurately than by any other means the attitude of the people toward the Royal visit. In this way one found in Calcutta precisely what was discerned in all other cities in British India, except that the cheerful placidity of the northern capitals was replaced by a certain nervous excitement. There was the same chattering wait, the same tense moments as the cortège approached, the same concentration as Their Royal Highnesses passed, and irresistible surging into the road the moment the last file of the escort clattered by.

The opulent spaciousness of the Calcutta *maidan* adapts itself admirably to such ceremonies as were witnessed this morning. The great assemblage, so far from embarrassing the parade, only provided it with a more appropriate setting. The long line of troops was the diameter of a giant circle of boscage, of the proud buildings of Chowringhee, and of the vari-coloured spectators. Even at such purely military events, and in such a military country as India, the salt in the fibre of all Anglo-Saxons effloresces. In the gallant array which marched in review, Horse Artillery, Volunteers and Infantry, none had so warm a reception, and none were so intently studied, as the Blue-



Bluejackets marching past.

jackets and Marines of H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and *Perseus* as they saluted the Sailor Prince.

In the afternoon Her Royal Highness held a Purdah Party for Indian ladies at Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor There were also the usual races at Tollygunge, at which it was hoped His Royal Highness might be present, but the Prince paid an informal visit to His Highness the Aga Khan. Tollygunge Club and Course are possessions which make dwellers in less favoured cities envious of Calcutta. Whilst within easy drive, and still more accessible by the electric tram, they have the verdant beauty and restfulness of the English countryside. At the steeplechases, except for a suggestion of the Howrah smoke-cloud, one might have been hundreds of miles from a great city. The eye rested upon nothing but a sweep of grateful turf, on palms and trees, on smooth lawns and cheerful people. Apart from the palms, the only suggestion of the East came from the close-packed Bengalis in the centre of the course, whose bright shawls, flecking their white garments with colour, only added to the attractiveness of the landscape.

The Prince driving through Calcutta.

H. H. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar, G.C.I.E., C.B., A.D.C.

At Calcutta the paths of Their Royal Highnesses and of some of the members of their Staff temporarily diverged. Whilst the Prince and Princess first enjoyed a little rest at Barrackpur and then sailed for Rangoon, members of their suite took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the sights of India which lay outside the route of the Tour, and to do a little shooting. Surrounded by the opulent solidity and commercial wealth of Calcutta, it is impossible to realise that one is within a few hours of a veritable sportsman's paradise. Yet if any part of the world is entitled to that distinction, it is the territory of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar in Bengal and Assam. The annual shooting parties of His Highness—with whom Their Royal Highnesses lunched in Calcutta—have brought together statesmen and sportsmen of the highest rank; they form the most celebrated big game excursions that are made.

Mr. N. C. Sen,
Military Secretary to H. H. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

The shooting land in the Maharaja's domains contains a great deal of marshy ground and comparatively little grass land. Of recent years the area frequented by big game has greatly contracted, owing to the spread of cultivation, and the Maharaja has had to look more and more to Assam. The country has, in the past, produced some extremely fine specimens of big game, especially in rhinoceros, bison and buffaloe. Panther are also met, and occasionally a black panther has been shot. Tiger used to be very plentiful, and many magnificent beasts have been bagged. The finest in the famous Cooch Behar record fell to His Highness' rifle, and measured ten feet five inches before it was skinned. But indeed most of the record specimens secured in Cooch Behar stand to the credit of the Maharaja. Sambhar, Bara Sing, Hog Deer and tremendous boar abound in these territories; an invitation to shoot therein is prized by the most accomplished sportsmen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Victoria The Good.

An Indian Entertainment—Picturesque Oriental Customs—The Eastern Dance—Its Contrast to Western Ideas—The Tashi Lama of Shigatse—Tibet in the Calcutta Streets—Garden Party at Government House—The Carnival of Light—Calcutta splendidly illuminated—The Victoria Memorial—Glorious Monument to a Great Reign—The other side of Calcutta—The Prince a Doctor of Laws—Departure for Barrackpore—Volume One of the Progress—A Few Impressions.

Calcutta, *January 2nd.*

IT is remarkable how little has been done in British India to introduce the Prince and Princess of Wales to characteristic episodes of native life. There have been garden parties, receptions, and dinners, without end; but away from the Native States, little or nothing distinctly and entirely Indian. This has not arisen from want of example, because the Bombay ladies' entertainment formed an admirable precedent. Nor has it been necessitated by poverty of material. There is no Indian centre, however advanced, where the means for presenting scenes from India without the English do not exist. It can only be ascribed to a certain lack of imagination which overtakes the Anglo-Indian official when confronted with the organisation of ceremonial engagements, and binds him, a willing slave, to all that has the sanction of usage. All honour then to the Calcutta citizens who broke away from orthodoxy and gave to Their Royal Highnesses an Indian entertainment this afternoon.

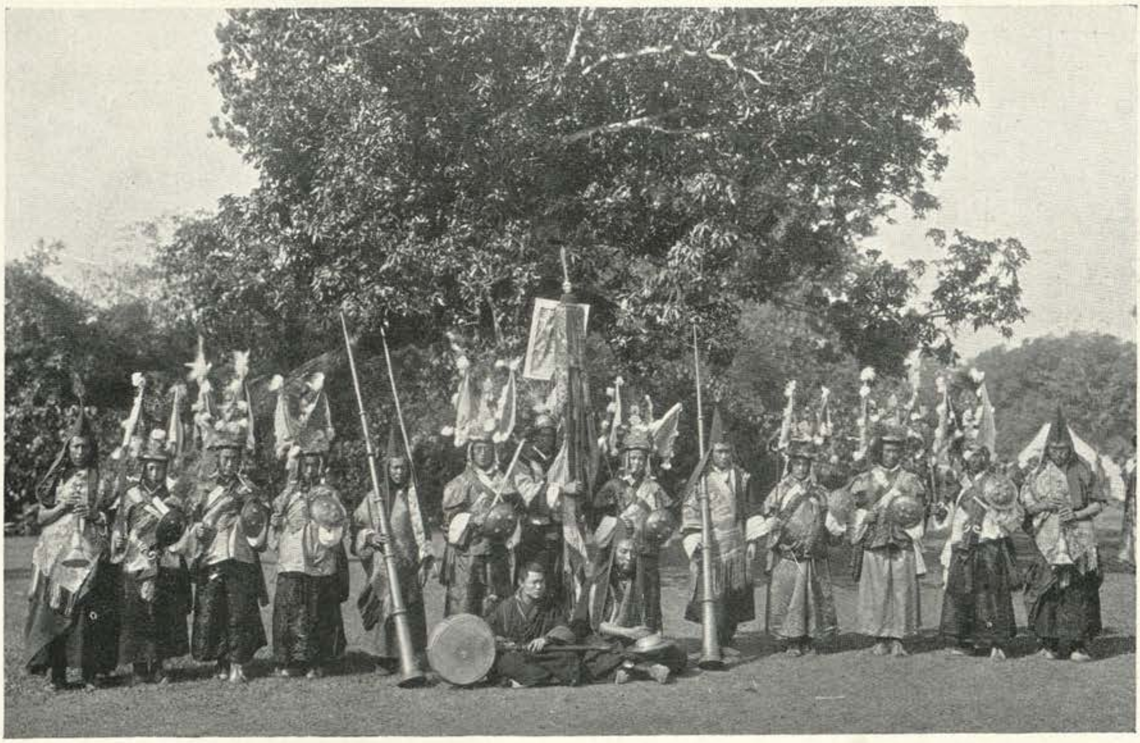
On the *maidan*, near the site of the Victoria Memorial, was erected a colonnaded amphitheatre of horse-shoe shape. In the centre stood a raised arena, and facing it a canopied dais. Inducted to this dais with much circumstance, and with Indian noblemen in attendance as *chowri*-bearers and as *raj chatradharis*, or Royal canopy-holders, Their Royal Highnesses had held before them a jewelled basin with the rose water which fills such an important duty in all eastern ceremonies. Garlands of white flowers were now offered and accepted. Then was presented *chandan*, or white sandal scented with saffron and musk, and *agar*, a sacred fragrant wood produced in the Garo Hills. With the gift of a bouquet to the Princess, the inaugural greeting closed and there stepped forward four pundits bearing four gold plates, each containing a cocoanut, a quantity of rice, a few blades of grass, a gold coin, and flowers—the national emblems of fertility and plenty. They gave place to three Moulvis, who presented, on behalf of the Mahomedan community, a hymn specially composed for the occasion. Two Buddhist priests in orange robes, with close-cropped crowns, advanced to the dais and submitted an address, comprising sacred poems in honour of the event, and a shrill-voiced choir raised, in Bengali, a song of welcome by the Maharaja Tagore. All was now ready for the character dancing.

Buddhist Dancers.

First there hopped on the platform the singers of the Baul song—a score of comical rascals in quaint robes, conical caps, and "bearded like the pard." Their dance merits no description, for it was only a repetition of the curious posturing of the Holi, the Ganpat, and all other native festivals. The Nagar Sankirtan, which followed, possessed a little more character. It was rather a series of jumps than a dance,--jumps to the music of weird, curly war-horns by tall fellows in rainbow garments, led by a shaven-pated gentleman who had a crimson umbrella all to himself. But there is so little variety in all these performances that one rejoiced at their brevity, and listened with pleasure to an interlude by the Bharati Musical Association. Those who have studied it aver that Indian music is more scientifically constructed than that of the West, and certainly the gentle, plaintive melody in the minor key created a most agreeable impression.

The eastern dance has nothing in common with western ideas and thought. Consequently the exhibitions from Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet, though in reality they may have been full of meaning and character, were to most of the onlookers merely tiresome and ineffably silly. The Sikkimese, who first took the floor, pirouetted like clumsy coryphées in training for the Empire ballet. They twirled their skirts of yellow silk and nodded their enormous hats after the manner of "Jack Greens" on a May morning; whilst the band, clad in jesters' caps, gave the gentleman with the trombone a great innings. The Sikkimese wore masks that might have been borrowed from a Chinese joss-house, and long tails from the crowns thereof like the bedraggled locks of Macbeth's witches. The musicians wailed and twittered, whilst the mummers laboriously spun round like clumsy skirt dancers. If the Sikkimese suggested elephantine ballerinas, their comrades from Bhutan might almost be termed the pre-historic prototypes of Miss Loie Fuller.

The argument of the Lama mask-dance was elaborate beyond words. We were told that an attempt was made to show how the dead, on leaving this world, meet the terrible denizens of the lower regions, how they are tried, judged, and punished, and how they are cut up and quartered for their sins whilst on earth. But it was impossible for the ordinary observer to detect the remotest resemblance between the argument and the dance. What we saw were two small boys, painted and masked to represent skeletons, who would not have frightened a healthy English child, skip round with a certain measure of agility. Then twenty or so ponderous Mongoloids, in Drury Lane masks, indulged in a few mild corybantic gyrations whilst the bandsman, entrusted in a rash moment with the



A Group of Buddhist Dancers.

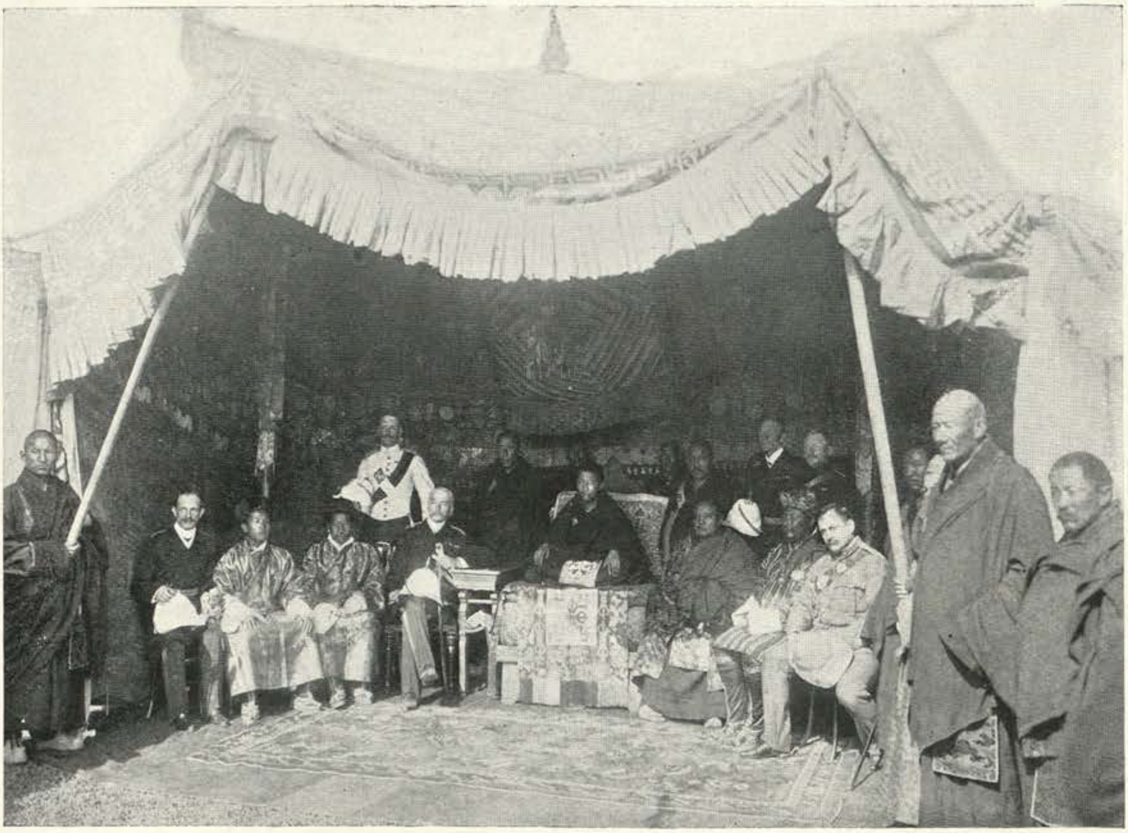
cymbals, enjoyed a little fantasia which rendered all his brother-musicians inaudible. But nothing would be more arrogant than to assume that because these dances are meaningless to us they are so to those for whom they are designed. The fact that they have come down through so many centuries is an indication that they are still a force amongst the strange people on our North-Eastern Frontier.

The Indian quarter-staff play was a very tame affair. It had nothing in common with the hardy staff play of the old English yeomen, but rather recalled the great duel between the young Vincent Crummleses which Nicholas Nickleby so unceremoniously interrupted, and wherein the tall sailor and the short sailor administered a variety of fancy chops alternately. At intervals the Bharati Musical Association played charming Indian music. If these fugitive impressions are likely to convey the idea that the entertainment was a rather meaningless affair it would be quite incorrect. There is an India which Their Royal Highnesses do not see at garden parties, state entrées, and durbars, and certain phases of it were presented to them to-day. They are phases few Englishmen understand and what we do not understand we are over-apt to call stupid. There could be no greater error. The entertainment was cleverly planned, and executed amidst graceful surroundings, for which those responsible are entitled to every credit. And not the least pleasing feature of the entertainment was the illumination of the *maidan*. The trees burst into fire blossoms as soon as darkness approached, and then paled before a brilliant display of fireworks.

All the morning, too, was passed amid strange surroundings. The Tashi Lama paid a state visit to the Prince, attended by the quaintest retinue—a cavalcade of hard-featured Tibetans, riding rough hill ponies, and wearing red and yellow hats of extraordinary shape. With pipes and tabors they marched through the Europeanised streets of Calcutta, carrying red and yellow banners, and the Tashi Lama's state palanquin. The Tashi Lama drove to Government House, but at his own request returned in his palanquin, after taking tea with the Prince and presenting His Royal Highness with an ivory-hilted poniard. The Tongsa Penlop and the Maharaja of Sikkim were also received. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

January 3rd.

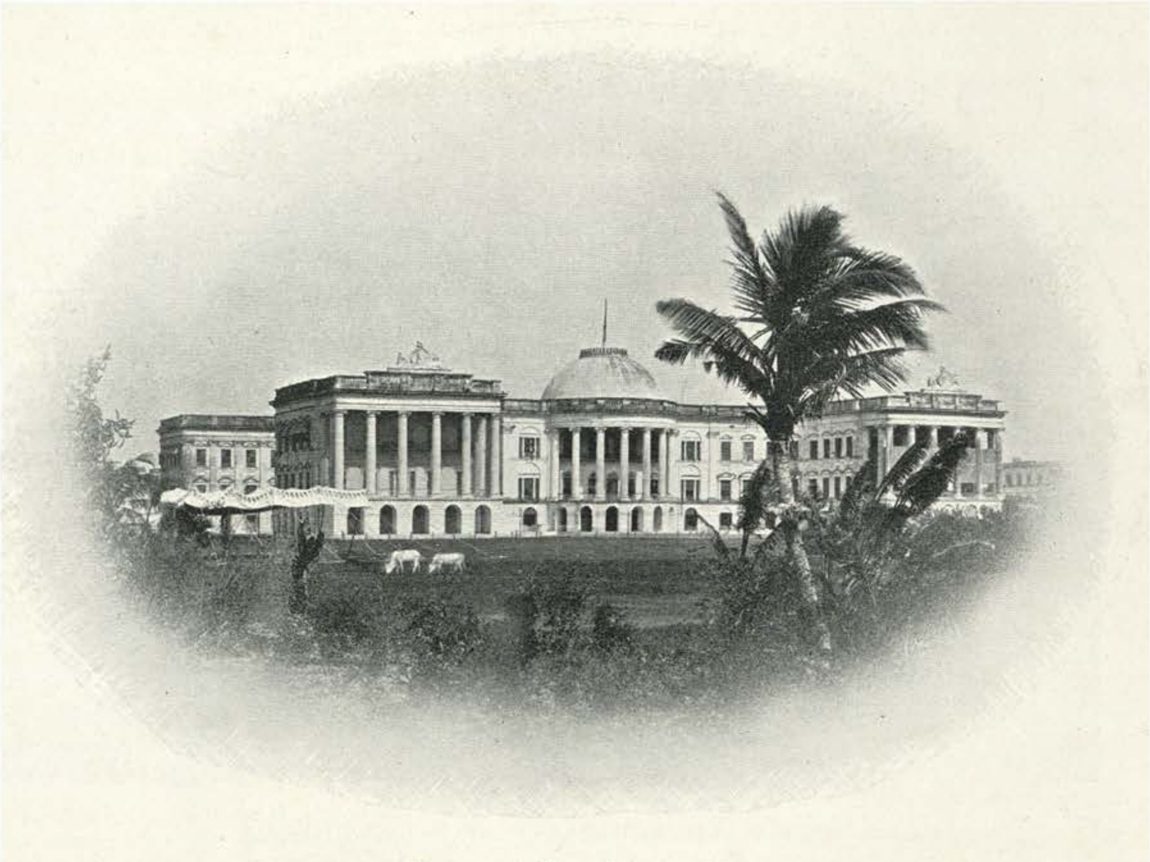
The Garden Party at Government House assembled every one who is now in Calcutta, which is another way of saying people of distinction from all parts of India. It is on such occasions that one appreciates, or ought to appreciate, the advantage of a Viceroy's residence which is approximately the centre of this humming circle of life, and which is adequate even for a Royal visit in the height of the season. And yet the broad lawns, refreshed by the recent shower, were no more than sufficient for the great gathering drawn together by Their Excellencies' invitation. Fashions change, and it is the vogue of the day to laugh at the imitation Corinthian style of the Georgian and early Victorian age. Still, with all its faults, that taste gave a certain dignity and solidity to the buildings of the period, which no one would claim for many of those of a later school. Certainly Government House at Calcutta is no unfit abode even for him who exercises the King's authority over three hundred millions of people. The severe white mass, with its porticoes and dome, standing in ample grounds of sward and palm and lofty tree, impart that sense of proud strength which is the keynote of the British *Raj*.



The Tashi Lama, the Tongsa Penlop and Maharaja of Sikkim

For weeks swarms of nimble coolies have been busy weaving a web of frail bamboo over the façades of the principal buildings. Then came other coolies who speckled the plaster and the brickwork with long wire nails. On these were hung white glass fairy lights by the hundreds of thousand, and, as soon as the sun declined, swarms of human spiders crawled over the webs, coaxing the reluctant wicks into life, and Calcutta burst into light. In this way were the illuminations chiefly planned, for, although electricity, gas and naked flames were freely utilised, there must have been a score of fairy lamps for every other form of light.

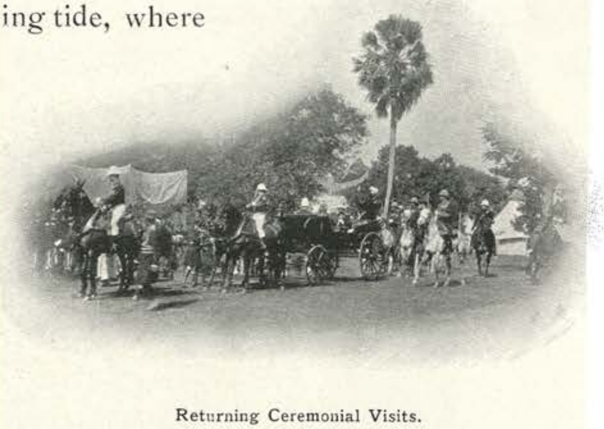
On a night like this the opulent spaciousness of Calcutta operates in two ways: it forbids the concentration of coloured flame, which in more cramped cities produces the richest decorative effects, and it permits a *coup d'œuil* impossible with tortuous streets. So in Chowringhee the eye swept over an almost unbroken wall of tongued light. The shops glistened with gas and electricity, each line of the Government buildings was drawn in living fire, and row on row of hard, white, incandescent light flaunted the solid proportions of the Clubs. It was like a sheet of carbon etched with fire, but the general lack of colour and the free employment of electric light made it a little cold. For perfection in illumination under an eastern sky nothing can vie with the soft, yellow, slightly smoke-hazed light of the fairy lamp, and hence it was


Government House, Calcutta.

that the gaze rested with the greatest pleasure on the chastened glow of the School of Art and the Museum.

But if Chowringhee was a little hard the *maidan* was all softness and grace. Some of the trees broke into blossoms of light which, reflected in the occasional pools, streaked their still surfaces with iridescence, and the Red Road throughout its generous length glowed with warm red lanterns and festoons of yellow light. Here there was colour without garishness—a vision of endless curves of damask luminaries. The outlines of old Fort William were stencilled against the sky, and in front blazed a vivid Union Jack. Over all beamed a lambent crown from the Ochterlony Column.

On the river the scene was one of singular charm. The darkness of the night was broken by a few incandescent pictures reproducing the exact outline, from deck to waterline and bow to stern, of the men-of-war and some of the steamers. These were mirrored again on the face of the swift-moving tide, where they flashed like a coruscation of diamonds and emeralds and sapphires. On one boat no hue but a pale green was permitted, and she shone in a haze of pixie light. As soon as the people had gathered thickly in the streets the men-of-war opened with fireworks, sending up salvo after salvo of rockets which rent fiery trails through the air and, bursting, flooded the sky with colour.



Returning Ceremonial Visits.

The "Carnival of Light" was played most brilliantly in Dalhousie Square. Here was the advantage of concentration, and as there was not a dark spot on the enclosing walls, the quadrangle was flooded with light. Most conspicuous was the great mass of dull brickwork which houses the Bengal Secretariat. Filling one side of the Square with a uniform style of architecture, each angle and curve was enfaced with flame, and the adjacent steeple of the Scotch Church preserved it from any suggestion of flatness. On the right the domed Post Office and in front the lofty buildings of the Telegraph Department, outdid in splendour even the loyal expression of the Banks and merchants. Then the gardens glowed harmoniously with Chinese lanterns, flashed back by the placid bosom of the lake, and here, indeed, the decorative skill of the citizens of the Metropolis found its richest embodiment.

It is the weakness of human nature to institute comparisons and there were many inquiries as to how the illuminations in Calcutta contrasted with those in Bombay. Well, Bombay lends itself much more readily, from the size of its public buildings and the nature of its architecture, to decorative illumination. The more general employment of colour gave the Bombay Carnival of Light a richness which was not secured here. In another respect Calcutta suffered from its own advantages; the vast bulk of the *maidan* swallowed up so many people as to invest certain parts of the route with an air of thinness. But enough of comparison. The Festival of Lanterns was a brilliant success; the citizens enjoyed it, and Their Royal Highnesses, as they drove through the streets with a large cavalry escort, frequently expressed their pleasure.

Bathing in the Hughli.

January 4th.

"Let us have a building, stately, spacious, monumental and grand, to which every new-comer to Calcutta will turn; to which all the resident population, European and Native, will flock, where all classes will learn the lessons of history, and see revived before their eyes the marvels of the past: and where father shall say to son and mother to daughter :—'This statue and this great hall were erected in the memory of the greatest and best Sovereign whom India has ever known. She lived far away over the seas, but her heart was with her subjects in India, both of her own race and of all others. She loved them both the same. In her time, and before it, great men lived and great deeds were done. Here are their memorials. This is her monument.'"

These words of the great Viceroy embody the purpose and object of the Victoria Memorial, of which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone to-day. India was stirred as she had not been for near half-a-century by the death of her beloved Queen-Empress. All classes were moved as by a sense of personal loss: the British by the fracture of the guiding influence under which the Empire attained its astounding breadth and power; the Native Rulers by the disappearance of the gracious Suzerain who confirmed them in their powers and privileges and was ever a wise counsellor and a generous friend; the people who gathered in reverent groups round the statues which preserve her lineaments, by the loss of that distant but ever present personality—more real to them than the greatest of the Mughals to the nearest of his subjects—the protecting Empress who closed the open scar, who had their well-being ever near to her heart, who rejoiced at their good fortune and sympathised with their afflictions, who loved them. And all because she embodied those ideals of duty and purity which are esteemed no less in the East than they are venerated in the West.

The yearning for some visible and concrete expression of this sentiment was directed by Lord Curzon into one main channel—the creation, on some commanding site in the Mother City, of an enduring monument to which all who would know of Queen Victoria, her life and times, would bend their steps. Every provincial centre has its own memorial, and rightly so, for in these days it is the relatively few who see the Hughli. But whilst each has within his reach some outward record of her reign, all have contributed through the local funds, and the munificent donations of the Ruling Chiefs, to the stately building which will proclaim, to a later generation, "The glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name." They did this on a scale which allowed the monument to be planned solely

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E.

with an idea to its fitness, unstinted by consideration of cost; to be cast indeed in a mould which will make it the most magnificent contribution since the days of Shah Jehan to the architectural treasures of the East.

The site was found on the *maidan*, near the Cathedral, and in close proximity to the unsightly gaol—soon to be removed. There the Hall will stand, on a terrace some seven feet high—a noble structure of white marble, crowned by a swelling dome, itself surmounted by a gilded figure of Victory. The style chosen by Sir William Emerson is the Italian renaissance, with a suggestion of orientalism in the arrangements of the domes and minor details. The general plan is for two wings linked by a curved arcade, the wide terrace running all round the building, with towers at the corners. The north porch will be approached by a sweeping flight of stairs, at the head of which will stand the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, by Frampton, now in the Red Road. The Queen's Hall is to be lined with white marble and coloured panels of Indian marbles, and mosaics and frescoes. Every particle of the material and workmanship will be of the best, for the Hall is meant to endure as well as the most famous products of the ancients.

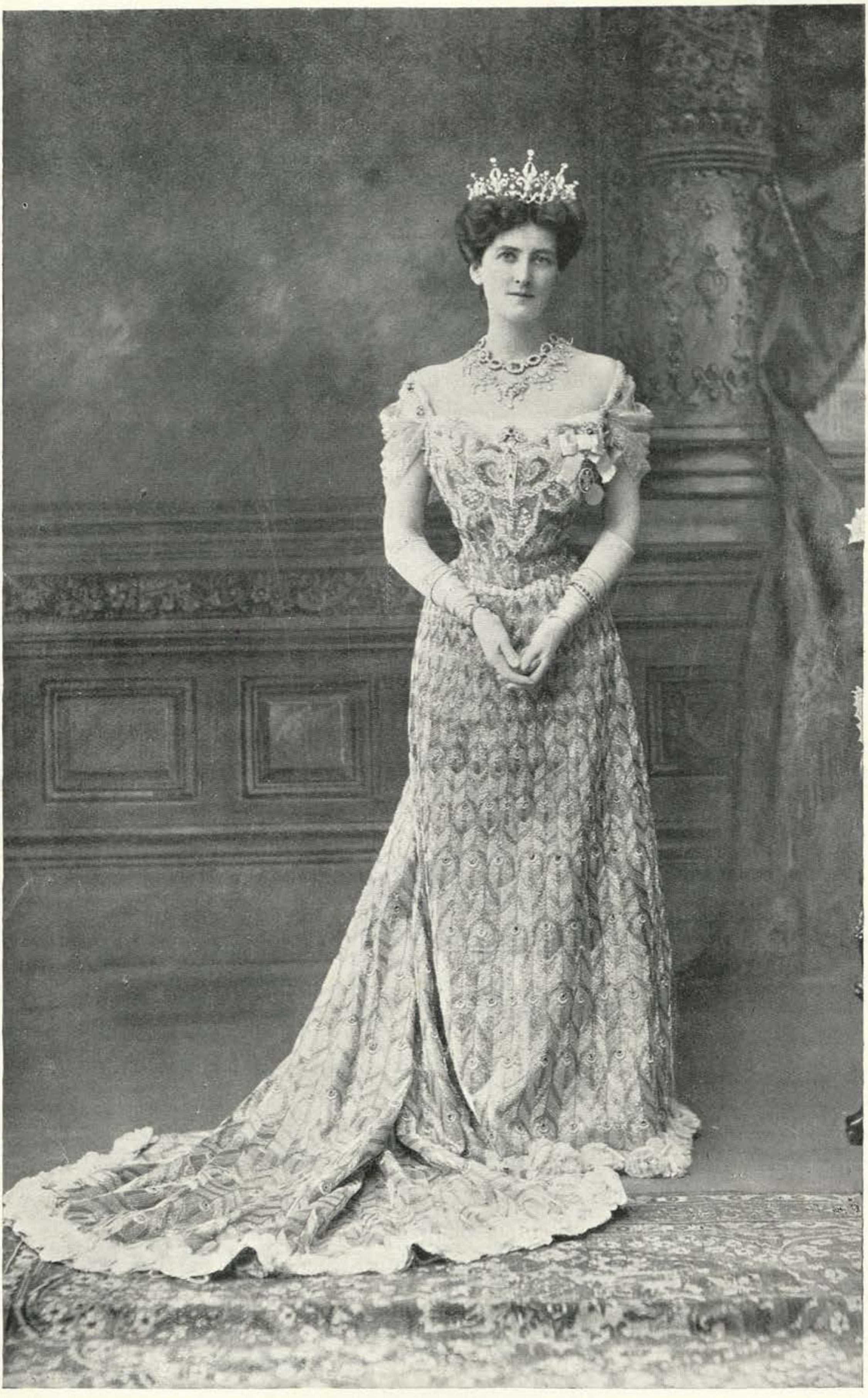
And this is to be no pompous shell, but a living, active epitome of the life and times of the Great Queen. In the central hall will be mementoes of the late Queen, first in such shape as statues and busts, and secondly in the form of memorials of her reign. Amongst these will be autograph letters to Viceroys and Governors-General, and Queen Victoria's chair and writing-table from Windsor. In the sculpture gallery will be busts and statues of great men specially identified with India; in the art gallery paintings, engravings, and pictorial representations of persons and historical scenes. It is possible, in stipple, mezzotints and engravings, to recover almost a continuous record of Anglo-Indian worthies, battles, sieges, landscapes, buildings, forts and scenes, during the last two centuries. There will also be cases with personal relics of the leading figures in Indian history. In the Princes' Court will be displayed memorials of Indian history, contributed or lent by ruling Chiefs, and in this a special gallery is to be devoted to a chronological illustration of the history of British arms. Then in the inner courts and quadrangles will be commemorated in frescoes such historic scenes as the three battles of Panipat, the immolation of the women of Chitor, the first audience of the British factors with the Great Mughal, and the Delhi Durbar. The Hall will be not only a Victoria Memorial but an Indian valhalla.

The ceremony this afternoon was simple, and tinged with a fitting solemnity and restraint. On the raised foundations of the future Hall were gathered all for whom space could be found. Heralded by a fanfare from trumpeters in embroidered gold surtouts, Their Royal Highnesses and the Viceroy and Lady Minto walked down the central aisle to the dais, erected under a Corinthian colonnade. Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, recounted the circumstances leading up to the ceremony, remarking that "The news of the death of Queen Victoria was received in India with a universal outburst of loyal and loving sorrow. We all knew how deep these sentiments of love and loyalty were in the hearts of the Indians, but even those of us who think we know the people best were astonished at their universality, not only in the great cities, where thousands met to give expression to their grief, but in the remote hamlets of the interior, where simple folk still live the old Indian life. Those of us who were then working among them found them moved by deep and general sorrow for the death of the Mother of her people everywhere."

The Prince of Wales, speaking with deep feeling, said :—

> We are met to-day to commemorate a great sorrow and a great love. Everywhere the Princess of Wales and myself, in our journey through this vast and varied land, have had almost daily evidence of the ample manner in which India has returned the affection of her first Queen-Empress. This sentiment, so touching and so precious, finds its highest and most universal expression in the National Monument with which the Princess and I are proud to be associated to-day. We have heard from Sir Andrew Fraser of the difficulties which attended the initial stages of this great Memorial, and we must all of us recognise that it is to Lord Curzon's untiring energy and devotion that the tribute to the late Queen-Empress has taken this national and far-reaching aspect. I am glad to know that the interest which he took in the building of this Hall will not cease with his departure from India, but he will continue to show his sympathy with the undertaking. It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in honour of one who, though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and in sympathy with all classes of this continent. But it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India—a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all-embracing love for her people and an enduring token of the affection which all—Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants—felt for Queen Victoria.
>
> To us this wonderful expression of gratitude brings natural pride and warm hopes. The Taj, which has delighted and fascinated us by its beauty and by its story, can never be rivalled in its grace. But in generations to come this memorial to a great Queen, whose sympathy conquered distance and space, may present to the historian reflections as hallowed as those which are inspired by the Taj Mahal.

The Prince and Princess, and the Viceroy and Lady Minto, now moved to where the memorial block was poised. The usual mementoes



Lady Curzon.

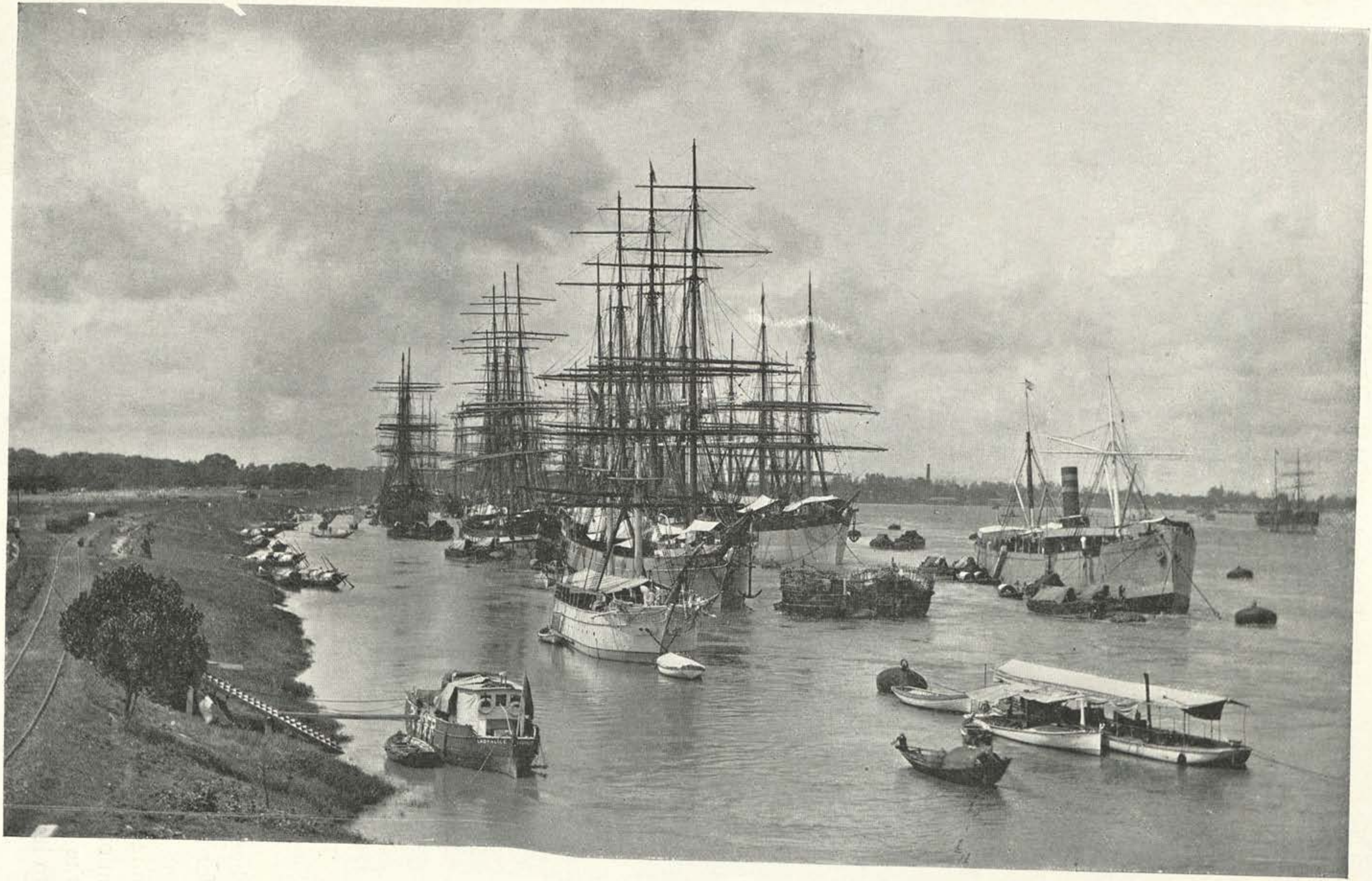
were placed in the hollowed nether stone, the cement spread and the block, of the purest white marble, was lowered into place. Having tested it with plummet and square, and struck lightly with an ivory-inlaid maul, His Royal Highness declared the stone "well and truly laid." All now returned to the dais where the Viceroy, in bluff soldierly words, expressed the country's thanks to Their Royal Highnesses.

Two episodes of the morning merit record. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles, I.M.S., drove to the Calcutta Medical College, where he spent an hour and-a-half under the guidance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lukis, I.M.S. From a *nazar* of a lakh of rupees presented to him by the Maharaja of Durbhanga, for philanthropic purposes, the Prince gave ninety thousand to the College, which will be of great service in improving the equipment of the Institution. The Princess visited the Holwell Monument to the victims of the "Black Hole" and the adjacent scenes connected with the early history of Calcutta.

January 6th.

The state ball last night and the special convocation of the Calcutta University to-day brought the ceremonies in connection with the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to Calcutta to an end. It is growing trite to say that the ball was more largely attended than any similar function in the history of the city. Still never have the handsome rooms of Government House presented a gayer and a brighter scene; and although at first dancing was difficult, from supper-time it was kept up with the greatest spirit. Their Royal Highnesses and the Viceroy and Lady Minto joined in the state quadrille, and the Prince and Princess found so much attraction in the animation of the company that they waited for the Princess to participate in the state lancers, when Her Royal Highness had Lord Kitchener for partner.

The convocation at the University, this morning, was a quiet ceremony. The Prince drove through streets which introduced him to that other side of Calcutta life which is hidden behind Chowringhee—the Calcutta of unattractive streets and dingy architecture, but redeemed on this occasion by the crowds who lined the highways and splashed them with the vivid colours of their shawls. The principal hall of the University was crowded, and through this lane of people His Royal Highness walked with Lord Minto, the Chancellor. The proceedings were of the briefest. Sir A. Pedler, the Vice-Chancellor, made a short speech presenting His Royal Highness for the degree of Doctor of Law, *honoris causa*, the Chancellor invested the Prince with the dignity, and the procession retraced



The Hughli at Calcutta.

its steps to the porch. His Royal Highness spent some time in conversation with the Fellows and returned to Government House.

This afternoon, according to the original programme, Their Royal Highnesses left Calcutta, but, instead of going to Darjiling, they went to the delightful sylvan retreat of the Viceroys at Barrackpur. They were accompanied by the Viceroy and Lady Minto and a very small Staff.

The Burra Bazaar, Calcutta.

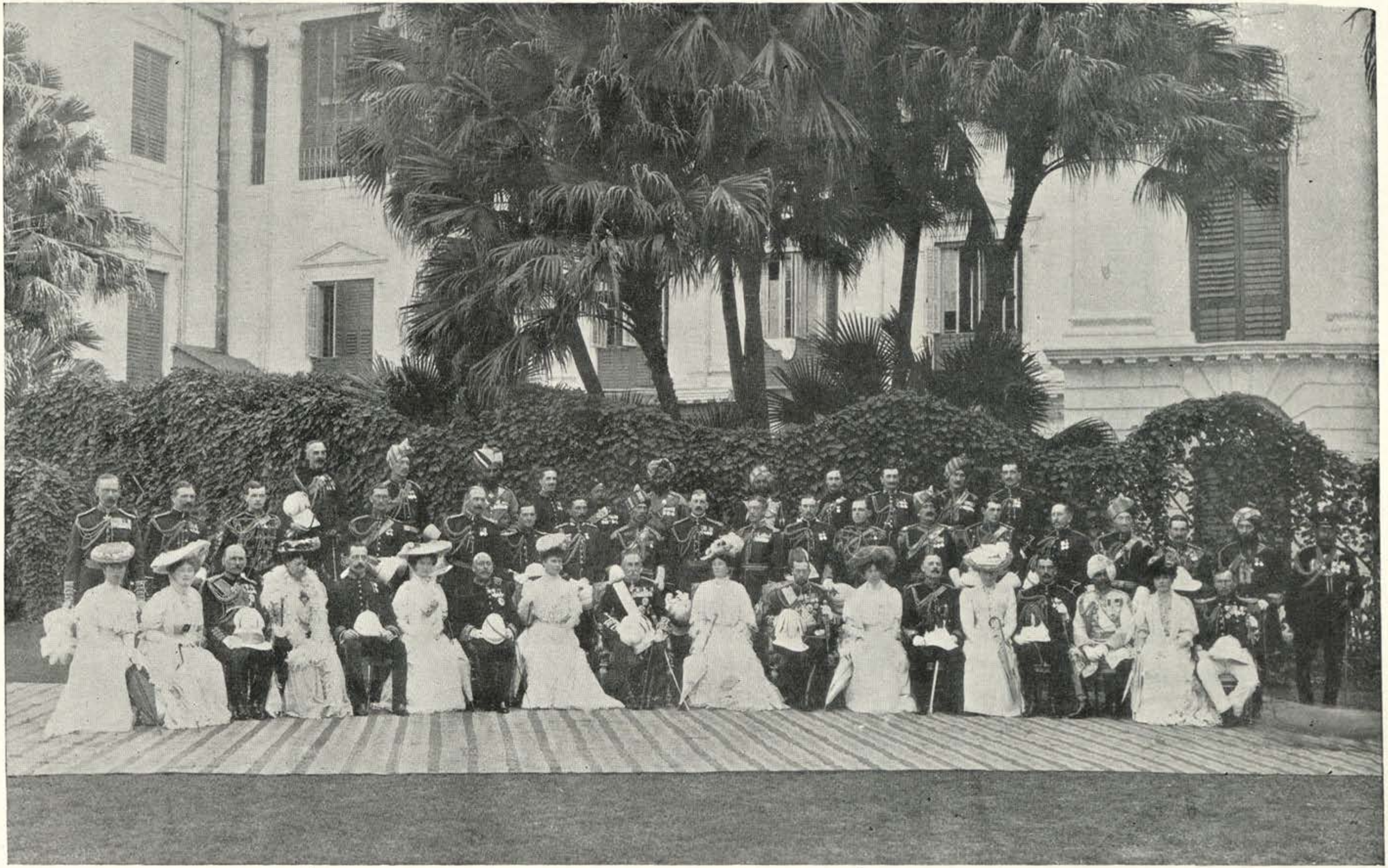
Although the Prince and Princess of Wales are only at Barrackpur, they are as completely severed from Calcutta as if the original programme for a visit to Darjiling had been adhered to. The Calcutta festivities closed on Friday and the Prince and Princess are in absolute retirement, enjoying a most necessary rest until they embark for Burma as the first stage on another long round of state ceremonies. The decorations are being removed, the sooty traces of the illuminations cleansed, and Calcutta is returning to its normal life, busily discussing, in the brief intervals snatched from the all-absorbing question of the future military organisation, such local topics as the incubating improvement scheme. Since the final decision was taken, the wisdom of abandoning the projected visit to Darjiling is fully recognised. It was not only that the weather was so unsettled that grave doubts existed as to whether Their Royal Highnesses would see anything more of the mountains than a sea of unpleasant mist; but the strain of a fatiguing railway journey, coupled with violent climatic changes, was not one to be lightly faced at this period of the tour.

A Type from Darjiling.

In Calcutta was written the last page of Volume One of the tour. The second volume will open in The Silken East and carry Their Royal Highnesses through the fascinating cities of Southern India to the Imperial Watch Tower at Quetta, terminating in the port of promise—Karachi. It is not yet time to turn the leaves of the volume and glean its lessons, except to say that nothing has marred the triumph of the progress. Everywhere the Prince and Princess have found warm hearts and loyal enthusiasm. Everywhere they have left a deeper affection for the Royal House and an even more firmly-rooted attachment to the Imperial Throne. Nowhere was this more marked than in the capitals of the great feudatories—in Indore, the rendezvous of the Central Indian Chiefs; at Udaipur, Jaipur and Bikanir, the home of the chivalrous Rajputs; at Lahore, where the Punjab Chieftains gathered; and at Jammu and at Gwalior. In some cases Their Royal Highnesses were renewing acquaintances pleasantly inaugurated in England; in others they met for the first time Rulers who have a great stake in the governance of India. But whilst in all they were welcomed with a pomp and magnificence which expressed the joy of receiving, the feelings of the Chiefs must not be measured by these outward signs alone, splendid though they were. What made the Maharaja of Jaipur reverently lay his sword at the feet of the Prince and Princess and throw open the palace gates, so that the Royal carriage might drive through the almost sacred inner courtyard to the foot of the durbar dais? What made Scindia descend from his state seat personally to present his Sirdars? It was the burning desire to pay to the Emperor's son the greatest honour that could be drawn from the codes of the East. The same spirit flashed in the significant words of the Tashi Lama of Shigatse—the most sacred figure in Buddhism—when he received the Prince at Hastings House : "I have come from a distant country, over mountains, rivers and snowy passes, to meet Your Royal Highness, and I would gladly have travelled ten times the distance for the honour of such an interview."

But in the rich pages of this volume no leaves have given greater pleasure than the entire worthiness of the last chapter, writ in Calcutta. Nothing is gained by burking plain facts, and certainly the Calcutta visit was regarded with a certain measure of dubiety. Public feeling, violently agitated by the partition of Bengal, foamed into an altogether unusual exacerbation of demonstration. There was not, and there could not be, any confidence that the hot-headed men who fanned disturbance would refrain from carrying politics directly into the welcome of Their Royal Highnesses, or that they would not find abettors in the feather-brained students who have been making themselves so ridiculous. From the moment that Their Royal Highnesses arrived at Howrah until they left for Barrackpur no countenance whatsoever was given to these doubts. Many causes contributed to this result. The sentence is written with every appreciation of the great work of a great Viceroy, but the departure of Lord Curzon, whom the Bengalis regarded as the head and front of this offending, drew the sting of faction. Then the leaders of the anti-partition movement may have come to realise that the patience of the Government, which had not flagged so far, was not absolutely inexhaustible. But these were minor factors. The dominating influence was the growing appreciation of the circumstance that the Prince and Princess are above party and administrative acts, and that they are of a Royal House whose love for India and regard for her welfare are not surpassed by even the most patriotic Bengali.

"Prince, you have made us all one!" was the frank exclamation of a well-known Parsi when presented to His Royal Highness in Bombay. It is scarcely an exaggeration to apply that remark to Calcutta, for if there were any abstensions from those who welcomed the Royal visitors their absence was not remarked. Each state ceremony was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular interest. The people came in from the surrounding villages in their tens of thousands, and wherever the Prince and Princess were to be seen there the townspeople were gathered together. Nor did interest wane as the visit drew to a close, for on the last ceremony of all, when the Prince drove through the dull streets



A Group at Government House, Calcutta.

which lead from Government House to the University, the throng was dense and continuous. One did not detect the joyous note which rang so loudly in Bombay and some of the northern cities, more particularly in Delhi and Amritsar. Those who know say that the Bengali is not built this way. But no matter where one mingled with the onlookers he found a genuine concern in the presence of Their Royal Highnesses and a keen anxiety to know their features, so as to be able to carry away a mental picture of the King-Emperor's eldest son and his consort. Whatever the occasion, even so fascinating a one to the oriental mind as the "Carnival of Light," it was always the Prince and Princess whom the people had come to observe.*

Their Royal Highnesses' visit to Calcutta was punctuated with well-organised and brilliant pageants. The decorations in their simplicity and taste were handsomer than any yet seen, with the single exception of Amritsar. Illumination night was a "Feast of Light." Moving through these scenes the Prince and Princess came into contact with every phase of the city's activities, whilst the overpoweringly European atmosphere of their surroundings was tempered by the presence of the Tashi Lama, the Tongsa Penlop and the Raja of Sikkim on all state occasions. But the event which will dwell longest in recollection, and which was indeed the crowning point of the progress, was the laying of the foundation stone of the noble memorial to the late Queen-Empress. On every hand the evidence accumulates which points to the virility and grip of the chain which binds India to the Royal

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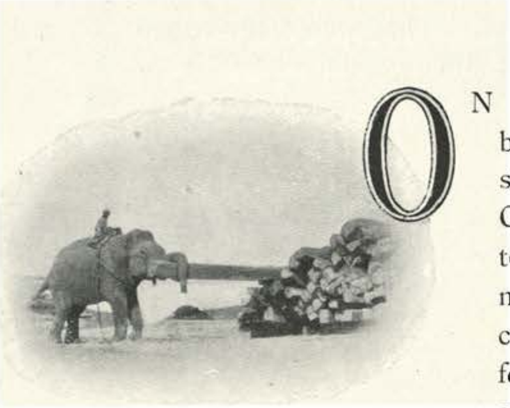
* It is extremely difficult for the Englishman to interpret the mental attitude of the Indian. His Highness the Aga Khan, the spiritual and intellectual head of the Khoja community and the most trusted Indian leader, who passed on foot amongst the crowd on illumination night disguised, thus recorded his impressions :—"The scene that night I shall never forget. Tears of joy ran down the faces of old men, and young Bengali lads who probably were students who had been agitating several weeks before. Amongst one large group I went up to an old man, a Mahomedan, who seemed deeply affected. His grey beard was wet with the tears of joy he had shed, and his moist eyes shone with that happy satisfaction which one so rarely sees on the faces of very old men. I went up to him and enquired why he shed tears and why he looked so happy. He turned round and told me, with an expression I can never forget, "I went to see them arrive the other day. His first glance—and his whole bearing all these days has only confirmed it—has shown that he is a 'Man,' and that he looks upon us as men. Oh, how good it is to have a man who does feel that we are human beings . . . . . . I cry for joy that the heir of the Indian Empire and his consort do consider us human." The hundreds who surrounded the old man, with one voice said *shabash! shabash!* and looked as if they instinctively agreed with the old man."

House. The first link was forged by the gracious Proclamation, which will be blazoned on the walls of the Victoria Hall, and every year fresh sectors were wrought as the knowledge of her sympathy and goodness and love penetrated the hearts of her eastern subjects whom she never saw. That chain was inherited by her son, and, as far as one can read the signs of the times, will pass strengthened to her grandson. In every phase of the simple reverent ceremony the force of this personal influence and dynastic connection was driven home, and it found its most adequate expression in the active association of Queen Victoria's grandson with India's outward expression of love and loyalty to her memory. Through this association the Victoria Hall will do more even than proclaim "the glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name." It will be an outward and visible sign that, though kings and queens must pass in their appointed time, the principles for which Queen Victoria stood did not die with her. They were bequeathed to her successors with the sceptre she swayed for India's good.

CHAPTER XXII.

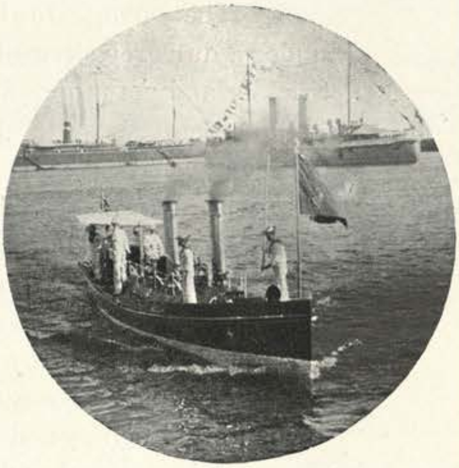
The Pagoda City.

THE VOYAGE DOWN THE HUGHLI—SOURCE OF CALCUTTA'S PROSPERITY—THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER—THE VOYAGE TO BURMA—RANGOON: THE CHESSBOARD CITY—BURMA WITHOUT THE BURMANS—THE BURMESE MAIDEN—A COSMOPOLITAN RECEPTION—THE PARKS OF RANGOON—A VICTORIA MEMORIAL—THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—DECADENCE OF BURMESE TASTE—ELEPHANTS A'PILING TEAK—THE HILL TRIBES OF BURMA—THEIR MONOTONOUS DANCING.



RANGOON, *January 13th.*

ON Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales embarked on a launch at Barrackpore and, steaming slowly down the swift-flowing Hughli, arrived at Garden Reach, where they transhipped into a tender. Thence they continued their voyage to the mouth of the river, where the *Renown* and her consorts were in waiting, all except the *Terrible*, for owing to her vast bulk the giant cruiser was anchored another forty miles out at sea. The sun was low in the West before Their Royal Highnesses rejoined the battleship which bore them from Genoa to Bombay, and when the guns cracked out the Royal Salute, the dull, heavy sky was stratified with lemon and rose-pink and sullen masses of foreboding grey. The *Renown* remained at her moorings until daylight; then weighing anchor, she started on the short voyage across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon. It was meet that on their last day in Bengal Their Royal Highnesses should be brought into this intimate contact with the mighty river which carries the life-blood of the Province. For Mother Gunga, with her principal outlet the Hughli, is one of those waterways, like the Elbe, the Rhine and the Yangtse-Kiang, destined by nature to be the theatre of a crowded population and an ever-increasing trade. The Prince and Princess were able to view it in all its aspects—the pleasant sylvan riverain scenery of Barrackpore, which is fast being eaten away by the industrial development of Calcutta; the mills and factories, which blacken the air with their foul emanations but bring gold by



H.M.S. "Renown's" Launch with T.R.H. on board.

the million to Bengal and reduce each year in larger measure the dependence of her people on the soil; Garden Reach and the *maidan*, where the wealthy society of the metropolis takes the air of evenings; the humming docks and jetties always crying out for more room; the panting steamers sweeping down with the tide, bearing the spoils of her world-wide trade; and the Sunderbunds of malarious repute.

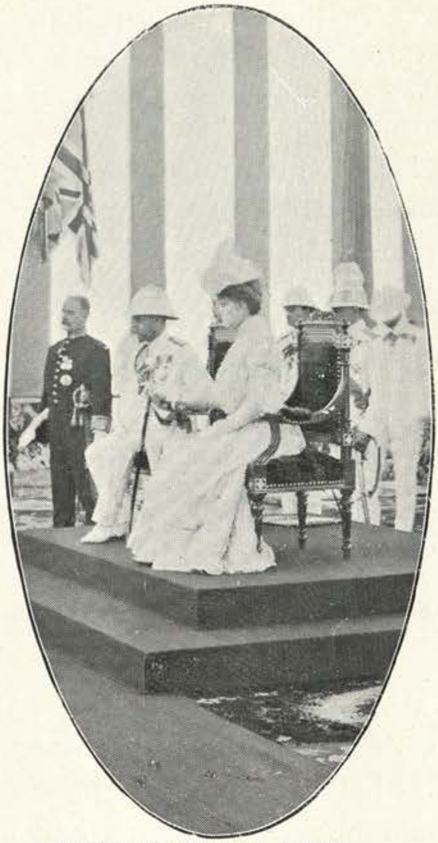
All these characteristics of the Hughli passed slowly in review before the Prince and Princess, and with his sailor's eye for maritime details, His Royal Highness was the keenest of observers. Why does not some genius tell the tale of the Hughli as Mark Twain wrote of the Mississippi in "The Mississippi Pilot?" There is a wonderful fascination in the story of its ever-changing channels and shifting sandbanks; of its bars and shoals, which, like the "James and Mary," mean no more than three minutes of life to the vessel meeting its embrace and butting against the terrific force of the tide; of the Survey Staff which watches the moving waterway as intently as ever astronomer studies the heavens, and the Pilot Service which yields to its chief members the salary of a Commissioner of Division—a Survey and Pilotage so thorough and so exact that Calcutta is as free from accidents as any port of its size in the world. Is there no one to write also of its romantic history and of the men who came up with Job Charnock when, casting his eyes over the dreary mud flats, he marked them down as the site of the future capital of India? It needed a prophetic soul to discern the potentialities of a metropolis in that miasma-reeking plain.

Awaiting the Arrival.

The voyage to Burma was made through a leaden, lifeless sea and under a dull grey sky. The splendid coolness of Calcutta was soon left behind. Stickier and yet more sticky it grew until, when the *Renown* anchored below the Hastings Shoal in the Irrawadi last night, the atmosphere must have reminded Their Royal Highnesses of those steamy days in Bombay which welcomed them to India. From the anchorage the Shwe Dagon Pagoda flamed against the horizon, its heavily-plated coronet and bulbous pinnacle glistening like a lesser yellow sun. But when, on landing early this morning, the Prince and Princess lost sight of the Pagoda they must have wondered if they were really in Burma, or even in the East. Laid out on the American chess-board plan, Rangoon has many of the characteristics of the western township. Each good building alternates with hovels, and, although Rangoon is a city of infinite promise, it is one of the most featureless and unprepossessing achievement.

This is Burma without the Burmans. The soldiers are British or Indian, and the Police Sikhs. The coolies come from Madras or Calcutta and the street hawkers are Bengali Mussulmans or Chinese. The driver who rattles you to the hotel in a matchbox on wheels drawn by a rat, hails from the North-East, and you are received by a Goanese butler and shown to your room by a Madrassi bearer. If you would shop you must drive over roads made and cleansed by Indian labour to English, Italian, Hindu, or Chinese stores. If you would do business there are British and German banks and houses, Madras usurers and Chinese money-lenders. At the station a Eurasian Superintendent bids Indian coolies entrain your luggage and Bengali servants will minister to you at the stopping places. There is room for every one except the Burman, and he is the scarcest commodity in Rangoon. Go to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and there you find him engaged in cheerful worship, clad in spotless white and pink, and scores of dainty maidens too, kneeling in the outer row and holding their offerings of flowers and tapers in graceful devotion. But even the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is swept by Indian scavengers and painted by Indian labour, whilst the twang of the hawker vending "icelemolade" is unmistakable Bengal.

Nor was there much to suggest Burma when the Prince and Princess, who passed up the busy river in a small launch, stepped ashore at the Sule Pagoda Wharf. Of the two thousand persons gathered in the pavilion only a sprinkling were natives of the country. In the circle of municipal commissioners who waited to present the address there were English and Scots, Hindus, Bohras, blue-robed Chinamen and a Parsi, but only an



Receiving the Municipal Address.

insignificant proportion of Burmese. The Chiefs of the Southern Shan States, with their robes of brocaded gold, their gorgeous hats fashioned like the iron pots worn by the men-at-arms of the Middle Ages, and their strong Mongolian features, were oriental to the core; but the Burman might have been a stranger in the country, so small a part did he play in the actual reception. It illustrates by the way the comparative inaccessibility of parts of the Province that one of the Shan rulers—and that a woman—was fifty days on the journey from her State to Rangoon.

When the Prince and Princess left the pavilion and entered the vestibule leading to the highway they passed into another atmosphere. Here were gathered the wives and daughters of the leading Burmese citizens—the quaintest little almond-eyed ladies imaginable. Their olive complexions were enamelled a pale cream colour with cosmetic of *thanatka* on which were boldly-pencilled eyebrows. Their jet black locks, oiled and combed and done into a top-knot, were bound with fillets of tinsel and decked with flowers. Their silken jackets and voluminous skirts of charming rose-pink, often beautifully broidered, shimmered in the softened light; while—to quote Sir John Suckling—each maiden's

> "Feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out"

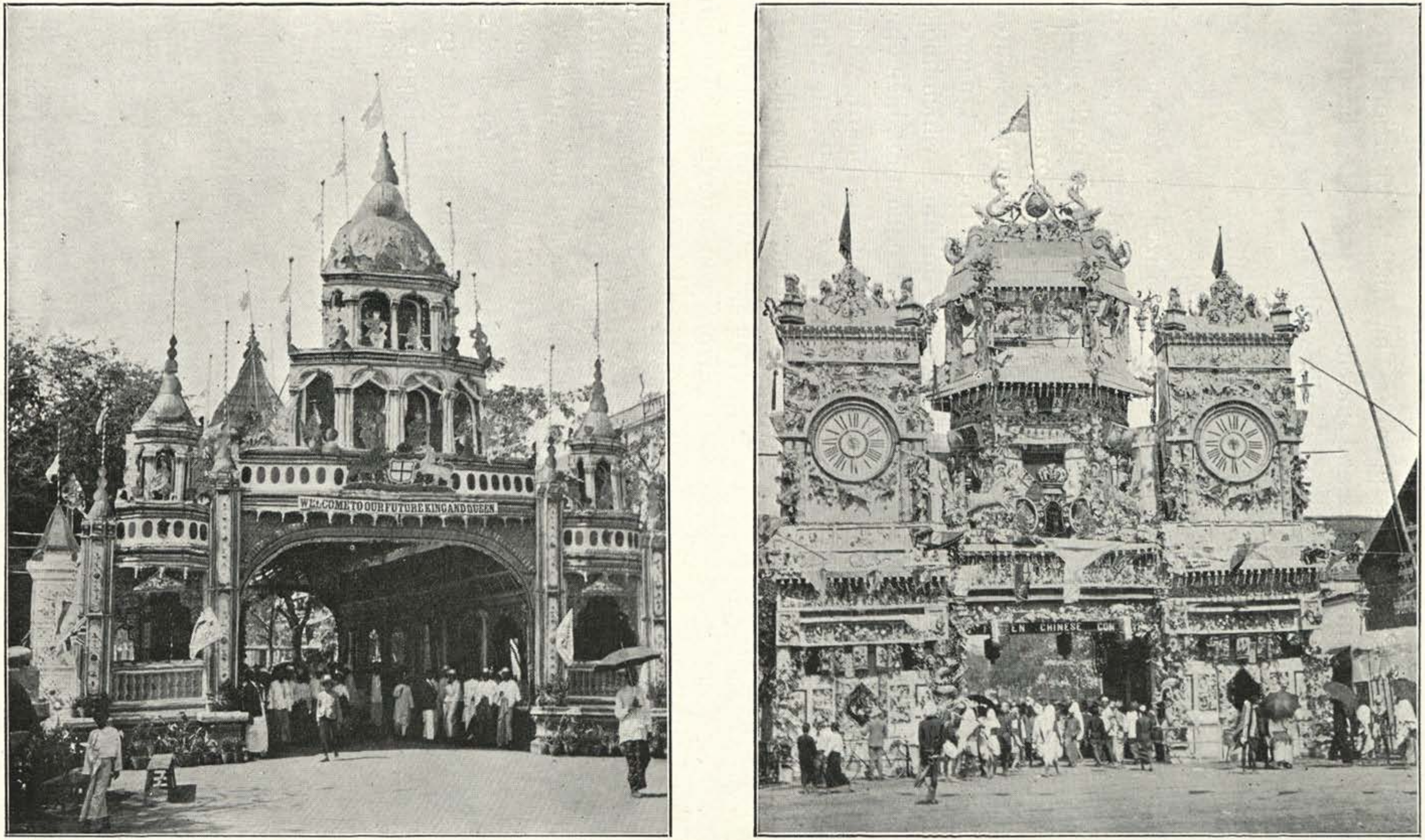
encased in the nattiest of sandals. They sat with true oriental patience, now whiffing a surreptitious cigarette, or "a whacking white cheroot," bearing on their knees large Burmese silver bowls of roses. But when Their Royal Highnesses approached the pink ranks rippled

Burmese Girls.

and rose and the ladies sedately strewed the path with flowers. There has been no more graceful greeting on the Royal progress.

The crowds lining the streets were more cosmopolitan than any that have greeted Their Royal Highnesses since they left Bombay; but, though apparently few in numbers, the Burman had inoculated all with something of his own joyous temperament, and it was pleasant to listen to the splash of laughter and of jest. The enthusiasm of the communities at welcoming for the first time the Heir-apparent to the Province—for His Majesty the King-Emperor was not able to visit Burma on his Indian tour—also broke out in the erection of a long series of triumphal pavilions. The first was entirely Burmese, in the form of a "pyatthat"—the structural ornament to the roofs of buildings specially erected for the reception of Royalty and other great dignitaries. The Mahomedan pavilion represented a mosque and the Madras Hindus raised a counterfeit of the Golden Temple of Madura. The Surati Bani Company built quite an imposing edifice of Moorish arches, with painted panels of the most flamboyant character. The pavilion of the Chittagonian Mussalmans represented a court in the Alcazar of Seville, whilst the Fokien, or "long-coat" Chinese community of Rangoon, imitated a royal entrance or halting place for Chinese Royalty. Then the Canton, or "short-coat" community of Chinese, raised from material brought from Canton a pavilion designed after the famous Hone Kow Arch, where the two Emperors Hoan Kow Tsaw and Chow Hong Yee met, and placed under the southern entrance five quaint sets of marionettes. The children, the students, and the Karens also had stands to themselves. These lent a character to the decorations which has rarely been found on the tour, and it enabled the widely-varied communities of Rangoon each to greet the Royal visitors in its own fashion. The leading members of every race gathered in the pavilions and the Prince and Princess, who drove through at a walking pace, accepted many gifts of flowers on their progress.

Who, knowing Rangoon, does not gratefully remember the Royal Lakes and Dalhousie Park—that wholly graceful sheet of water running almost to the base of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda hill, hemmed with verdure and embroidered with feathery islets? Amongst the most pleasant recollections everyone carries away from the Burmese capital is the memory of the drive over the red laterite roads of Dalhousie Park that ring the water, and the row down the lake from the pavilion of the hospitable Boat Club to see the Pagoda at sunset. Then the excrescences which modern bad taste


WELCOME TO OUR FUTURE KING AND QUEEN
L.N. CHINESE COM

COSMOPOLITAN RANGOON: HINDU AND CHINESE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

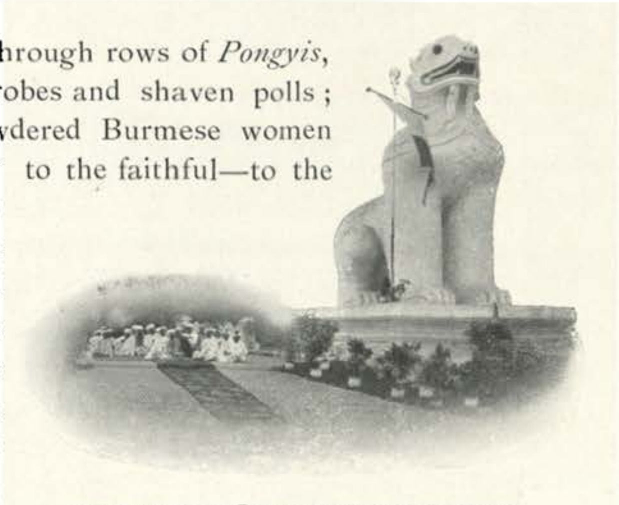
has fastened on the Pagoda disappear. The finely-proportioned golden edifice rises from its palm bed pure and undefiled. Its golden beauty glows softly in "the western waves of ebbing day"; whilst the molten pinnacle and radiant coronet flash out the message of Buddha's wise and tolerant creed. As the sun dips below the horizon, the aureate shimmer deepens into a purple shaft—the glory of scene exquisite in its simplicity and repose.

On the opposite side of Lake Road the citizens have laid out, in memory of Queen Victoria, a new Park which continues the beauty of the surroundings—a park pleasantly diversified by grass-grown hillocks and ornamental water, by flowers and trees. On one side are the buildings which house the zoological collection, including the sacred white elephant, which, if the truth be told, is but a mangy, grey beast, and provide a large, open space where the larger carnivora can exercise. To furnish the requisite space much unsightly land was cleared, and one must admire the foresight and enterprise which secured the site as a plaisance before the rapid growth of the city seized it for bricks and mortar, and thus further guarded the purlieus of the Pagoda from unwelcome intrusion. Thither the Prince and Princess drove in state in the afternoon to open the Memorial. Afterwards the Prince and Princess visited the principal houses, but the most interesting feature was a pavilion erected by the Burmese ladies under the leadership of Mrs. Hla Aung, where a band of little Burmese maidens, in their pretty dresses, postured in the quaint national dance whilst musicians wrought a plaintive air on their native instruments.

A Street Scene in Rangoon.

January 14th.

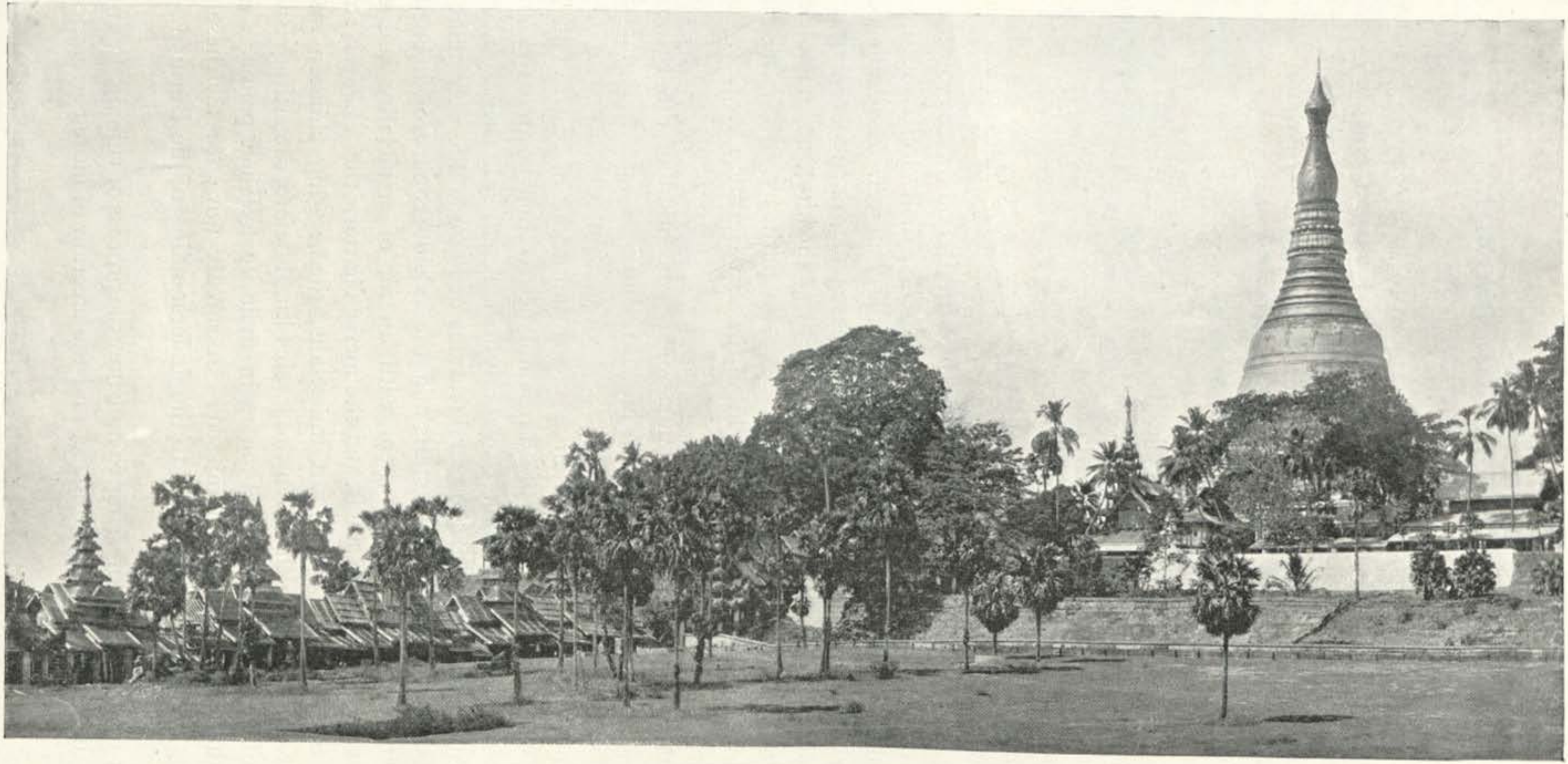
This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended divine service at the Cathedral, and in the afternoon paid a private visit to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. On commencing the ascent of the long flight of steps leading to the platform from


The Shwe Dagon Pagoda: Waiting for the Prince.

which the Pagoda springs, they passed through rows of *Pongyis*, or Buddhist monks, with their yellow robes and shaven polls; then through the bazaar—where the powdered Burmese women sell flowers, candles and "joss sticks" to the faithful—to the terrace. Here were gathered many leading Burmans, flecking the pavement with colour as they moved lazily to and fro in their voluminous pink silk skirts and white jackets, and with their heads bound with rose-coloured silk. Amidst such a throng a few Chinamen wearing Ellwood helmets and a hybrid English dress appeared strangely incongruous. The major temples huddled round the base of the Pagoda were crowded with Burmese maidens; and a group of Buddhist nuns, their skulls shorn to the skin, could scarcely be differentiated from the *Pongyis*. A group of lads were playing football which, under the Burmese code, means keeping a light wicker ball in the air by striking it with the arm, the knee, or the sole of the foot. Their Royal Highnesses also saw the path by which the British advanced to the capture of the Pagoda in the first Burmese War.

Some of the preparations made for the reception of the Prince and Princess revealed the depravity of modern Burmese taste. It made one shudder to see coolies covering the red-lacquered pillars with coats of filthy grey paint, afterwards grained in a crude imitation of oak. The lesser pagodas were also gilded out of all resemblance to their normal appearance. One could wish, too, that Their Royal Highnesses had seen the Pagoda under a less formal guise. True, the usual features of Pagoda life were there—the *Pongyis*, the worshippers, the stalls and the kaleidoscopic crowd, but under circumstances which invested them with an air of artificiality and effect. You missed the dirt, the smell and the merry chatter, the *Pongyis* smiting their crescent gongs, the vagrant musicians, the begging children and the pretty air of devotion with which the lassies kneel before the sitting Buddha, holding offerings of flowers and tapers in their upstretched palms. Will it be said that some were well missed? Assuredly not; for all these, with many less pleasant, are essential to the understanding of the Burman.

It was a little depressing to note how the process of ruining the environment of the Pagoda goes on apace, and the erection of more corrugated-iron



THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

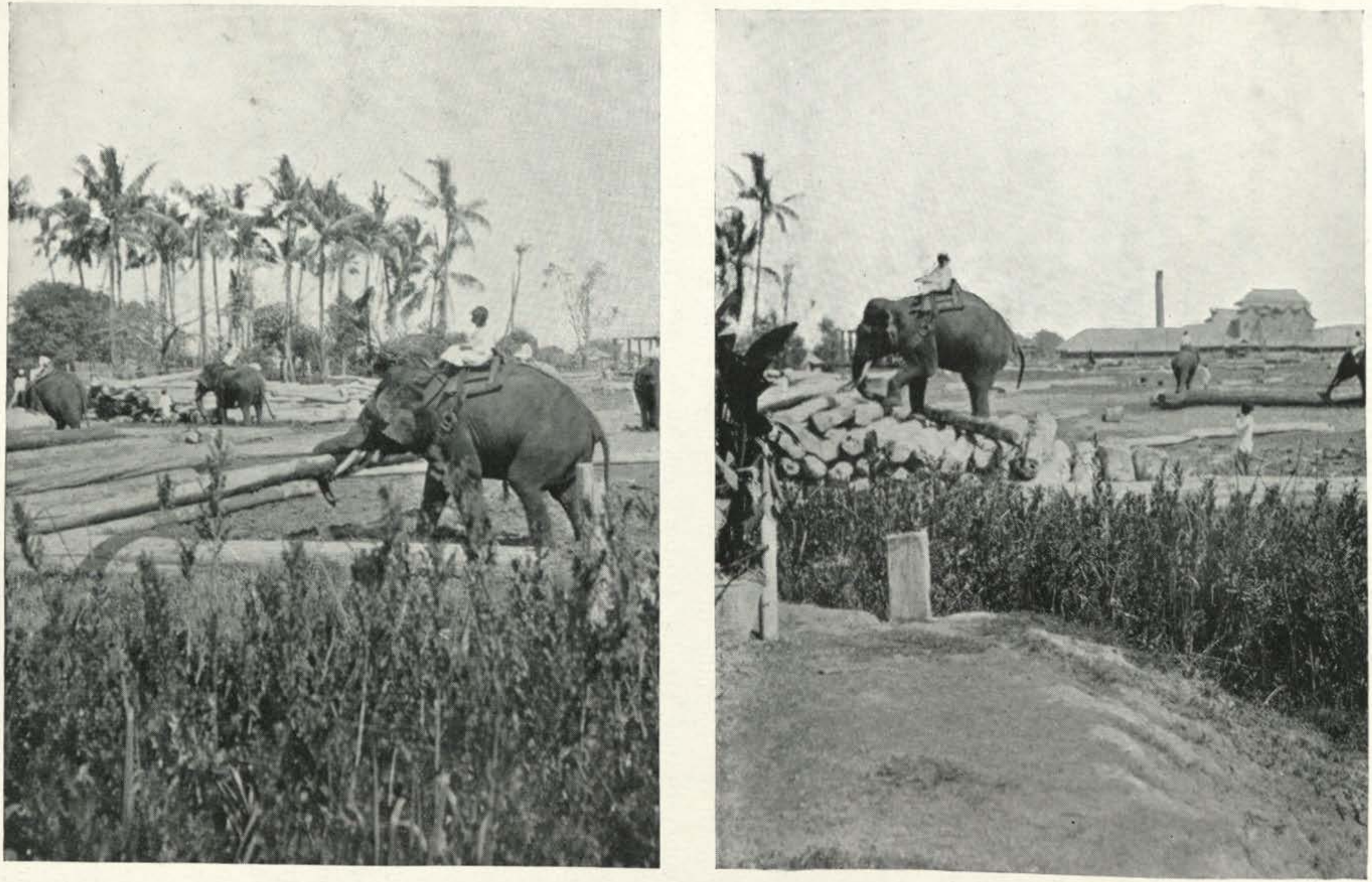
shrines and glass-bedaubed pillars. It is almost impossible to conceive that the faith which raised the Pagoda in all its impressive simplicity, where it should witness the force of Buddhism as far as the eye could reach, should rear these monstrosities in tin and tinsel, and drape an image of the founder in a khaki rope. Does it not typify the decay of the pure, if sterile, faith, which flowed from India to Japan, into a religion of mere form and ceremony, with no real vital force? You long for some bold iconoclast to arise and brush away the booths which obscure much of the dignity and grace of the original shaft, even though it involve the sacrifice of some fine detailed craftsmanship, and leave the Pagoda what it was meant to be--a pillar of gold rising sheer from the palm grove on the terraced hill.

January 15th.

They say that this is the coolest weather they ever know in Rangoon! The assertion induces sympathy wholly gratuitous, and probably equally unwelcome, for those who live in Rangoon. For these recent days have been dull and heavy and steamy—days when one prayed for a storm to clear the air, so oppressive and deadening is the atmosphere. Fortunately, when the Prince and Princess set forth this morning to see the elephants piling teak in the yards of the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, there was a strong fresh sea-breeze. If it had not been for this, anyone unacquainted with Lower Burma would have imagined it to be the early days of the hot season instead of the "coldest" days of the year.

On the level, muddy banks of the creek, just below Rangoon, eleven fine elephants awaited the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses to begin work. It was an appropriate theatre, for on the opposite bank was a dusty rice mill husking the new paddy now beginning to come in, and the Prince and Princess were brought in contact with the two great founts of Burma's growing prosperity, whilst the smoke of the oil refineries indicated the presence of a third important source of material wealth. The elephants ran through the whole gamut of

A Burmese Group.



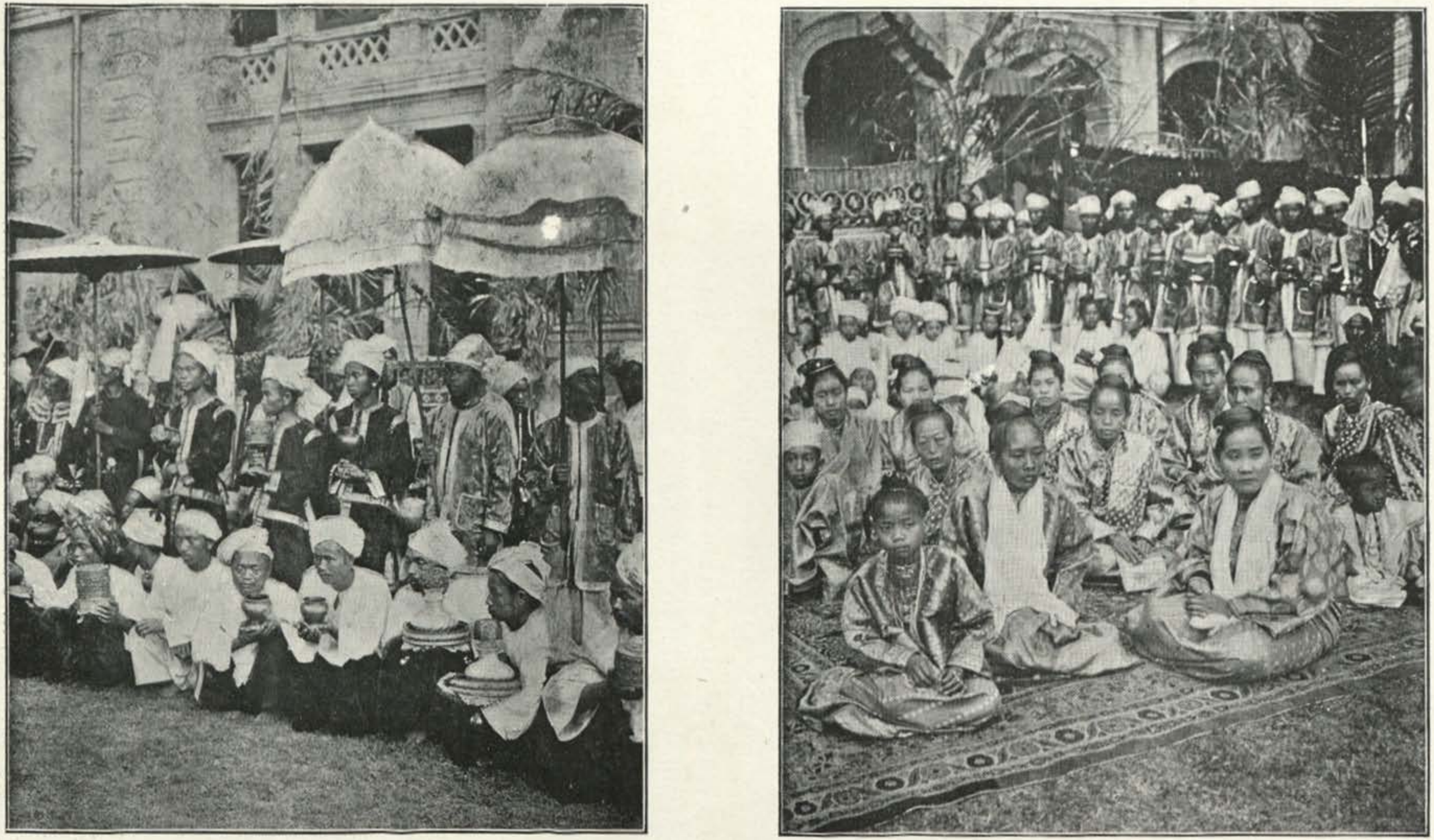
Elephants at work in the Teak Yards at Rangoon.

their accomplishments. They dragged huge baulks of timber over the mud, squealing loudly with disgust when the weight of the load called for a great effort of strength—for the elephant likes work no more than the Burman. They piled logs one on top of the other, dragging the heavy lumps by chains held in their twisted trunks, squaring the pile with the precision of an expert "deal runner." They butted logs along, using their weight as cleverly as an athlete, and one old gentleman rolled the stump of a tree about like a circus performer until he tired of it.

The timber was not large enough to necessitate two elephants working together, which shows the trained beast at his best, but the cleverness of one fine tusker made him the cynosure of all eyes. It was a study in animal intelligence to see the huge beast go on his knees in the muck and dig out an enormous log thirty to forty feet in length; then, recovering himself, balance it carefully on his tusks and advance slowly over the sludge, climb the stack already built up, and shoot it on the top of the growing heap. Once there, a second elephant, knee-deep in pleasant slush, squared it and so the work went on. Some who have had much experience of elephants say that they are stupid beasts and their intelligence has been very much overrated, as direction entirely comes from the *mahout*. But the *mahout* in the timber-yards does not bestride the animal's neck where a certain amount of leg pressure might be brought to play. He sits on a small padded wooden frame-work on the back, and his only stimuli are baby taps with the heel and an occasional prod with the goad. Can any animal which translates these signals, as does a clever elephant, be regarded as unintelligent?

But the elephant, like many other picturesque features of Burmese life, is doomed. He suffers from the penalty of being too good, and notwithstanding the efforts to keep up the supply it falls so far short of the demand that prices have risen enormously and are still increasing. His training begins at five and continues until he has attained one score years and five, and is worth from six to seven thousand rupees. At this price it is more profitable to put down machinery, and when next a Prince of Wales visits Rangoon, if he desires to see elephants a'piling teak, they will have to be brought down as curiosities from the forests. But where the timber is actually felled the elephant still is king. No animal or mechanical device can compete with him when it comes to dragging logs through the pathless forest or removing jams on the creeks.

Many strange sights have been witnessed on this tour, but none more curious than the array of Hill tribes on the lawn of Government House this afternoon when the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Thirkell White were "At

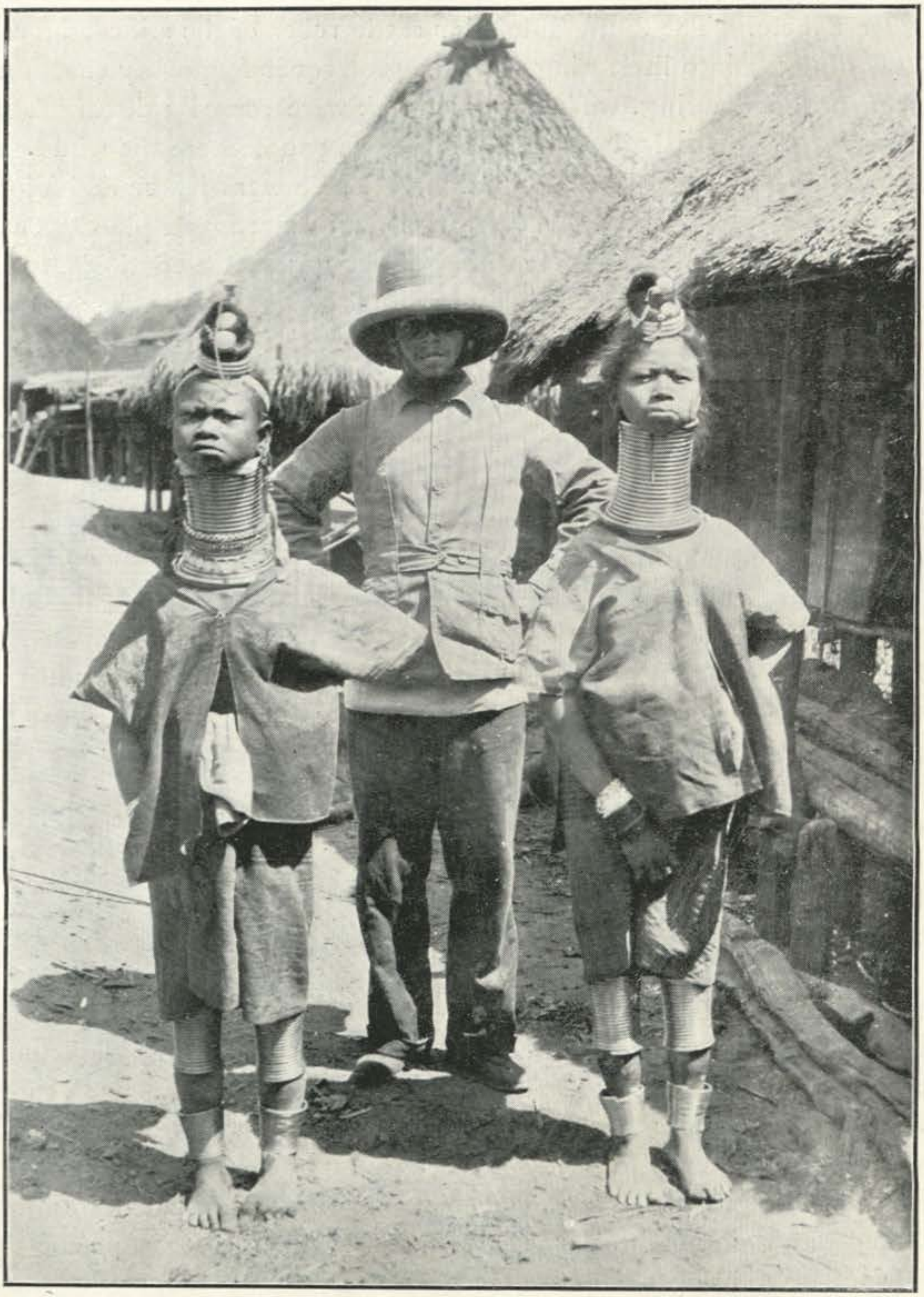


Burmese Chiefs and Burmese Ladies at the Garden Party.

Home.'' Representatives of all the tribes and sects in the Southern Shan States were there. The Shan Chieftains sat in robes of the stiffest brocaded gold, bursting out into little wings like the grotesques frequently encountered in Burmese wood-carving. Their women-folk were scarcely distinguishable from modest Burmese ladies. But the jungle people were the wildest seen since the Nagas were left behind at Jaipur. There were Karen and Yintale, Padaung and many another of the strange families who people the eastern frontier of Lower Burma, and from Mergui, Toungoo, the south-west corner of the Shan States, and the five feudatory States of Karenni. They gradually descended in the social scale until they reached the Lawas, or "head hunters."

Bizarre, even amongst the motley collection, were the Padaung from the Karenni and Shan States. There the swan-neck is esteemed so great a mark of beauty that extraordinary pains are taken to acquire it. As early as possible in the life of the female infant, brass rods, about a third of an inch in diameter, are coiled round the neck and are added to periodically so as to keep the neck in a constant state of tension. The longer the neck the greater the beauty, and some of the Padaung carried from twenty to twenty-five coils. Anything more uncomfortable or more cumbersome to a people whose daily toil is not light can scarcely be imagined. It is like a self-imposed "cangue." Yet it did not appear seriously to hamper their movements. The story is told of a missionary who, impressed by the sufferings of a Padaung convert, had the neck rings cut away; she was then too weak to hold her head erect.

Of the dances little can be said; they mean nothing to the western spectator. The Riangs first "took the floor," the men in white, the stocky little women in modest dresses of dark-blue home-spun, whilst the band produced monotonous, but not unpleasing, music by striking shaped bamboos of various sizes. The dance was a monotonous march, with an occasional shake of the foot, conducted with perfect gravity but without life or spirit or evident interest. Occasionally their voices were raised in a wild refrain. The Padaung were even quainter. Nine men and women lined before the Prince and Princess and clasped hands. With bowed heads and shoulder to shoulder they very slowly revolved on the centre man as on a pivot. An occasional slight genuflection alone broke the monotony of the march, and the only instrument was a set of pan pipes. This inane performance was carried out with a gravity comical in its intensity.



The Long-necked Women of Padaung.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Golden City.

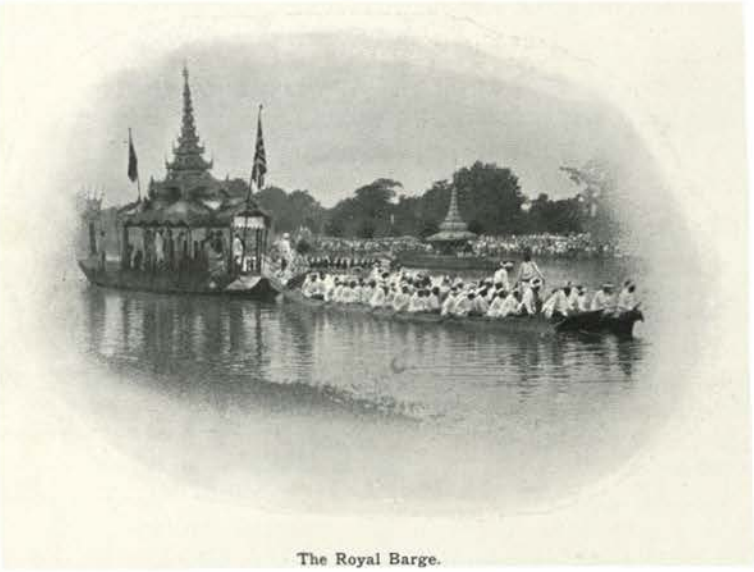
Rangoon illuminated—Most Untoward Rain—A Burmese Water Fete—Journey to Upper Burma—Survivals from the Dacoities—Fort Dufferin: A Haunt of Peace—An Exquisite Sunset—The Foundation of Mandalay—A Drive through the Bazaar—The Arakan Pagoda—Electric Light in a Buddhist Shrine—A Burmese Bank Holiday—Boat-racing on the Moat—A Pwe—Voyage down the River—Departure for Madras.

Mandalay, *January* 16*th*.

THE best laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft a-gley." Rangoon arranged to speed her Royal guests by the most beautiful illuminations ever seen on the graceful lakes. As soon as the sun sank below the horizon the trees burst into huge rose-red blossoms and were lit by myriads of gigantic fireflies. The fringe of the mere was ringed with light and the rustic bridges were etched with fire. Each dinghy, punt and canoe glowed with soft colours and was ready to join in the procession of flaming barges. Then an utterly unexpected storm broke over the lake and marred everything. In a few moments the Chinese lanterns were dabs of parti-coloured pulp and half the little lamps were extinguished. Heroic efforts were made to repair the mischief, and with a certain measure of success, but much was beyond immediate remedy. The lanterns were irretrievably ruined and, as the Burman will not climb trees after dark, their inky blackness was unrelieved.

But, although marred, the water carnival was still picturesque, and the central feature was little affected. Soon after their arrival the Prince and Princess embarked on the state barge which was crowned with a triple pagoda roof, prowed with giant griffins and splashed with light. In this they were towed gently across the lake by Burmans in their narrow canoes, and as they towed, the native musicians in the central boat raised the strange, haunting melody of the Burmese boat-song. The lead came from a shrill-toned oboe, accompanied by the gentle beat of gongs and cymbals and bamboo clappers, and the refrain was taken up in perfect time by the strong voices of the rowers, mellowed by distance. In the van a lithesome Burman postured in the national dance, and the cadence of the song rolled over the unruffled lake. Then around the Royal barge clustered tiny canoes, each bearing a huge, coloured lotus. As Their Royal Highnesses approached, the leaves fell apart and revealed a dainty Burmese maiden who joined in dance and song. The charm and originality of the spectacle heightened the regret that it was robbed of its full effect by the most untoward rain.

It was a relief to pass from the steamy heat of Rangoon into the pleasant dryness of Upper Burma and into the well-timbered upland scenery which the line runs through as soon as it emerges from the deltaic districts. It was pleasant also to find at Mandalay, and on the road thither, the joyous Burman, in his pink and white dress, his head bound with a narrow fillet, predominating. But even in placid Mandalay Their Royal Highnesses were surprised by evidences of the troublous days of the gentle Burman, when with his *dah** and his gas-pipe gun he made the newly-annexed kingdom an inferno for his conquerors and his compatriots alike. The escort was composed of long-legged Sikhs on such rats of Pegu ponies that their spurred heels almost touched the ground—representatives of the military police recruited in Upper India to beat out the dacoity which became almost universal after the deposition of Thibaw—and a detachment of sturdy Kachins—flat-faced Mongoloids in khaki and scarlet, with their *dahs* stuck in broidered belts. They typified the traditional British policy of taming the wild tribes by making soldiers of them. All along the route stood to arms the men of every branch of the force that terrified Thibaw into surrender and brought a country twice as large as France within the British Empire.


The Royal Barge.

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* Dah : The long-handled Burmese sword.

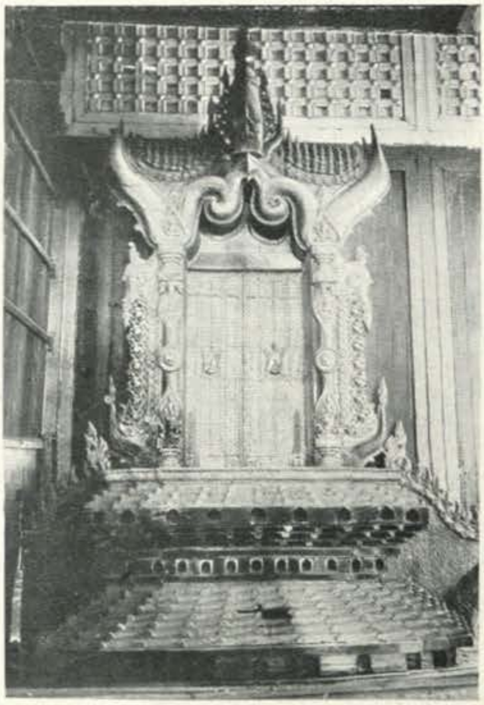
Over broad, straight, well-kept roads Their Royal Highnesses drove to Fort Dufferin—the great walled enclosure where Thibaw passed his days of precarious sovereignty, afraid to leave their shelter lest he should never regain it—and to Government House. After the blare and heat and bustle of Rangoon, to pass into this shady square was like entering a haunt of ancient peace. Their Royal Highnesses' arrival also coincided with a sunset of exquisite beauty. The subtle lemon of the western sky was brushed and stippled with crimson and lightly flecked with purple grafts. The trees cast deep shadows on the moat, tempered with a dove-grey haze. From these heavy reflections the crimson and orange rolled over the unwavering surface until it flamed like mirrored fire. Nor was the eastern sky less beautiful, for the low hills were wrapped in violet vapour, imitated in the moat, and from out the pleasant gloom a flight of white-winged birds hoarsely flew their homeward path.

Stern of a Burmese Boat.

January 17th.

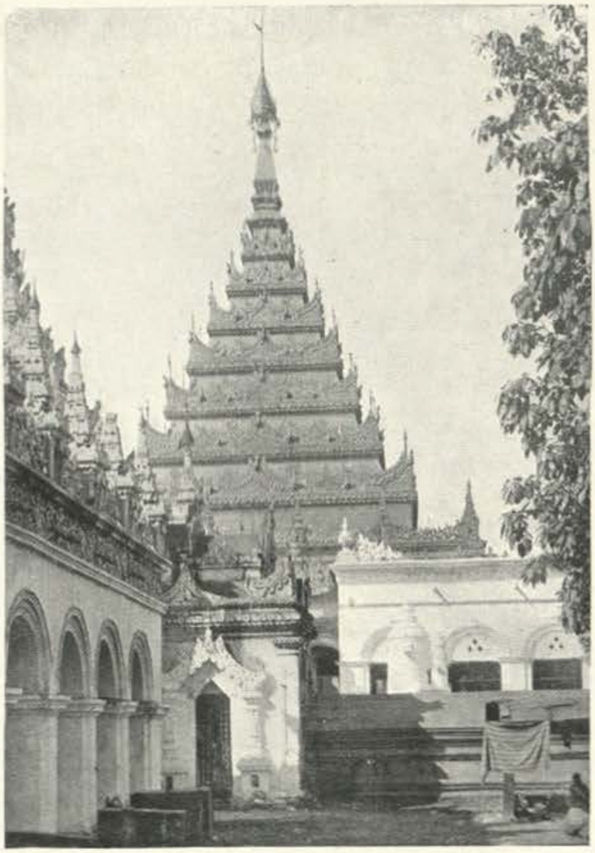
Half-a-century ago, and before he ascended the throne, King Mindon dreamed two impressive dreams. He saw a large city lying at the foot of Mandalay Hill—a few miles to the northern-east of the Avan capital, Amarapura. Again he dreamt that he was riding a white elephant, which took him to the base of Mandalay Hill, where he dismounted. There two women, Ba and Ma, led him to the summit, where a man offered him a handful of scented grass and told him his elephants and horses would always thrive if fed on the grass that grew about the hill. When Mindon ascended the throne he took to wife two princesses, each of whom was born on a Thursday, and, in accordance with Burmese custom, received names beginning with Ba and Ma. This coincidence inspired Mindon with the desire to found a new capital on the plain stretching to the south-west from Mandalay Hill. The Royal astrologers assented and Shwemyoday—the Royal "Golden City," or Yandabon—the "Cluster of Gems," which we know as Mandalay, rose at the kingly call. Its foundations were laid in blood; under Mindon's successor it was the scene of repeated orgies of murder, until quarter-of-a-century after its foundation Mandalay passed under British rule.

Mandalay, as Their Royal Highnesses observed on a long drive this morning, is like no other city in Asia. The walls, sheltered behind a broad moat, imposing in their external appearance, would be useless against artillery fire and are quite destitute of flanking towers. As they were raised in the two-thousand four-hundredth year after the death of Gaudama they were to measure in all 2,400 units—each one of the four sides of the perfect square being a little over a-mile-and-a-third in length. Within, a second enclosure walled off the place proper, round which clustered the appurtenances of the degenerate Avan Court—a Court so arrogant in its imbecile pride that for years the British Resident was not received in audience because he refused to "kow-tow." In some respects the palace buildings, with their tin roofs and glass balustrades, reveal the full decadence of Burmese art. In others they are still not without a certain barbaric splendour and taste. The lofty columns of red-lacquered and gilded teak, the lavishly scrolled doorways and the gold-coated walls and roofs, though faded, possess a certain dignity and splendour, and, in the ebbing light, a charm too. But the roughly-constructed woodwork of the building is rapidly decaying and, were it not for the systematic restoration now in progress, in a few years there would be little left.



Thibaw's Throne.

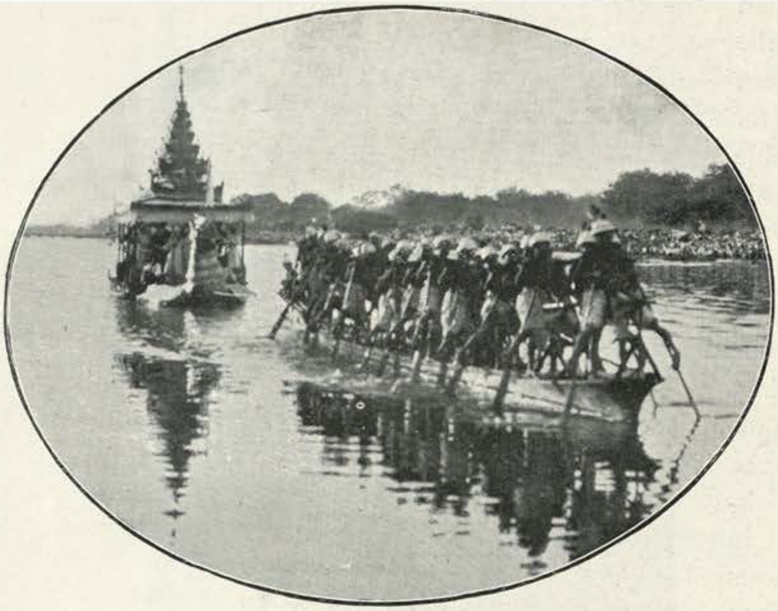
From the palace the Royal route lay through the city. The old native city of Mandalay straggled southwards towards Amarapura and westwards to the Irrawadi. All the houses were of bamboos, with mat walling—for convenience in burning out if the populace became fractious. Indeed, one of the principal reasons which induced Mindon to allow a civil settlement, apart from the question of trade, was that its presence served as an excuse to raise on the river's bank a lofty dyke, which should also protect the palace, in the West, against the British shelling it from the Irrawadi. After the annexation the populace were transferred to blocks laid out south and west of the city. This is how it came about that Mandalay is a place of wide streets with ugly names and no slum quarter. Much more recently the destruction of the bazaar by fire provided an opportunity for re-building it on the most approved modern lines. It is now well-designed, substantially constructed and cleanly-kept, but it is not of the East. Not all the smiling Burmese stall-keepers—Hindus, Mahomedans and Chinese—nor even the stench of the half-putrid fish which is the Burman's savoury, can invest it with an oriental atmosphere. When you see the innumerable western atrocities exposed for sale you admire still more the Burman's taste in dress.



The Arakan Pagoda.

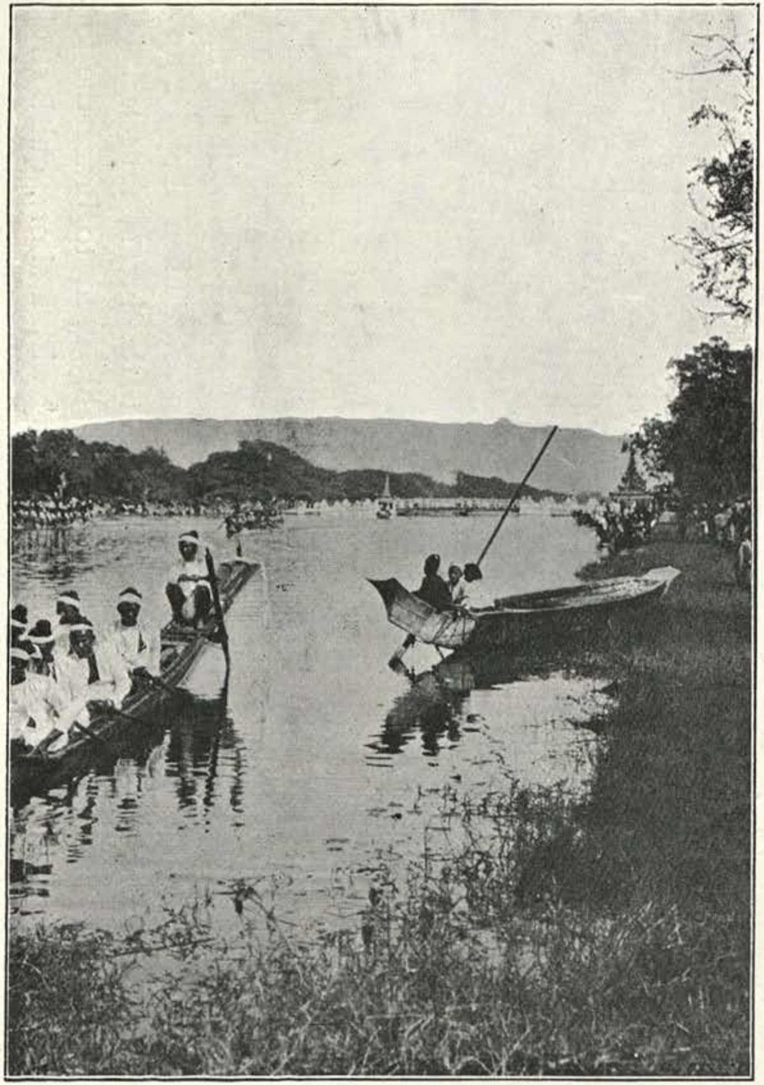
The Arakan Pagoda, whither Their Royal Highnesses drove from the town, is distinguished by the circumstance that it is a building in the ordinary sense of the term, and not a solid pile of brick-work, such as is usually found in Burma. It enshrines the famous Mahuni brass statue of Gaudama—the national image of Arakan—in a central hall surrounded by a wide arcade and crowned by a many-storied roof. Tradition says that it was cast by King Chandrasuriya—an object of adoration to pilgrims from all Buddhist lands—and many wars were waged against Arakan for the main purpose of possessing it. It was carried off by Bodaw Paya on the conquest of Arakan in 1784 and brought in pieces across the hills. Then the native artisans were unequal to the task of restoring the severed portions until Buddha, taking compassion on them, folded the figure in his embrace and the joints were no more visible. The sceptic cannot question the miracle, for the brass is so plastered with gold-leaf that the cracks are indiscernible!

Now the figure, which ranks only after the Shwe Dagon Pagoda as an object of Buddhist veneration, and is said to have been cast from life, is brilliantly lighted by electricity. Does it not sound an act of incredible vandalism? And yet the result is good. Formerly the gloom of the shrine, aggravated rather than relieved by a few smoky candles, rendered the outline of the statue scarcely perceptible. Now the concealed lamps throw the figure into the strongest relief, the gilt shining like pure metal, and the serene face, which alone is free from gold-leaf, gazes benevolently upon the worshipping circle. But more curious than this is the strong Italian influence in the design of the interior of the pagoda. The massive pillars and round arches, lacquered a deep red to the base and then lavishly gilded, supporting a gilded roof, little suggest the common forms of Burmese architecture. They are far more reminiscent of St. Mark's at Venice.

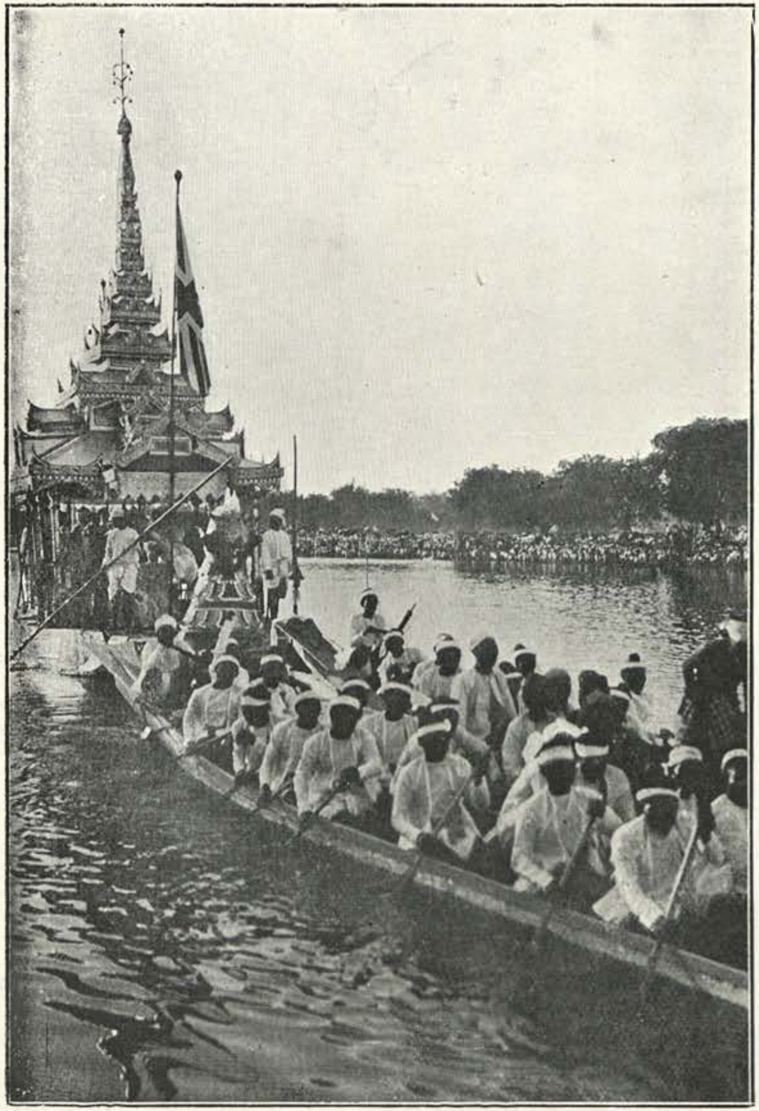


Burmese Chiefs on Fort Dufferin Moat.

The Burman probably gets more joy out of life than any other race in the East, but to see him in his most cheery vein you must meet him at a boat-race or a pony contest. Perhaps the former is still the more popular, though the days are slipping past when each district strove to attain the head of the river. No merrier throng could have been found than that which fringed the broad north moat of Fort Dufferin, when picked crews from all parts of the country competed for prizes which were to be presented by the Princess of Wales. It was a Burmese bank-holiday and they kept it right heartily. They roared their applause as the racing canoes sped by, screamed with laughter as the aspirants for the honour of walking the greasy pole flopped one after another in the water, filled in the intervals by repairing the wear of their throats with draughts of freshly-expressed juice of the sugar-cane, and kept up their strength with snacks at the various stalls. But the



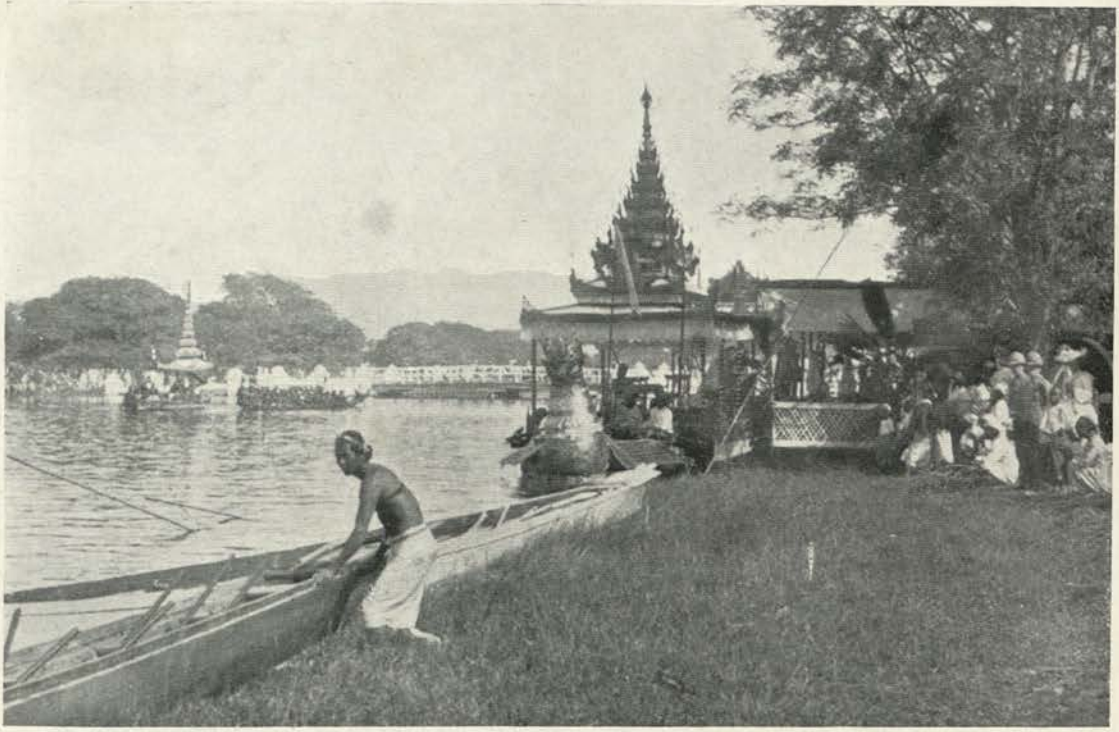
Fort Dufferin Moat.



The Royal Barge.

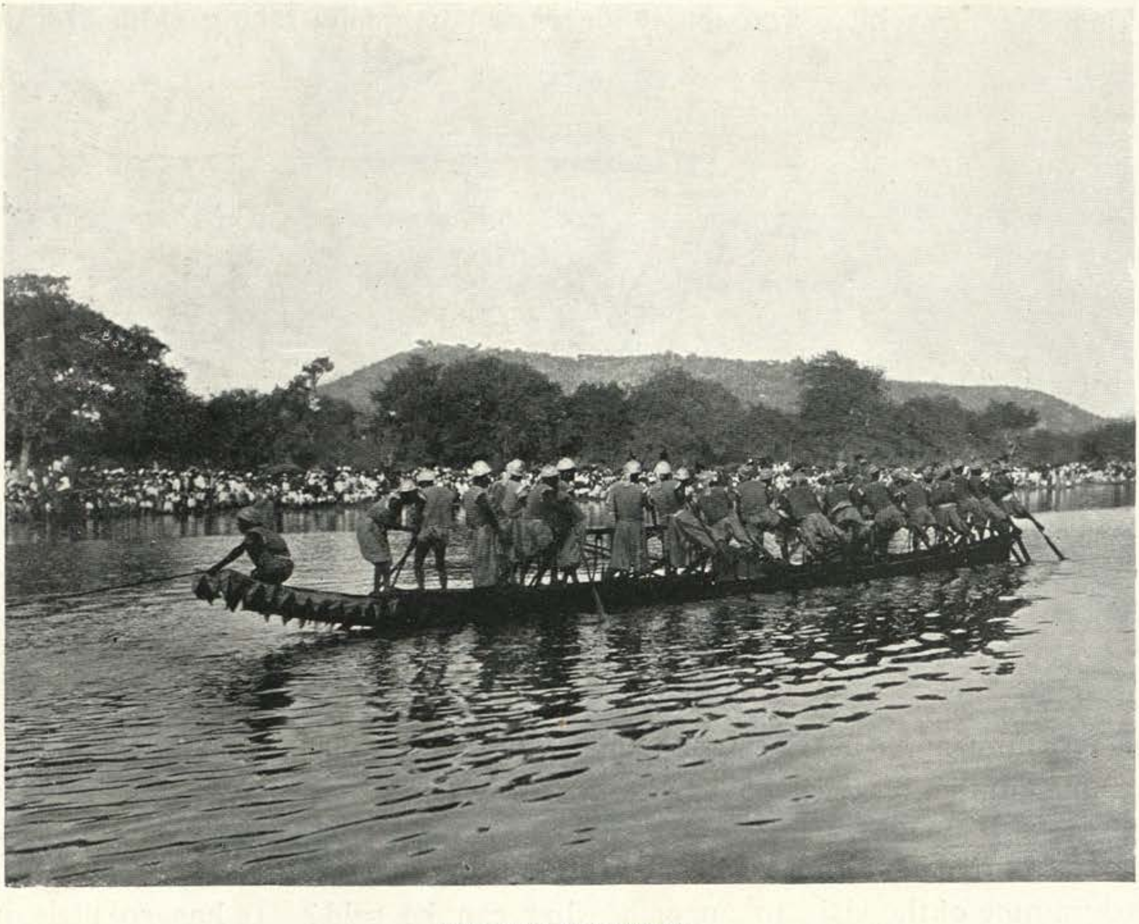
prettiest sight was the rippling pink of the turbans and *sarongs* up and down the dense throng, just broken here and there by the orange-robed *pongyis*.

Canoe-racing in Burma is quite a serious business. The craft are keelless skiffs, nearly fifty feet in length and two to three in breadth, hollowed out of a log of teak or the lighter wood of the *yahane* tree, with a high stern. Along both sides of the "dug out" a little water-boarding rises to the height of a few inches, and boat and paddles are painted a distinctive colour of yellow, or light green, or blue. The paddlers sit two abreast, except bow, who kneels on a small platform in the forepart of the boat, and the cox who, perched on the high stern, controls its course with a mighty sweep. The crew prepare for the contest with the seriousness of a competitor at the Olympic Games. Stripped to the waist, they tuck their waistcloths tightly between their thighs and discard their head-dresses. Then they tie an old handkerchief tightly round their chests just below the breast muscles. The object of this is not quite clear, but it is probably used to brace the upper muscles of the trunk, chiefly used when paddling with a short, quick stroke.



Burmese Chiefs' Observation Pagoda.

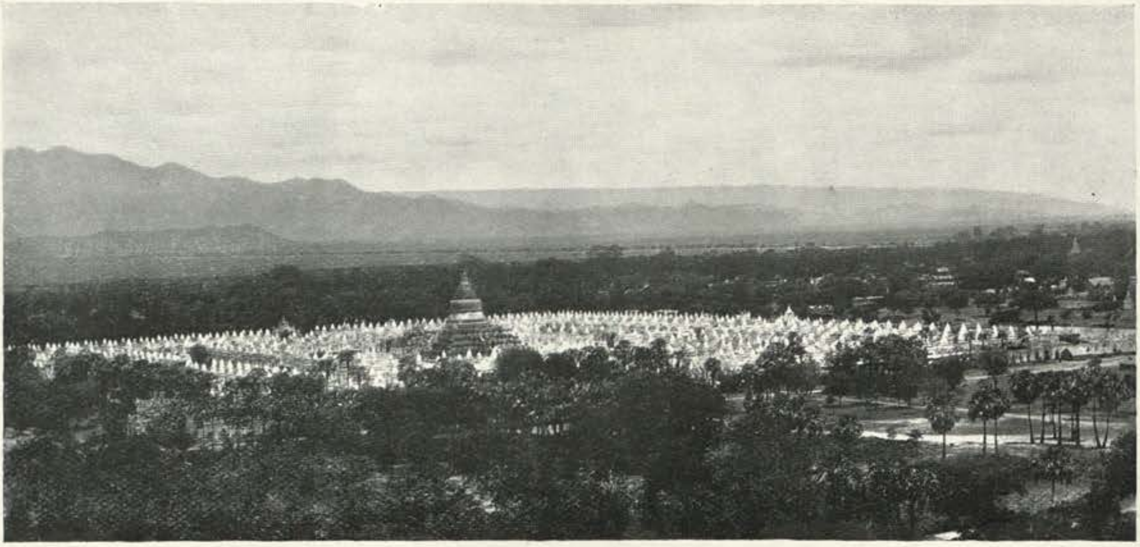
But the Burmese crew, which averages about thirty-five in these big racing craft, includes one member quite unique. His sole duty is loudly to bang the cymbals, but whether as an encouragement, or to set the time, is a matter of doubt. His presence lends quite a distinctive air to the race. The moment the starting pistol goes, clang! clang! resound the cymbals. Louder and louder they beat until they finish in a final smash for success, or tail away half-heartedly with defeat. The Burmese method of paddling is a reflection of the national character—a few long steady strokes and then a frantic spurt. They make their long, snaky craft slip through the water, and it was an inspiriting sight to see them coming down the moat, between the red walls of the Fort and the parti-coloured throng, their brown skins glistening with sweat, their paddles flashing in unison, urged on by the crash of barbaric music and the yells of their backers. There were rarely more than a few feet between the boats at the finish, and the final was won by inches. When the course was rowed, the crews paddled back with a fancy stroke that cut circles in the air, and broke into a wild boat-song.



Inthas from Fort Stedman.

In picturesqueness the Burmans were easily outdone by the two crews of Inthas from Fort Stedman—on the frontier of the great Shan States.

Figure an ordinary racing canoe, with a slightly raised deck, through the centre of which runs a light rail; on either side of this are the crew holding the rail with the inner hand to steady themselves, and the heads of their long paddles with the other. Round the shaft of the paddle they bent the outer leg, and in this fashion, balanced on one foot, they threw the whole weight of their bodies into the stroke. In competition with the quick-paddling Burmans over a short course they were easily beaten, but they had such a strong, steady stroke that if the distance had been doubled, a different tale would probably have been told. The Prince and Princess were towed along the moat in a gorgeously decorated barge by racing skiffs, to the accompaniment of the Burmese music and posture dancing with which they became familiar on the Royal Lakes at Rangoon.



The Thousand and One Pagodas, Mandalay.

Of the *pwe*, or Burmese theatrical performance, which brought the programme of the visit to an end, what can be said? It has so little in common with our conception of dramatic action that it is duller even than a nautch and, although every one would like to see a *pwe* once, few can desire a repetition of it. First there was a marionette display, and one so little illusive that each cord by which the figures were worked was clearly visible, and when anything went wrong brown hands were unblushingly thrust down to repair it. Then the curtain rose on a brightly-painted scene and a king and his consort, followed by a group of the most painfully obvious supers, marched round the stage. Seated on a throne, the monarch harangued his court whilst two men and a boy applauded behind the scenes. The monarch was bundled out and a Burmese youth and maiden had the stage to themselves—except for two old gentlemen who squatted unnoticed in the wings. In the colloquy that followed the maiden was an easy winner. Her flow of speech was like the brook, she postured with no little grace, and, remembering her tightly-wrapped petticoat, skipped about with extraordinary agility and address. But the story advanced not, and after this had been apparently in progress for hours and hours the curtain was rung down abruptly upon the performance, or the *pwe* would still be in progress. Yet the Burmans will sit this out night after night, from sunset to sunrise. You begin to understand the origin of those "whacking white cheroots"—they are the cheapest means of keeping the audience awake !

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The Royal visit to Burma closed with the most delightful experience the country offers—a voyage down the river in crisp, bracing weather. There was a little duck-shooting on the way. At Prome Their Royal Highnesses rejoined the train and left Rangoon for Madras on Sunday.

Happy the country that has no politics ! In the fresh, lustful vigour of its youthful growth Burma has had no time to develop political issues. It has no history, save such as is decently immured with the forgotten King at Ratnagiri. All eyes, all hopes, all energies are bent on the future, and bent too with a serene confidence in her growing wealth and prosperity, for "It is a goodly sight to see what heaven hath done for this delicious land." Coming to Rangoon from the old cities of India is like going from the whist-room at the Athenæum to Hurlingham. So much of India lives in the past, although here and there the dry bones of the centuries are assembling for a new life under the quickening touch of gold ; "The Silken East" lives for the years to come. Then with the buoyant exuberance springing from present well-being and certain pending greatness mingles the joyous note the Burman sounds wherever he goes. "The feast, the song, the revel here abounds." So the all too brief days the Prince and Princess of Wales spent in Burma will fill some of the happiest pages written in the book of the Royal progress.

And yet with all these evidences of wealth and contentment, of the *joie de vivre* which distinguishes the Burman from all other eastern peoples, of the really gladsome welcome to the Royal visitors, there would obtrude a tinge of pessimism. The material prosperity of Burma must grow, for its foundations are built on a solid rock of agricultural and mineral wealth that has scarce begun to be quarried. Yes; but what is to be the place of the Burman in the new State? There is no room for him in Rangoon. British and German merchants, Madras Chetties and Chinese brokers, coolies and hawkers, gharrywallas and servants from Bengal, Madras and Goa, make a fat living. The British India steamers plying between Calcutta and Madras and Rangoon carry hordes of miscellaneous Indians, coming to the land of promise, returning with the present equivalents of corn and oil and honey. The Police is an alien Police and the Army a foreign Army. The Burman still numbers a third of the population, yet so little place has he in the social and economic life of the city that you can live a quarter of a century in it and barely come into contact with him, or walk down the main street for a quarter of a mile and not see half a dozen of his characteristic pink turbans.

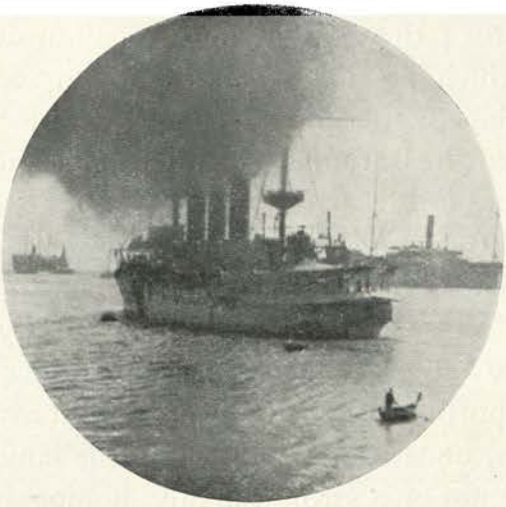
If this applied only to Rangoon you could dismiss the subject with a sigh of regret at the scanty representation of such a cheerful and picturesque element in the population. Tempering the privileges of The Gateway City is the penalty of a heterogeneous and cosmopolitan population. The process of displacement, however, does not end there. Mandalay is commonly regarded as a purely Burmese city. In Mandalay the Burman is jostled by Sikh policemen and Indian soldiers. In the great buzzing market he is elbowed aside by Chinese, Mussulman and Hindu traders. If he embarks on any enterprise you may be sure that the capital is found by a Madras Chetty or a Chinese money-lender, and that but a meagre share of the profits finds its way into Burmese cash-boxes. Although the Burman is everywhere, it is not he who has the money. Of the rural districts it is more difficult to speak. If you inquire of those who know, however, you will invariably be told the same tale—that despite the existence of great areas of untilled land the Burman falls more deeply year by year into the toils of the Madras and Chinese money-lender; that where he is not actually expropriated by the foreigner, he is drifting into the position of the sowkar's serf. Why the term "Native" is never applied to the children of the soil, but only to the alien immigrants!

In truth, the virtues as well as the vices of the Burman make him an easy prey to the spoiler. There is a strong strain of the lotus-eater in his nature, for he hates sustained labour as much as My Lord the Elephant, loves sport, the play and his ease; and invariably puts off till to-morrow what must not be done to-day. Nothing better illustrates the cheerful irresponsibility of his character than the sequel to the fire that gutted the bazaar at Mandalay. The Commissioner, a kind, sympathetic officer, at once raised a fund for the relief of the sufferers. When he went to distribute it in the evening he found that they had improvised a theatre on the ashes of their homes and were wrapped in the enjoyment of a *pwe !*

His religion, enjoining the widest tolerance and the duties of hospitality, deprives him of the protection of caste and the security of the water-tight village community. "Brother, thou art welcome," says the Burmese ryot to the wandering Urya. "Sit here at my board, and I will find you well-paid service in my fields." In a few years the Urya is the ryot and the Burman his hind. The acquisition of merit by the building of pagodas, the gilding of images and the feeding of monks leads to the free-spending rather than the hoarding of wealth. The merit of monastic life attracts to the profitless seclusion of the "Yellow Robe" much of the manhood of the race. And so in small ways the alien is creeping in. If the process is allowed to go on unchecked, what will be the position of the Burman in his own country half a century hence ?

Now here the economist steps in and says that the Burman must be judged by the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest. The Burman is a poor economic factor ; therefore he must mend or end. That is a harsh and unlovely creed which is violated daily in our social life, and it is not for a moment applicable to the special conditions of "The Silken East." The British Government in Burma is an alien Government. It was forced into annexation by the misdeeds of the travesty of a Court and not because of the shortcomings of the people. Its only excuse for remaining in possession is that it administers the country for the benefit of the people. We have swept aside the abuses and exactions of the Avan sovereigns. We have established justice and order, developed communications, increased trade and provided equal opportunity for all. But of what avail these boons if the Burman finds no room, under the new order, in the land of his fathers ? If he is being superseded not by a strong, manly, homogeneous race, but by the sweepings of Calcutta, Madras and Canton ? Well might the Burman sigh for the bad old days. Thibaw made his palace at Mandalay a hell of murder ; the city was built of bamboo and straw so that it might be burnt out if the populace proved fractious ; not a soul willingly followed the deposed King into exile. But there was room and a future in Burma for the Burmans. Can we say the same now, after twenty years of British rule ?

There are some who would coldly view as inevitable the overwhelming of the Burmese by the mixed low races who are pouring into the country, and the extinction of the only laughter-loving race in our Asiatic Empire. Happily they are few. But we have a bad habit in India of securely locking the stable door after the horse is gone; of waiting till a vast amount of land has passed out of his possession before we take measures to prevent the expropriation of the Punjab peasant, the Gujarat farmer and the Deccan ryot by non-cultivating rack-renting capitalists. Are we going to wait till the Burman has been squeezed so tight that the process of saving him has become doubly difficult, if not impossible? The ousting forces at work have been noted these years past by men with a practical knowledge of the country; their tendency has also been clearly foreseen. Surely if on inquiry the premiss is established the corollary should be special measures to protect the Burman from the rapacity of the money-lender and secure him in the possession of his land! The famine-immune provinces of Lower Burma offer a promising field for the establishment of the greatest agency for scotching the sowkar—a land bank on the lines of the one which is salving the Egyptian fellah.



H.M.S. "Hyacinth" leaving for Madras.

CHAPTER XXIV.

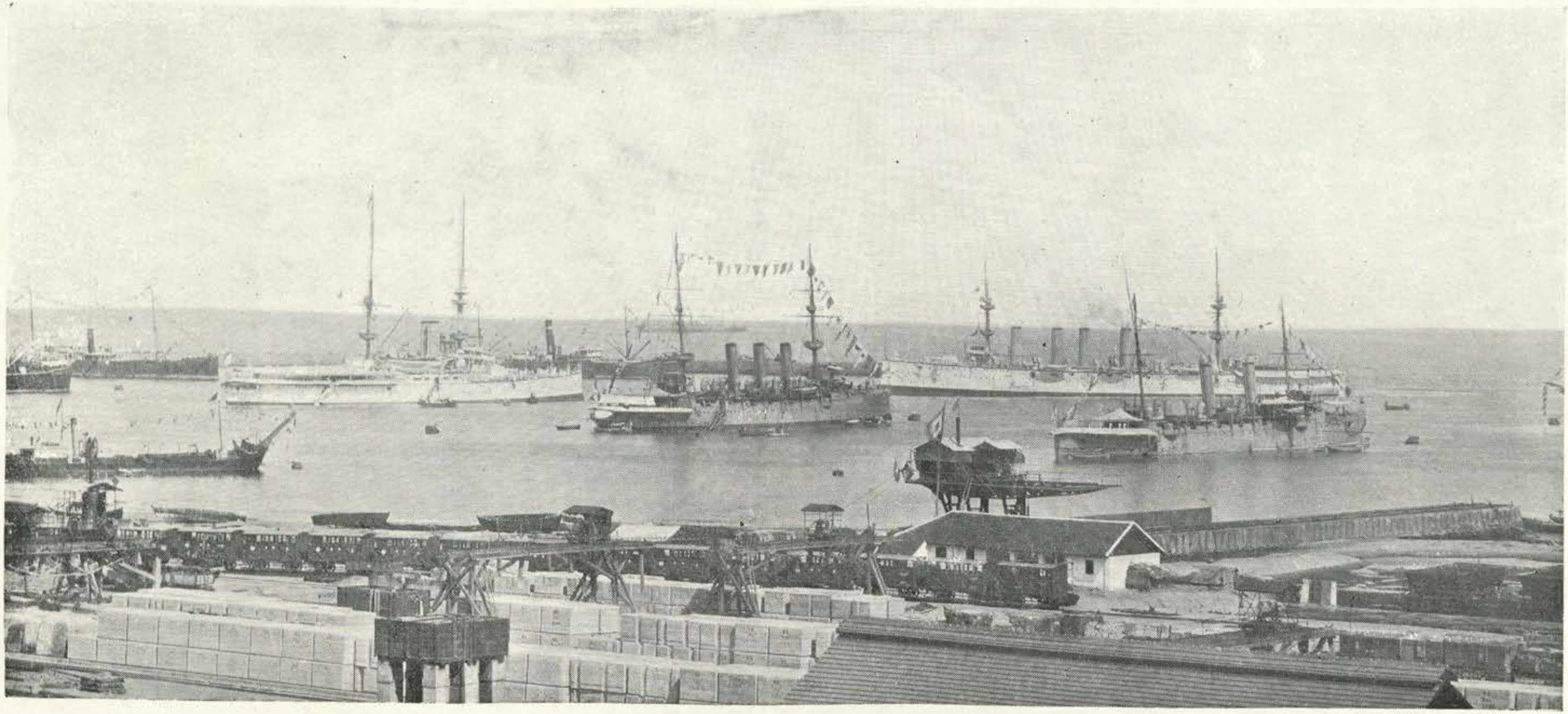
The City of Clive.

ARRIVAL IN MADRAS—A DAY OF DISILLUSIONMENT—THE HARBOUR MYTH—THE JOY OF THE PEOPLE—VIRGIN SOIL OF BRITISH DOMINION—THE PROBLEM OF THE LAND—THE LANDLORD AND AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT—THE CONTRASTS OF INDIA—AMONGST PRIMITIVE PEOPLE—MADRAS VICTORIA MEMORIAL—THE LATE QUEEN-EMPRESS' MESSAGE: "BE KIND AND SYMPATHETIC TO MY INDIAN PEOPLE"—HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF MADRAS—A VISIT OF HAPPY MEMORIES.

MADRAS, *January 24th.*

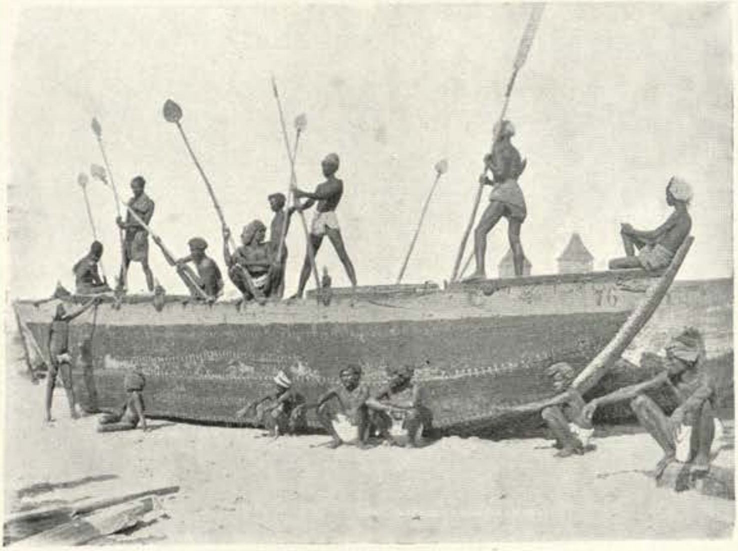
THE Prince of Wales is a sailor and the Princess is an uncommonly keen student of Indian affairs. No doubt unflattering guides had prepared them for anything but a pleasant impression of Madras. That her harbour is a byeword amongst sailormen and shipowners; that her climate is, at the best of times, like that of the bottom of a well; that her people are poor and her industries languishing—are these not amongst the commonplaces of what passes for informed Indian opinion? But the backwardness of Madras bears a sound family likeness to many another Anglo-Indian commonplace. Each bubble has only to be pricked to burst, and to-day was a day of agreeable disillusionment.

First came the explosion of the harbour myth. It must have surprised His Royal Highness not a little to find that in this despised and contemned port the *Renown*, and her giant escort, the *Terrible*, could steam easily into the walled anchorage, regardless of the state of the tide, and moor a stone's throw from the shore. In the magnificent harbour of Bombay the *Renown* was near a mile from the Bunder, and the *Terrible* a mere smudge on the horizon. At Calcutta the battleship anchored at Saugor, eighty miles away, and her sister was many miles further out at sea. At Rangoon both war vessels moored below the Hastings Shoal. It will not be betraying a confidence to recite a characteristic story of the Princess. As the launch



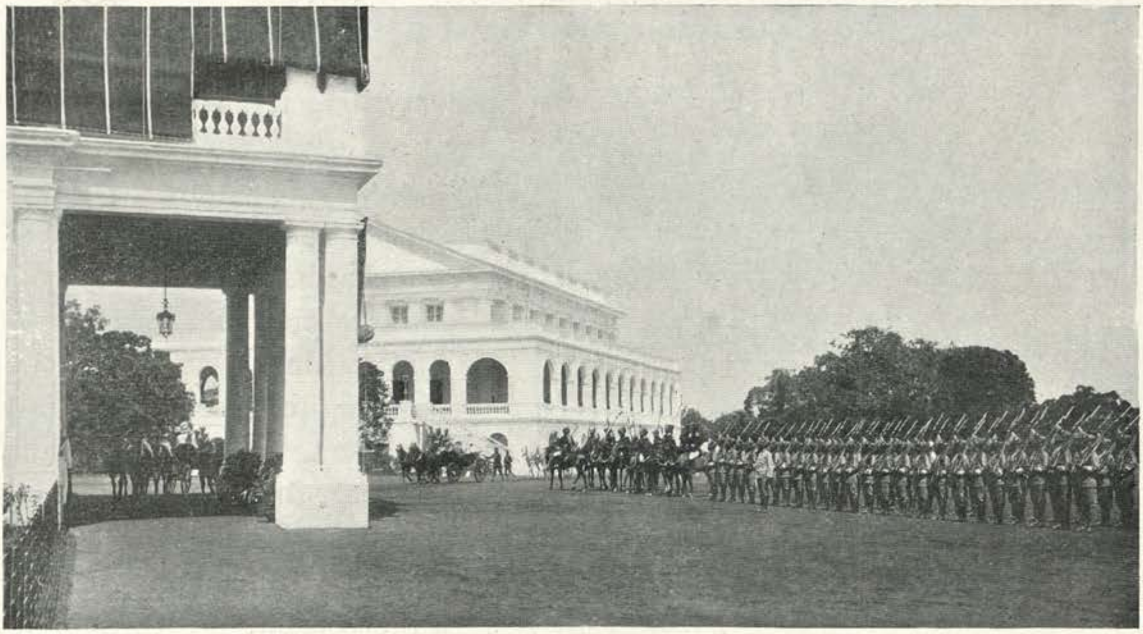
H.M.S. "Renown" entering Madras Harbour.

Howrah was steaming down the Hughli, the Princess was being duly impressed with the manifold excellences of Calcutta—the size of the river, the depth of the channel, and the safety of the navigation. "Yes," she smilingly retorted, "but you could not bring the *Renown* up here." True, at certain seasons the sea swells so strongly through the eastern entrance to the harbour that the Madras anchorage is unsafe, but that eastern gap in the sea wall is soon to be closed and a sheltered opening to the north-east built. It would never have been constructed but for a misunderstanding of expert opinion. Madras, as a port, has suffered severely from ignorance and the bad luck of the 1881 cyclone; but with courage it still has a future.


A Madras Surf-boat.

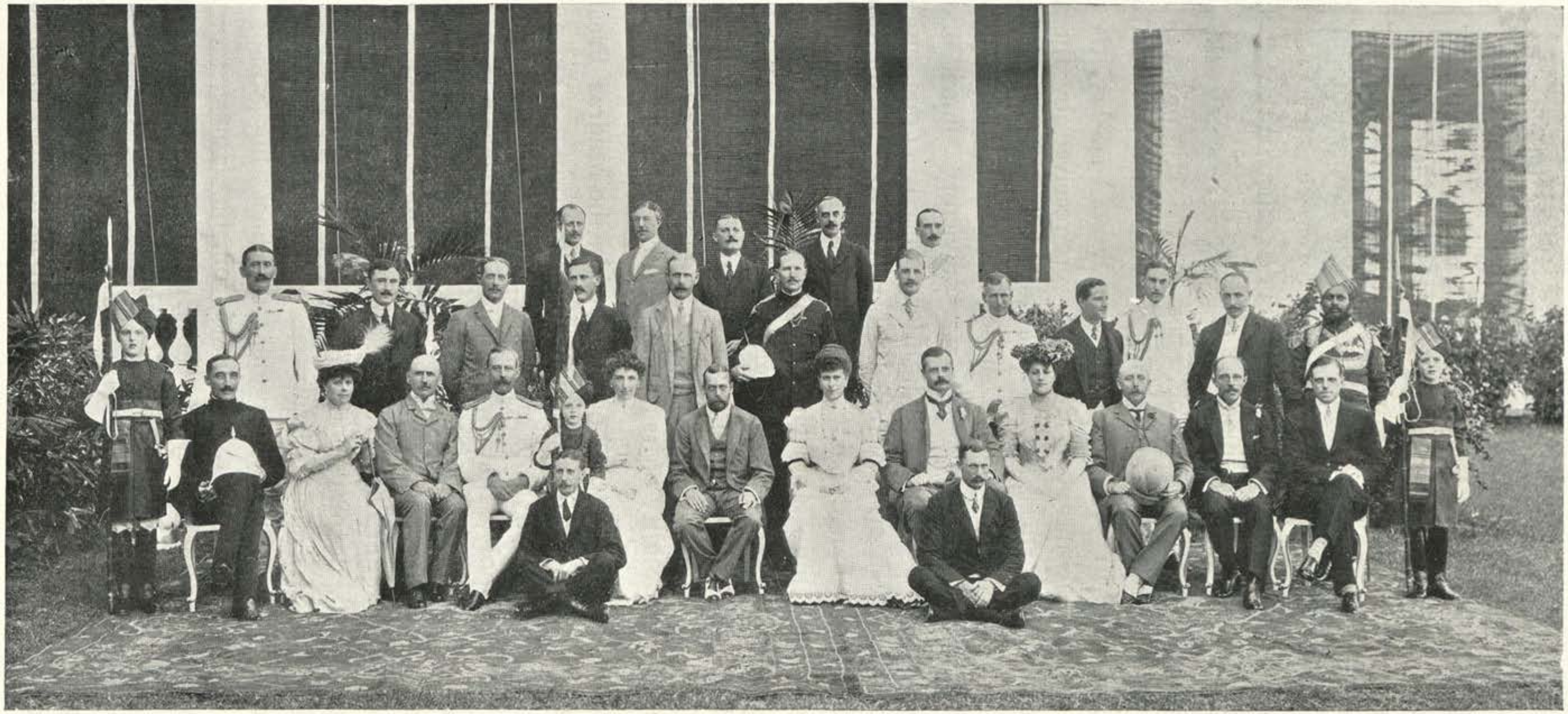
Then came the heat myth. It was steamy, certainly, but a strong sea-sweetened breeze blew, which made the moist days in Bombay and Rangoon, and even the afternoon of arrival in Calcutta, a perspiring recollection by comparison. Flicked by this breeze, the wavelets danced across the harbour, and broke with a happy roar on the beach. Pleasant it was to sit in the shade of one of the old surf-boats, built up of rude planks, as rudely sewn together, which were long the only means of landing in Madras, and are still so well suited to surf-work that they had to be called in to land, at Obbia, the men and horses of the Somaliland Force when the steel boats were beaten shapeless. The blue waters were furrowed with smart launches and immaculate gigs bearing Lord Ampthill to visit Their Royal Highnesses, and then the Governor, and the Admiral and the Captains ashore. Those who crowded into the large reception pavilion probably found the waiting-hour anything but a cheerful one, but this, the penalty of distinction, was avoided by the irresponsible beach-comber, for whom the panorama unfolded its best and brightest side.

And then the "poor people." Not even in Bombay, or Delhi, or Amritsar, did Their Royal Highnesses see such a packed crowd, or hear more joyous chatter. Luckily, in the central streets, a strong barrier was erected, for no human cordon could have held that throng back. Behind this barrier the crowd was so solid that the proverbial sardine may be said to lie at his ease by comparison. If it may be construed into a sign of depression to ripple and bubble with enjoyment, then these strong-featured, swarthy men and women of the South may be regarded as poor. But the impression which this enthusiastic and intensely interested *levée en masse* left on the mind of those not unused in reading the signs of the East, was of a people quite comfortably provided with this world's goods, by no means insensible to the lighter side of life, delighted to welcome the Shazadah and his consort, and determined to enjoy their holiday.



The Arrival at Government House, Madras.

To such accompaniments the Prince and Princess entered Madras. Their launch steamed round the warships and, whilst the air rang with the Royal salute, they were received by Lord Ampthill and Lady Ampthill, who, to the regret of everybody, are soon leaving Madras, and presented with a Municipal Address. The short drive from the harbour to Government House was crowded with signs of the new Madras and with memories of Fort St. George. On the one hand were the High Court, in the Indo-Saracenic style, and the Madras Bank building, which, strongly reminiscent of the Fort at Agra and Fatehpur Sikri, typify the rebuilding of the city; on the other was the venerable Fort, with its smooth glacis, which brings



A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

to mind the work of men like Dupleix, Clive, Bussy, Lally, and Coote. What brains and courage, hopes and ambitions, are summed up in the mere enumeration of the names of the men who, in a short half-century, decided the fate of Hindustan ! Then, nearing Government House, the procession passed into the avenues of handsome boscage, the wide lawns and solid houses of the stately suburban life of Madras, and which make it the only Presidency town where the Englishman has room to live.

January 25th.

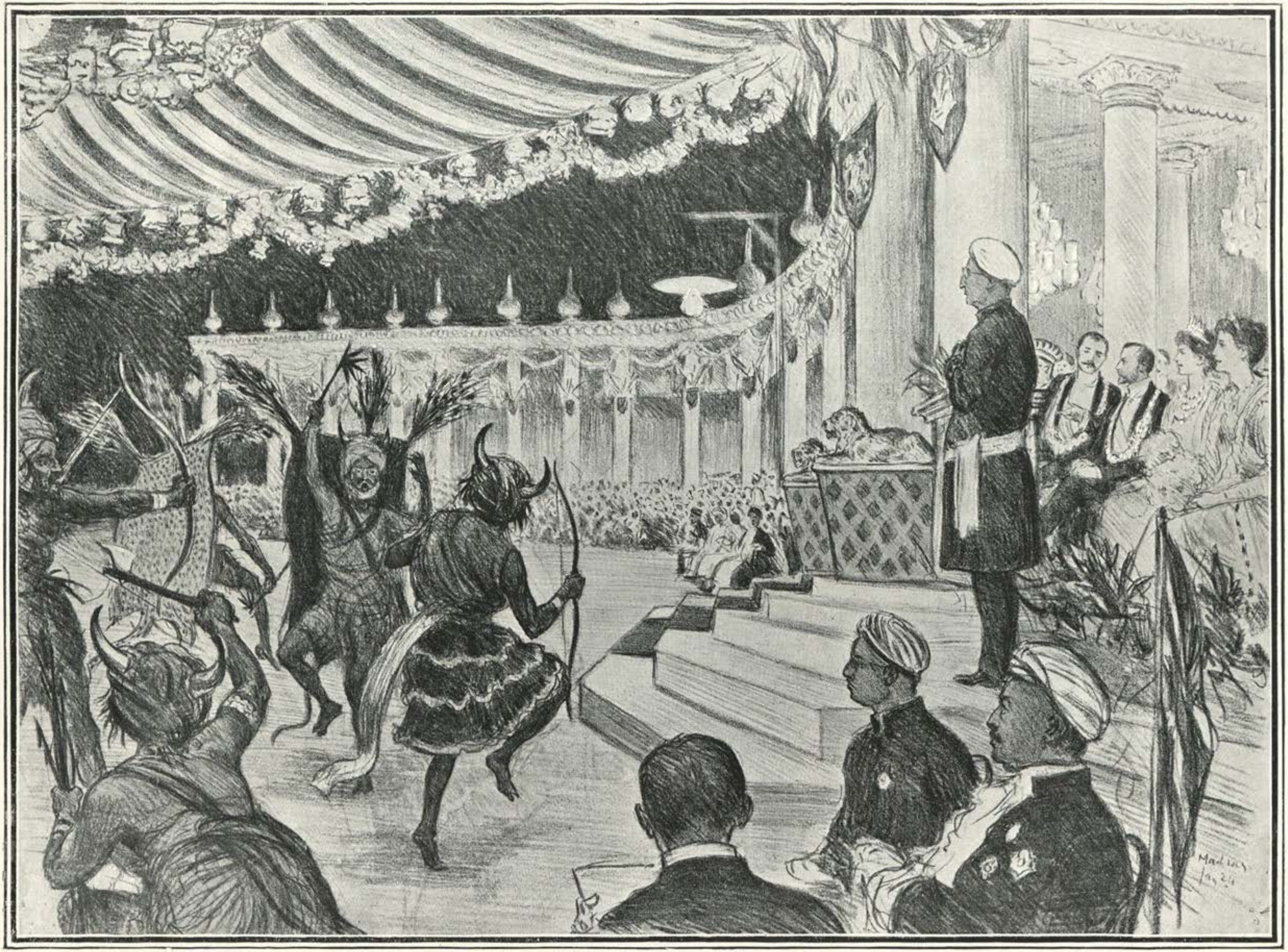
At every stage in the progress of Their Royal Highnesses through Madras you are reminded that this is the virgin soil of British dominion in the East. To-day the Rulers of Cochin and Pudukottai were received by the Prince. It was in Cochin that the earliest Portuguese adventurers effected a footing in the Sixteenth Century and the Dutch subsequently established dominion. Haider Ali overran it in the course of a career of victory almost unchecked until he beat himself out, as many a mightier prince has done, against the impenetrable wall of British stubbornness. It passed over to the dominant power when the Mahomedan dynasty in Mysore was finally extinguished, since when the restored Hindu House has maintained the smoothest relations with the paramount power. A land of palms and paddy, of spreading lagoons and the lush tropical vegetation which is the India of our early dreams and hopes, it holds now the reputation of a State courageous in its progressiveness and distinguished by the solidity of its administration.

Pudukottai is a State little known outside the Madras Presidency, except in connection with the Raja's enthusiasm for motoring. Yet a century and a half ago, in the days when the Madras forces were knocking unpleasantly at the gates of Trichinopoly, they were in no small measure dependent upon the Tondaman of Pudukottai for supplies. The State was again a staunch ally in the wars with Haider and in the Poleghar campaign against the intruders into the Ganjam District. The Maharaja of Travancore was prevented from paying his devoirs to the Prince by an irritating attack of chicken-pox. Lord of the most picturesque parts of Southern India, of those hills, forests and jungles which yield the finest big game shooting outside Assam, elephants and tiger, bear and bison, his House, too, has an honourable record of steady loyalty to the British in their contest with Tippu. In the assemblage of Chiefs and Zemindars is the Prince of Arcot, the present-day representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic. Spoil of Mughal and Mahratta, Lally and Coote, Arcot has a niche in Indian history whence it will never be cast down. If Clive had done nothing but defend the fort, with his poor five hundred mixed troops, against the ten thousand fanatics who hurled themselves against it, he would still be ranked with the great Englishmen.

This afternoon His Royal Highness came into contact far more closely than on any previous occasion with the problem that really lies at the root of the Indian Administration—the problem of the land—when a deputation of the Madras Landholders' Association presented him with an address. The Association represents the big landed gentry of the Presidency, from the zemindar, with his revenue of near two hundred thousand pounds a year, to the squireen with a few thousands. These are the landed capitalists to whom the Indian Government ought to be able to look for co-operation in the work of developing Indian agriculture from the primitive state in which it now is to a condition more productive, whilst still in harmony with the genius of the people. They are a stratum of the community almost unknown in the purely ryotwari tracts, like Bombay, but whom the framers of that system looked forward to creating in some measure by the lapse of the inefficient ryots' holdings.

A Southern India Chief.

But that co-operation has not, with a few exceptions, been forthcoming. If we ask what part the zemindars and talukdars and malguzars have had in improving Indian agriculture, and in showing how a great Indian estate should be managed, the answer can be nothing but unflattering. On the other hand, how often has this dreary cycle been repeated—of a career of extravagance culminating in hopeless debt, the interference of the Court of Wards, with the careful nursing of the estate back to prosperity and its thorough disinfection, the rendition of the estate to the heir with a fat surplus, only to find it dissipated and the whole process begun anew. Meanwhile what has been done in agricultural improvement has been accomplished by the Government unaided by the landowners. And what of the future? Looking round the large deputation one noted many rich dresses and some pleasant faces, but discerned only here and there signs of the energy and character which have made the county families of England and the Junkers of Germany sources of strength to the nation, drawn from their contact with the soil.



THE DANCE OF THE KHONDS, MADRAS.

Reproduced, by permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic," from a sketch by their Representative on the Royal Tour, Mr. Jacomb Hood.

Still the future cannot be as the past. The Madras Impartible Estates Act provides a substitute for the law of entail and prevents the splitting up of the great estates into unproductive fractions. The Madras Estates Land Bill, now under consideration, is designed to consolidate the rights of the tenants. The Bombay Government have also taken power to prevent the work of the Court of Wards from being immediately nullified. Then the steady, almost unnoticed, operations of the Court of Wards is gradually pushing matters forward. When an estate has been cleaned and its system braced up, though it be almost immediately reinfected with the virus of sloth and neglect, the disease cannot spread as rapidly as it did in the old decrepit body. The advance of education is also doing its part. But Government and public opinion will demand larger common service from the great landowners than has been yielded in the past. With the extension and enriching of their privileges will be expected a higher conception of the duties of their position.

Afterwards Their Royal Highnesses drove to Guindy, the pleasant retreat of the Governors of Madras, where they took tea with Lord and Lady Ampthill.

We talk and write about the contrasts that India affords until every one grows weary of the word. Yet sometimes they thrust themselves upon you with an insistence and abruptness that defy suppression.

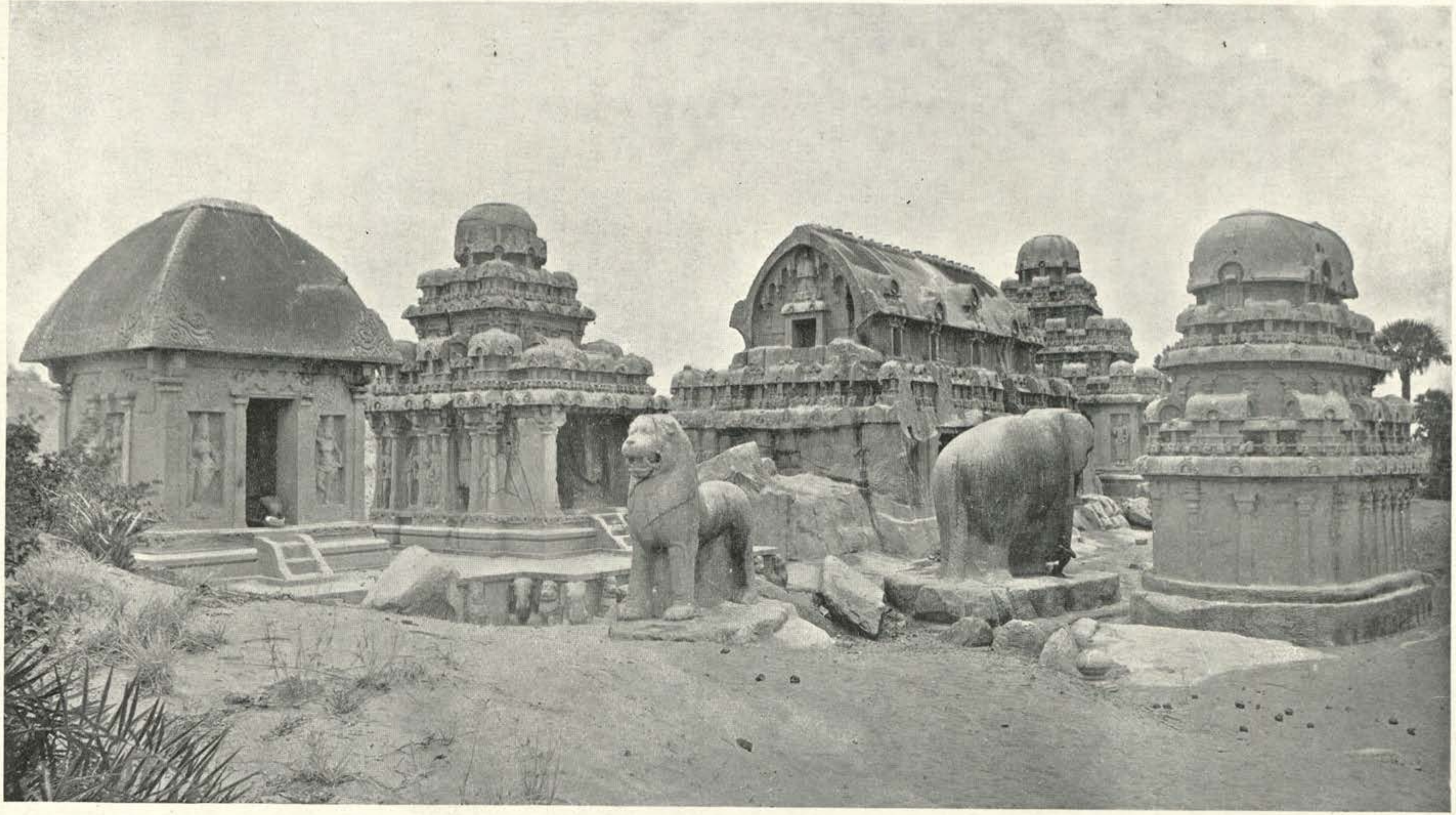
This evening the Indian community organised an entertainment in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It brought before Their Royal Highnesses the leading native gentlemen of Madras—High Court Judges of distinction, successful lawyers and merchants, men with brains that would challenge comparison with the best intellects of Europe. It brought also a band of Khonds, aboriginals from the Ganjam District, as far removed from the educated Madrassis as are the pigmies of Central Africa or the Tierra del Fuegians from the Dons of Oxford. Geographically the two races are only a few hundred miles apart: ethnologically æons divide them.

They came like a whiff of Darkest Africa into the rooms of the Royal Society, bare-footed and bare-legged, with short accordion-pleated skirts like an Empire ballerina, and huge shields of leopard's skin on their backs. It is the back, and not the honoured chest, that the Khond turns to meet the foeman's steel. Rude plumes of peacock's feathers rose from their shoulders and heads, charms and amulets dangled from their necks and waists, and they brandished small battle-axes, locally known as tangis, and waved tiny bows and arrows. Their dance can at once be pictured by turning up Samuel Baker's or Stanley's volumes of African travel and finding the woodcuts of African measures—a crude mimic combat punctuated by hoarse yells. It only had this to commend it—that it induced a certain display of agility and was apparently enjoyed, in marked contrast to the ennui of the Burmese posturings. This, cheek by jowl with a civilisation musty when our forefathers were elegantly clad in woad!

KAPILESWARAPURAM HEARTILY
WELCOMES THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

A Street Scene, Madras.

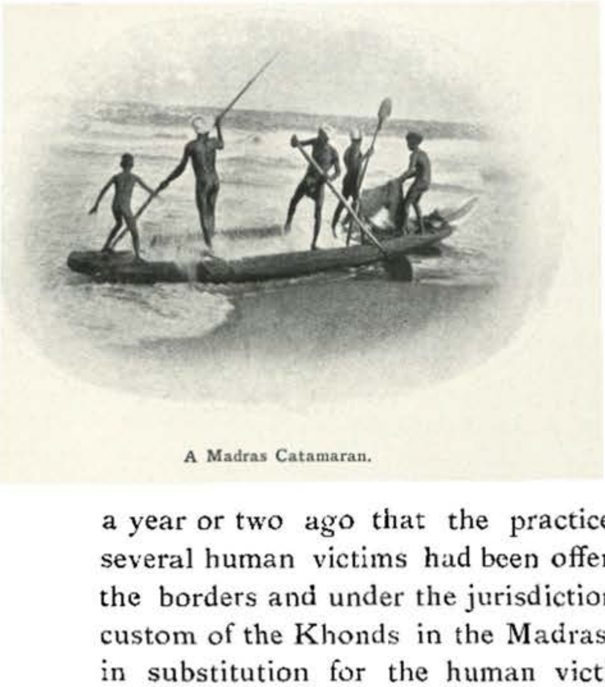
The Khonds carried us right back to pre-historic India. Their origin is obscure, for they must have been driven into the jungles of the Eastern Ghats by the Dravidians—who have not yet found a chronicler—before they in turn were pressed back by the Aryan invasion. Their isolation preserved them singularly intact, for their language bears no known resemblance to any Dravidian or Aryan tongue. When we look for linguistic affinities we cannot find them nearer than the aboriginal tribes in the hills of Assam and on the borders of Burma, who were no doubt ousted in a similar manner. Like the Bhils, they are described as a straightforward and truthful people; they are too simple-minded to tell a lie, and prefer veracity; they are loyal



The Seven Pagodas, near Madras.

to their chiefs and their friends, brave, hospitable, and laborious, and of a humorous and cheerful disposition. Passionately addicted to the chase, they pursue it with intrepidity and ardour, rarely abandoning the quarry until they have run it down. Yet with qualities like these, some of them open and engaging, they combine the blackest superstition and the practice of human sacrifice.

Many years ago, when punishing some rebellious zemindars in the Ganjam District, the Madras Government found that these were possessed of a sort of semi-detached subjects in the dense jungles above the ghats, and it gradually became known that the practice of offering human sacrifices, the victims for which were procured from the plains, was common amongst them. This barbarous rite was only suppressed after tedious exertions, during which hundreds of victims were rescued, some of whom are to the present day receiving a small subsistence allowance from the Madras Government. Great vigilance has to be exercised, even now, to prevent a recurrence of the practice, for when the rains are deficient or the crops bad, the Khonds invariably put it down to the anger of the gods at not being propitiated in the orthodox manner. It was discovered by the Madras Police a year or two ago that the practice had by no means died out, and that several human victims had been offered in sacrifice by Khonds living beyond the borders and under the jurisdiction of the Bengal Government. It is the custom of the Khonds in the Madras Presidency to offer a buffalo in sacrifice in substitution for the human victim, but in doing so they make long apologies to the deity, explaining that they themselves would willingly make the customary sacrifice, but are prevented by the British Government, on whose head they pray that any anger at their neglect of duty may be visited. With a certain grim sense of humour they plead that the British Government is strong enough to bear the anger of the gods, while they are not.


A Madras Catamaran.

The Khonds' great hobbies are drunkenness and revenge. The flowing bowl is easily replenished, for the solapa, or sago palm, which gives toddy for six months up to the rains, and the mhowra tree, abound in the jungles. But with a certain rude sense of the fitness of things the women do not join in the debauch. The instrument of revenge is never lacking, for the Khond is as inseparable from his tangi as the Bhil from his bow and arrow. It was quite amusing, when the Prince and Princess expressed a desire to examine one of these instruments and a specimen was presented to them, to note the childish anxiety betrayed by the owner lest his weapon should not be restored to him. The offence is speedily followed by the blow, and when the Khond comes into contact with the law the tangi is almost invariably the cause of offence. Indeed, although the evidence is frequently very scanty, the Khond rarely denies the charge, but he will explain why he struck the blow, which according to his simple code is sufficient. The tangi plays a considerable part in the social life of the Khonds. An injured husband will tomahawk the offender on sight. Or the owner of a toddy tree will send up an arrow "with intent" at a too thirsty neighbour making free with his toddy pots. In either case an explanation of the facts is considered a justification of the homicide.

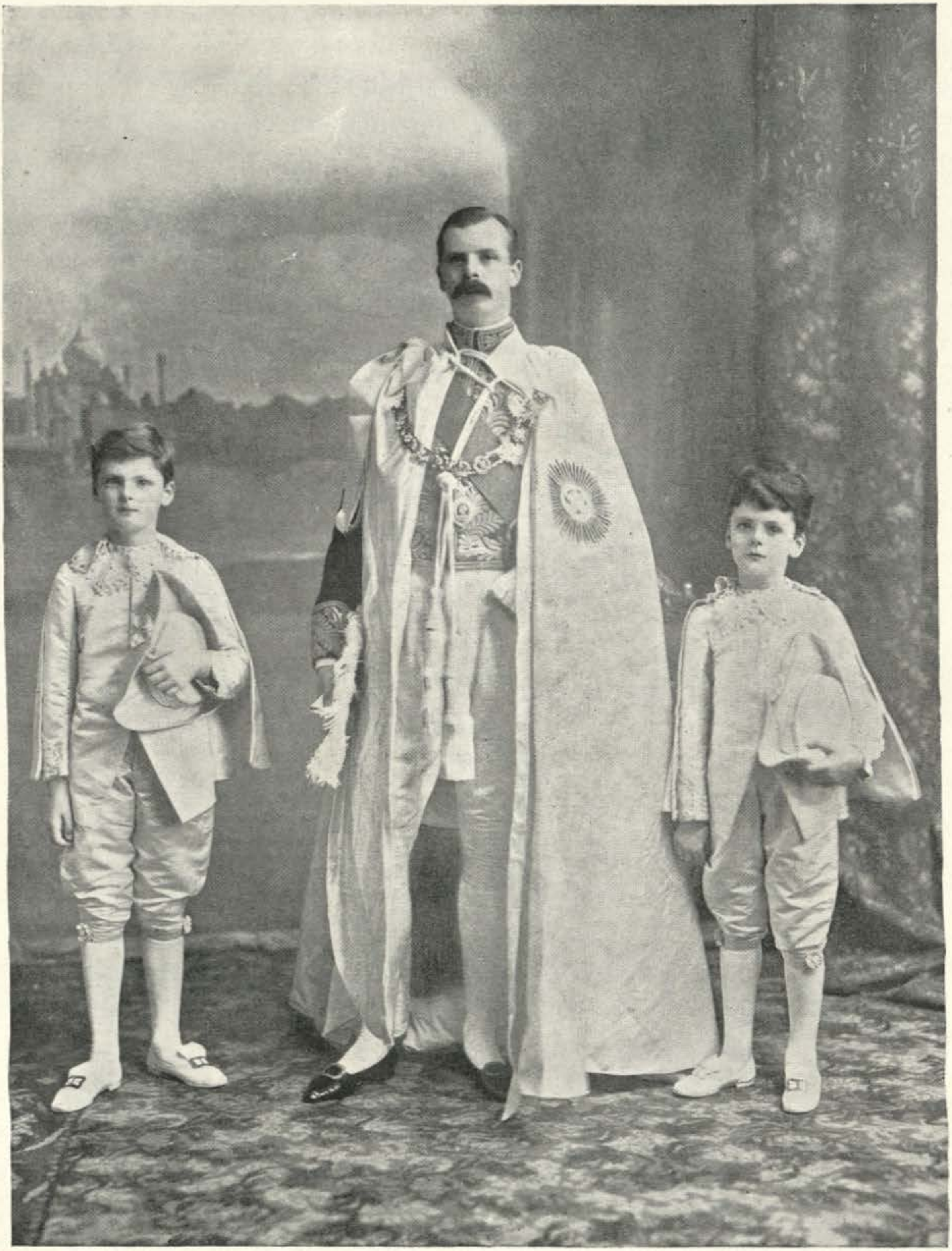
January 26th.

It is a happy circumstance that upon several occasions since he landed in India the Prince of Wales has been able actively to associate himself with memorials to his revered grandmother—the Queen-Empress Victoria: at Agra he unveiled the noble statue, which is one of the many monuments of her reign raised by the loyal and generous population of the United Provinces; at Lucknow he was to have performed the same graceful office, but unfortunately the work was not completed; at Calcutta he inaugurated the All India Memorial, which will be the most beautiful modern building in the country; and in Rangoon he opened the Victoria Memorial Park. In Madras to-day His Royal Highness was able to assist in a movement which is most closely identified with the life and times of the Great Queen.

In the celebration of the 1887 Jubilee a general desire was manifested that the permanent memorial should take the form of a technical institute. With the Government grant, nearly a lakh and a half of rupees were placed at the disposal of the Managing Trustees and the income from the fund was utilized in giving scholarships to teachers and normal students to enable them to be trained in the existing institutions. When it was decided to raise a monument to the late Queen-Empress it was agreed that it should be for the encouragement of technical and industrial education, in co-operation with the existing body, and that a building should be erected in furtherance of the object of the fund. Such is the genesis of the movement. In its practical shape it will be a handsome pile in the Indo-Saracenic style, as exemplified at Fatehpur Sikri, and will form the recognized head-quarters of the technical institute, and constitute a permanent exhibition hall for arts and crafts and a bureau of information on technical and industrial subjects.

The ceremony was simple. The Prince and Princess and the Governor and Lady Ampthill arrived in full state. Sir George Arbuthnot read the address recounting the history of the Institute. Lord Ampthill, in bluff, hearty words, expressed the joy of the people of the Presidency in having Their Royal Highnesses as their guests, and in the active participation of Queen Victoria's grandson with their Memorial to the beloved Queen-Empress. Then he recalled that it was Queen Victoria who sent him to India to be Governor of Madras, and her parting words still rang in his ears—"Be kind and sympathetic to my Indian people." But a significant and very happy coincidence marked the ceremony. Copies of the local journals were, according to custom, enclosed in the glass casket placed in the hollowed nether stone. In those journals was printed an extract from the leading English newspaper recording the deliberate opinion of one well qualified to judge that "its record of education, its administration, and its

The Prince returning State Visits, Madras.



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD AMPTHILL, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, AND HIS SONS.

peaceful progress, entitle Madras to the designation of the model Presidency of India." The eulogy is justified; the absurd fiction as to the "benighted" Presidency has endured long enough; but it was a pleasant circumstance that this appreciation came at a moment which gave it permanent record.

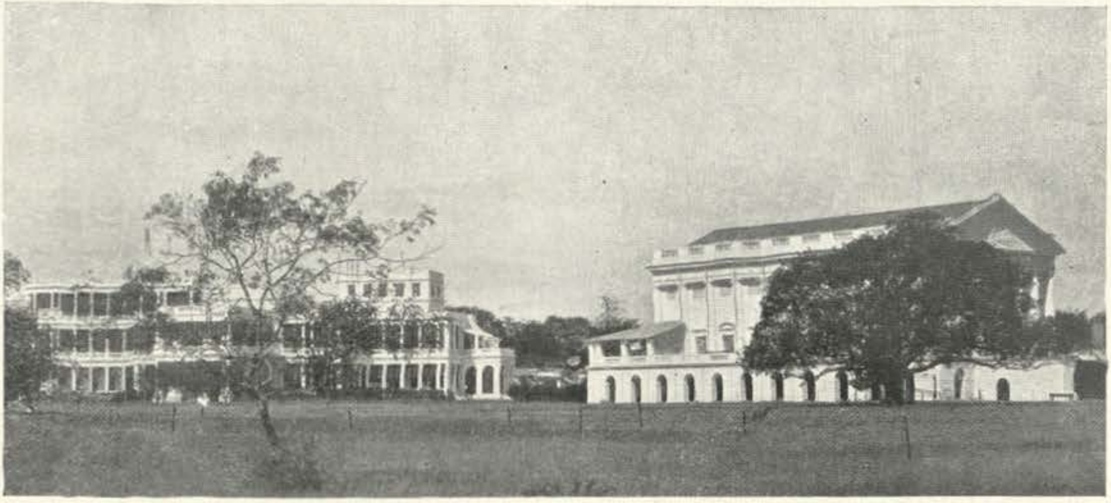
January 28th.

The last days of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Madras were spent in close association with the historical monuments of the early days of the British India in which the city is so singularly rich. On Saturday they visited Fort St. George, which now, after nearly two and a half centuries of chequered history, is still the seat of Government and enfolds the principal administrative offices. From here was directed the long contest that stamped out the efforts of the French to establish dominion in the East. This was the base of the military operations which crushed Haidar Ali and Tippu Sultan, the most formidable enemies the nascent power had to meet until it came to death grips with the Mahrattas. Here, too, the French gained an initial advantage, when they captured the fortress, which, wisely pursued, might have made them the dominant power in India. The old ramparts have been breached and partly removed, and some day, no doubt, the Government offices will be re-erected on handsomer and more convenient lines. But

The Victoria Memorial, Madras: Inaugural Ceremony.

surely nothing will be allowed to interfere with the conservation of a site immortalised by the genius of Robert Clive!

We have fallen into the habit of dating Indian history from the tragedy and epic of the "fifties." But there were great Anglo-Indians before Nicholson, though even Madras, the scene of his earliest triumphs, has found no time publicly to commemorate the work of the greatest of them all—Clive, or that other distinguished soldier—Coote. Whilst within the Fort the Prince and Princess devoted a fruitful hour to the examination of the historical records in St. Mary's Church. St. Mary's is not only the oldest place of worship built by the English settlers in India, but claims to be the only oldest British building of any kind in India, for it was dedicated in 1678 and retains the thick walls and the original rounded bomb-proof roof. Here Job Charnock's three daughters were baptised in 1689; Robert Clive was married to Miss Maskelyne in 1753; and here the Elihu Yale was wedded, who afterwards gave his name to the great American University.



Government House, Madras.

On Saturday all Madras assembled in the pleasant park—for it is nothing less—of Government House, at a garden party. This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Church and left quietly for Mysore after dinner. Thus closed their stay in the third Presidency city visited. It leaves none but the happiest memories. For this has been a real people's holiday. They flocked into Madras from all the surrounding districts; they assembled in their scores of thousands wherever the Prince and Princess were to be met; they beamed with good humour and enjoyment on each and every occasion. Those who were unable

LADY AMPTHILL.

to come to Madras kept high revel in their own towns and villages. The Prince and Princess brought everyone together on terms of the most cordial amity. It was the Presidency as a whole who welcomed the Royal guests, and not any particular class. And mingled with the Royal greeting were genuine marks of affection for the Governor and Lady Ampthill, which deepened the joyous note. Every arrangement was carried out with a care and exactness of detail of which any Government might be proud. The visit leaves its permanent mark upon the city in the alteration of the name of the native town from "Black Town" to "Georgetown," thus obliterating a slight but invidious distinction.

"The Prince's Bodyguard."
(Sir Pertab Singh and Lord Ampthill's Sons.)

CHAPTER XXV.

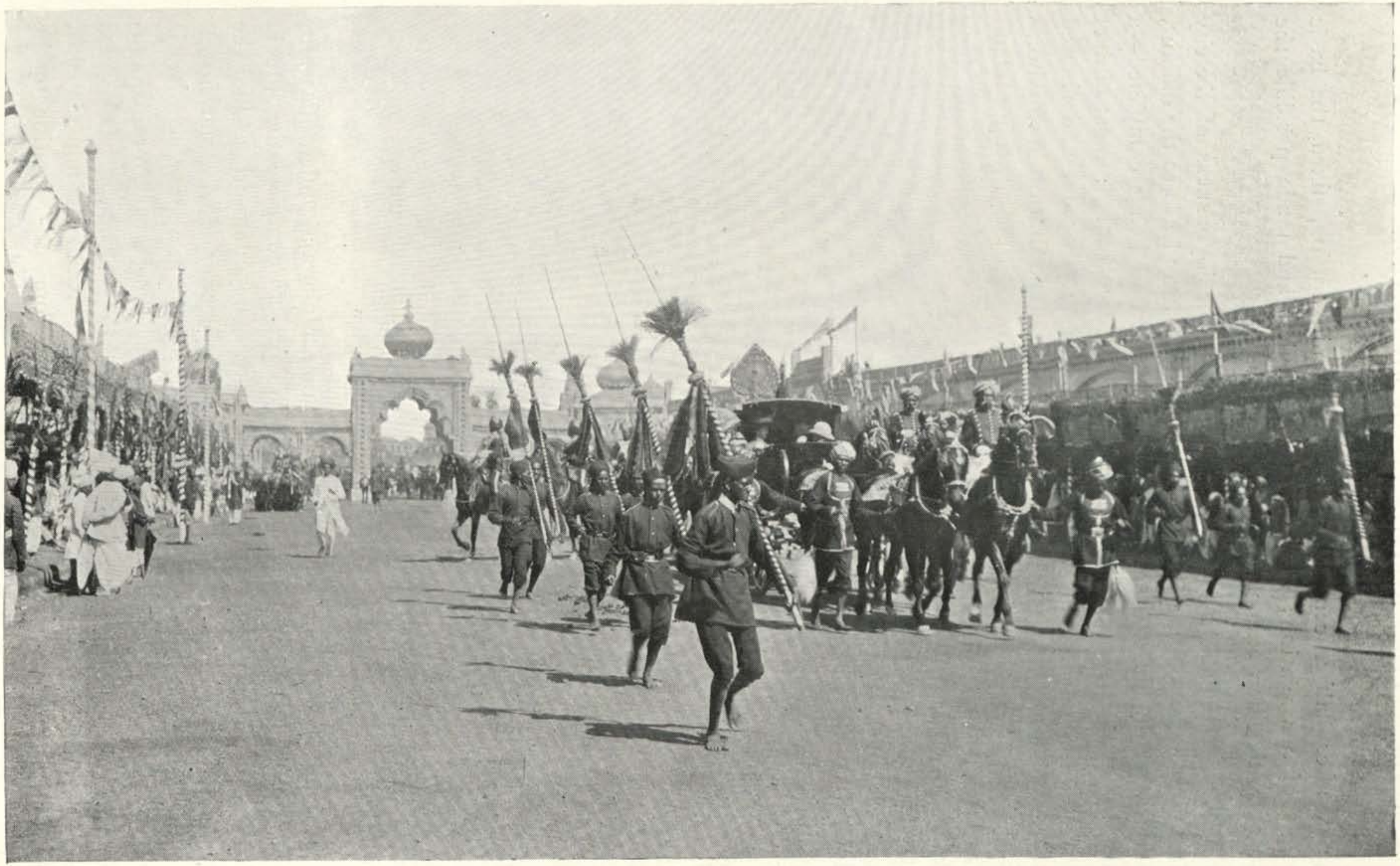
In Mysore.

Back in a Native State—The Characteristics of Mysore—Indelible Marks of the British Administration—The Capital in Gala Dress—Motoring to Seringapatam—Tippu's Deserted Capital—An Injured Sepoy—The Prince's Ready Sympathy—Education in the State—The State Banquet—The Maharaja's Pledge of Loyalty—Sport in Mysore—Capturing a Herd of Elephants—Wild Scene from Jungle Life—A Little Shooting—Departure from Mysore.

Mysore, *January 29th.*

SINCE leaving Gwalior at Christmas Their Royal Highnesses have not enjoyed the hospitality of a Ruling Chief until they entered Mysore in state to-day. And Mysore is the penultimate stage in the long progress through the territories of the great feudatories, which began at Indore in November.

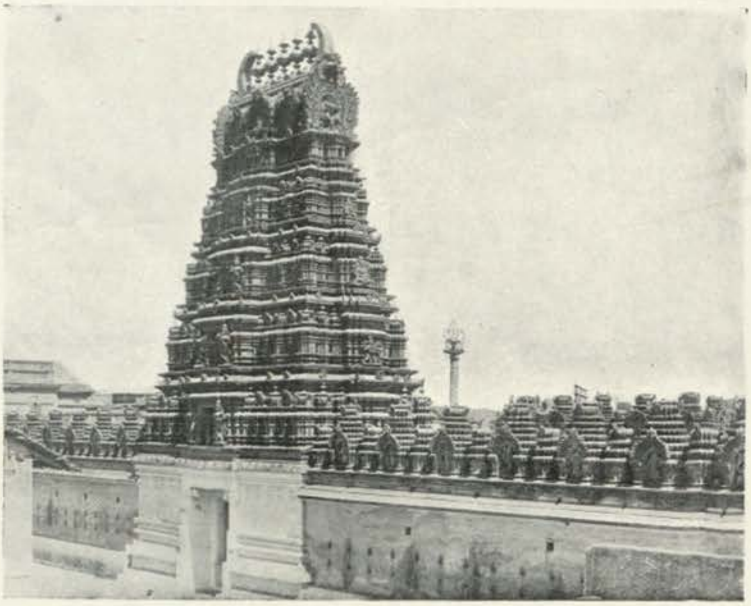
Mysore is a great Native State with the usual picturesque accompaniments of Indian rule left out. It was so long under British administration and under the control of able Native ministers well versed in British methods, that it has lost nearly all its distinctive marks. In the broad streets, the green Curzon Park, and the varied and characterless architecture there is nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary plains city. In the prosperous contentment of its people and the Imperial Service Cavalry, modern India is again suggested. Only two typical old India touches were imparted to the reception spectacle—the *bhalewallas*, or running spearmen, who preceded the Royal carriage, bearing staves tipped with bayonet-like points and beflagged with the colours of Mysore, and the Household Troops, in yellow and scarlet, armed with old Enfields. It is a significant indication of the silent revolution proceeding in India that a State, indissolubly associated with two great epochs in Indian history, should have lost so many of its distinguishing features. For Mysore, under Haidar and Tippu in alliance with the French, came very near to changing the course of Indian history. The rendition of the State to the old



The Entry into Mysore.

dynasty, after half a century of British administration, fixed the basic principle of our relations with the Native Rulers and made possible the partnership that now exists.

But you forgot the plainness of Mysore in the joyousness of the city in its gala dress. From the station a broad highway leads to the old fort, whose walls almost conceal the modern palace now being completed—a palace that reproduces the decorative art of Southern India, almost extinct until the descendants of the original craftsmen were dug out and showed that their hands had not lost their cunning. It is a road that ordinarily holds little to arrest the eye, except that it leads it to two little gilt-topped temples, which betray the exuberant richness of Southern India decoration. But pack it on roadside, balcony and house-top with the dark-skinned people of the South—the men with the triple white horizontal band of Siva on their foreheads, or the broad, white loop with a red centre line that marks the followers of Vishnu—clothe this myriad throng in white and red, mass it under a sky of dazzling brilliancy and make it radiate cheeriness, and you have a human picture that requires no gilded frame.


The Great Temple, Mysore.

It only needed the figure of the young Maharaja, quiet, pleasant, dignified, as he drove to greet his Royal visitors, to complete the human element in the scene. The capacity for good in a young prince like the Ruler of Mysore, who succeeded a few years ago, after a wise and liberal training, to his vast heritage, carefully conserved and in apple-pie order, is so enormous that you cannot forbear speeding an earnest wish for his well-being. So, too, did his loyal subjects. As the cavalcade passed, six thousand children raised their shrill trebles in a Kanarese and Sanskrit version of the National Anthem. The drive from the station to the

Residency was short, but an hour later the populace had another opportunity of viewing the Prince and Princess, on the occasion of the formal visit to the Maharaja in the large and unattractive hall which was built for His Highness' marriage, and where he was installed. When the onlookers broke up and surged over the roadway in wave after wave of red and white, you realised what those waiting lines meant.

January 30th.

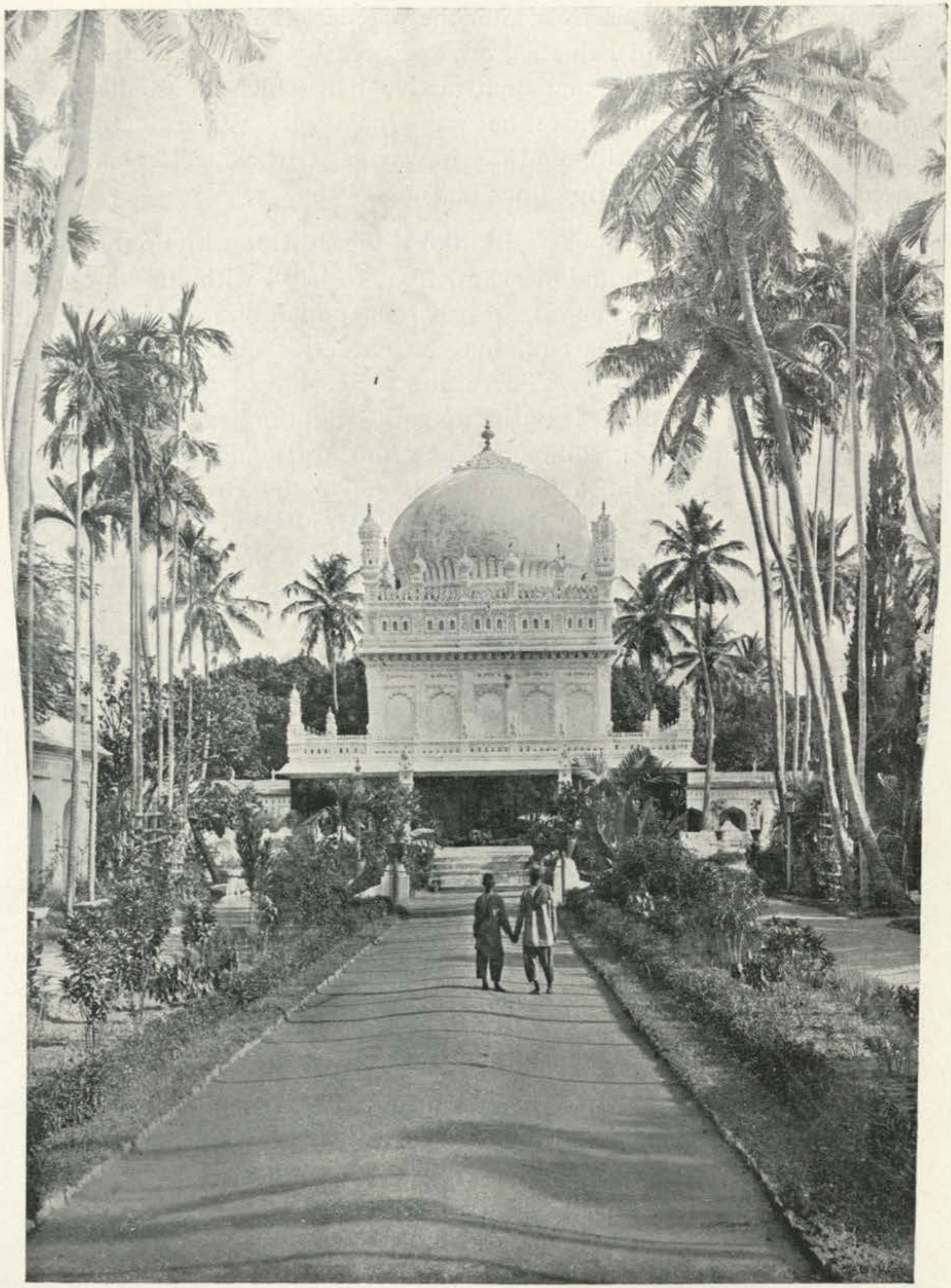
Mysore is in the curious position of being a State with no real capital. Clean and pleasant, Mysore City, with its wide streets and cheerful, prosperous population, is the nominal head-quarters, but the executive offices are at Bangalore, eighty-five miles away. There the active life of the State centres. The true historical capital is Seringapatam—eight miles distant—whence Haider Ali and Tippu Sultan directed the campaigns and intrigues that made Mysore a great power in India, and a bogie to the British Governors of Madras who were slowly emerging from the factor stage. Indeed, Mysore has little more title to be considered the state capital than the circumstances that it holds the Maharaja's palace and is the scene of the principal state ceremonies.

In Seringapatam Their Royal Highnesses spent the cool, dry hours of the early evening and there renewed the rich historical associations with Haider and Tippu, Wellesley, Cornwallis and Lally, that they formed in Madras. The way lies over a pleasant, undulating road, lined with banyans and tamarinds and mangoes bursting with bloom, and running through irrigated land showing the rice stubble and green with the early sugarcane. Then, almost before you can realise the fact, the motor glides over the bridge spanning the Cauvery and plunges amongst the moat and ditch, rampart and fausse-braye, that sentinel the seat of the Mahomedan usurpers' brief power. The path as quickly mounts to the plateau, and you are amongst the ruins of the fortress that stiffened the most formidable enemy, next to Mahrattas, whom the British in India ever had to meet.

The interior of the fortress is a ruin. Of the ordered pomp and splendour of Tippu's court scarcely a fragment remains :—

"Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall."

Here it was that Haider Ali Khan, the grandson of a religious mendicant from the Punjab, elbowed aside the old Hindu dynasty and built up a kingdom that swept from Travancore to the walls of Madras, and placed



THE MAUSOLEUM OF HAIDER ALI AND TIPPU SULTAN, SERINGAPATAM.

in the field some eighty thousand armed and disciplined troops. It was to reduce Seringapatam that Lord Cornwallis assembled what was probably the largest army in Asia ever under the undivided command of one English officer. When he sat down before the fortress in 1792 he controlled forty-eight thousand English and native soldiers, afterwards reinforced by nine thousand troops from Bombay, at whose arrival Haider realised that discretion was the better part of valour.

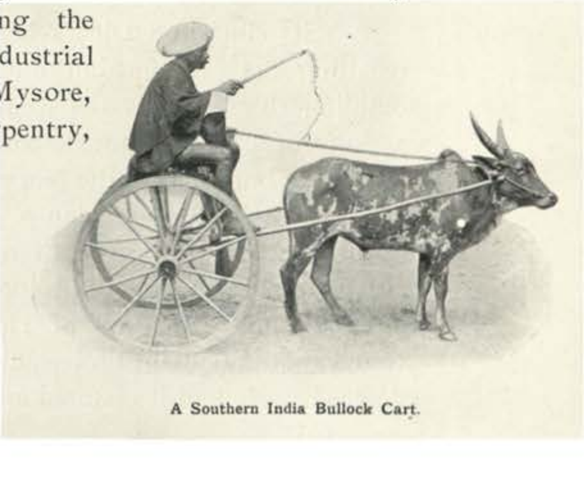
Even in its decay Seringapatam conveys the impression of great natural strength. Standing on an island produced by the bifurcation and reuniting of the Cauvery, it was protected by every artifice known to the age. The river at this season is a multitude of streamlets tumbling amidst a desert of grey rocks ; but in flood it must be impassable except by the bridge. You can see now the two cannon, which mark the site of the breaching battery, stuck up in insolent contempt of the artillery on the ramparts, the marks of the round shot on the walls, and the breach through which Baird led the assault. Baird was for three and a half years a prisoner in Seringapatam, so one can imagine in what temper he passed through the gap. Not that his spirit required any artificial stimulus, for was it not his old mother who, on hearing that Haider's prisoners were chained two and two, exclaimed "God help the man who's chained to our Davie!" A tablet marks the spot where Tippu fell, shot by a soldier who sought to rob him of his jewelled sword-belt as he lay wounded in his palanquin. Nor is there any difficulty in identifying the dungeons where were confined the prisoners of Polilore, that miracle of bungling leadership and soldierly courage. Looking round these narrow, heated walls you wonder that men could be chained up for years, ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-tended, and care to live. Physically they bred a different race of Anglo-Indians in those days.

Standing in a delectable garden, on the outskirts of the Fort—a garden recalling the Mahomedan monuments of Northern India—is the domed building that shelters the tombs of Haïdar and Tippu. History records actions of Lord Dalhousie towards the Native States that were harsh and impolitic, but he gave the ivory inlaid doors that now adorn a tomb which is still a centre of Mahomedan pilgrimage. Wellington, too, had the reputation, whether undeserved or not, of being a hard and unsympathetic man. But when, as the youthful administrator of the newly-conquered State, he entered into occupation of Tippu's summer palace—the Daulat Bagh—he found that the quaint native painting representing the battle of Polilore was defaced. He had it restored and it is as fresh to-day as when Wellesley left

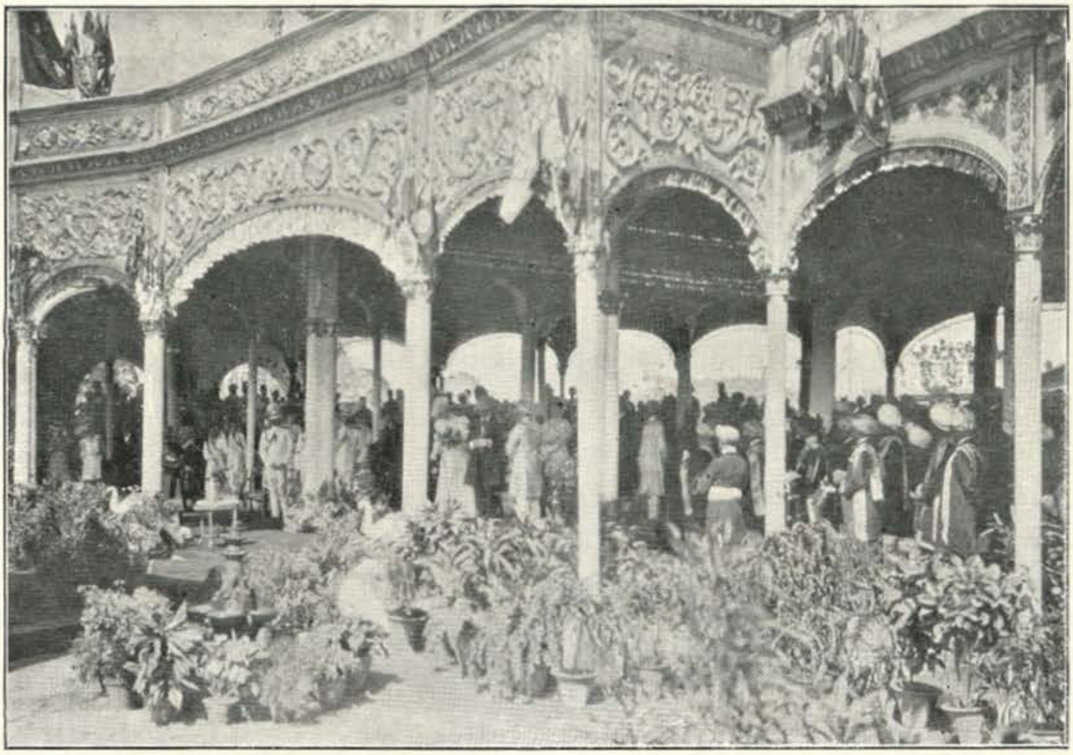
India—the stout little British square, with the wooden soldiers in their stiff stocks, the Mysorean hordes, and the French contingent, all hopelessly out of drawing and perspective, but with a certain character, notwithstanding. How many Polilores are there in British military history, where blundering leadership was redeemed by individual courage?

May I record a characteristic episode of the ride to Seringapatam? The Royal motor car, carrying the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Maharaja, and the Resident, Mr. Stuart Fraser, was preceded by sepoys riding motor bicycles. One of these skidded on the road and heavily threw the rider, snapping his leg like breaking a stick. A crowd immediately gathered, and noticing this as he passed, the Prince had his car stopped and inquired the cause. On being informed he immediately opened the door of the car, jumped out and saw personally the nature of the man's injuries. He also at once ordered water to be brought, nor did he quit the scene until he saw that the injured man had received every care and attention and that arrangements had been made for his prompt removal to the hospital. Then, and then only, did he allow his journey to be continued. The Prince's kindness and ready sympathy made a deep impression on the knot of onlookers. Their feelings may be gauged from this characteristic remark :—" How fortunate is our brother to receive this consideration from the Shahzada!"

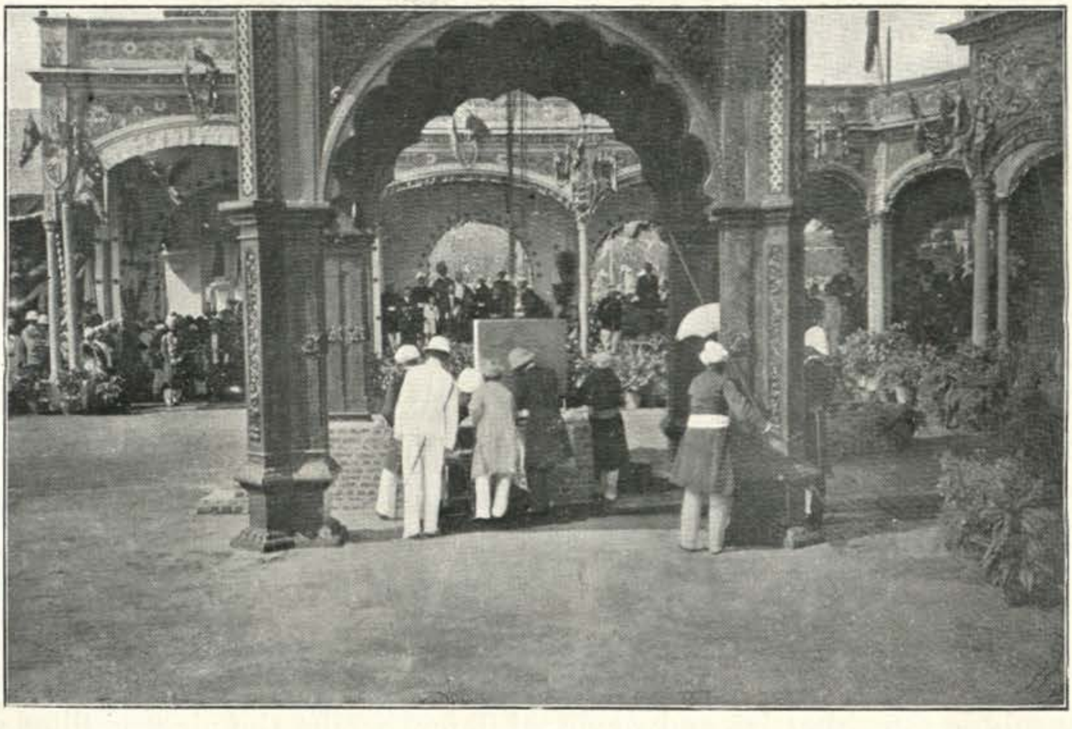
Before motoring to Seringapatam Their Royal Highnesses had a duty to perform. The State of Mysore has long possessed an honourable record in matters educational. The late Dewan, Sir Seshadri Iyer, had a keen appreciation of the value of education, and of the importance of basing the state policy upon scientific principles and liberally financing it. He gathered into the service of the Durbar a strong and zealous staff and the lines he laid down have been followed by his successors. But to-day a material step was taken in completing the machinery. Some thirteen years ago an industrial school was opened by the then Ruler of Mysore, since which time drawing and modelling, carpentry, smith's work and pottery, have been taught to boys of all classes, and the numbers on the rolls have increased to over two hundred. Hitherto these classes have been housed in hired buildings of an unsatisfactory character and, as their progress in this unsuitable environment has shown the virility of the



A Southern India Bullock Cart.



The Mysore Technical School.



Laying the Foundation Stone.

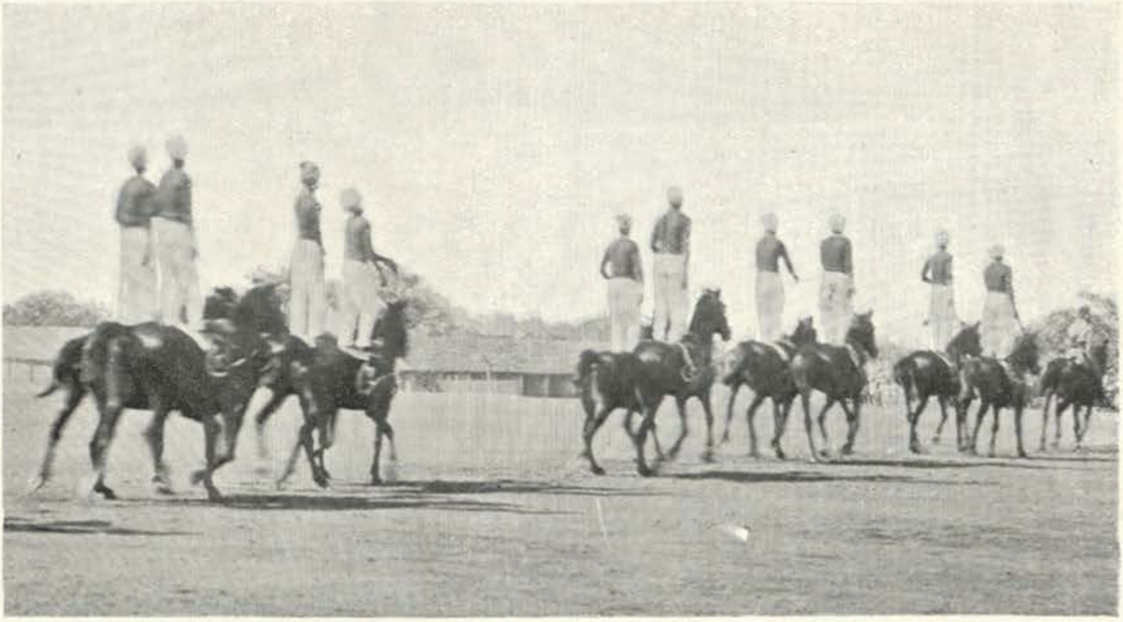
movement, it was decided to locate them in a single establishment, to be known as the Chamarajendra Technical Institute—called after the founder. This building, which will cost more than six thousand pounds, will at once commemorate the late Ruler of Mysore and the visit of Their Royal Highnesses.

The news was received to-day of the death of the venerable King of Denmark, which directly affects most of the reigning families of Europe. It of course very nearly touches the English Ruling House, and Their Royal Highnesses were attired in mourning when they attended the foundation-stone laying. In inviting the Prince to perform the ceremony, the Maharaja said that the participation of Their Royal Highnesses was an event of the happiest augury, the memory of which would remain a perennial source of inspiration and encouragement to all connected with the schools. The building destined to rise upon the site would serve to perpetuate, in a shape he hoped pleasing to His Royal Highness, the recollection of the great honour conferred upon the Maharaja and the State by the Royal visit. The Prince replied that, having seen much of the arts of India, but little of the artizans, he was delighted to take part in any ceremony which might lead towards the amelioration of one of the most deserving and important classes of the Indian people.

There were two points of unusual interest in the speeches at the state banquet this evening. In tones which left no doubt of the sincerity of purpose underlying them, the Maharaja said that "The fortunes of Mysore will ever be associated in history with the consolidation of British power in India;" and pledged his word that "whenever the call may come, Mysore will not be found wanting." The Prince as cordially accepted the pledge, and pausing for a moment upon the most important episode in the connection of the Native States with Great Britain, said:— "If any proof were required of the wisdom of the policy of 1881, which restored to your father the Province of Mysore after fifty years of British Administration, it is surely to be found in the contentment and prosperity which the people of Mysore enjoy under the Government of your Highness." The dinner was brought to a close with the most brilliant display of fireworks that Their Royal Highnesses have seen in the course of their progress. For nearly an hour the sky was streaked with blazing rockets and lighted by the glare of their explosions. Set-piece followed set-piece, representing mimic naval battles and waves of flame, whilst the air was filled with the hoarse cries of delight which rose from the great throng of natives that had gathered on the outskirts of the Royal camp.

January 31st.

This morning Their Royal Highnesses saw, on the exercise ground, a parade of the Imperial Service Lancers whose smart appearance on the day of the entry was the theme of such general comment. These are the lineal descendants of the famous Mysorean cavalry of the time of Haider and Tippu, who later were valuable auxiliaries of Wellington in his Deccan campaign. These, too, are part of the force which the Maharaja, in tones which evidenced his earnestness, dedicated in his speech last night to the service of the *Raj* if ever the time comes when India will need the help of every good blade. The parade movements were well executed, and then a couple of dozen sowars gave an exhibition of the trick-riding in which the Indian Horse excel; jumping in half-sections, and vaulting on to the barebacked horse, as it cleared the obstacle; standing on the bare-back; and doing the lance exercise, standing on the horse, at the walk. The parade closed with the gallop in line, and the Prince warmly complimented the Maharaja and the officers on the efficiency and smartness of the State's contribution to India's sword-arm.



Exhibition of Horsemanship by the Mysore Lancers.

Soon afterwards the camp broke up and Their Royal Highnesses left for the shooting camp, forty miles away, where they will remain until Sunday, when they proceed to Bangalore.

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* Hitherto Their Royal Highnesses' experiences in Mysore had been confined mainly to the spectacles of oriental pageantry that had, by this time, become familiar. Mysore, however, though presenting in its capital the unromantic features of a well ordered but utilitarian age, is still the home of the wild elephant and the jungle man, and to the haunts of these ancient lords of the soil His Highness the Maharaja was now to convey his guests.

Two hours or so in motors, along a well-kept road undulating between leafy avenues, brought the party to a fine camp, pitched on a rising knoll above the Kabani river and commanding a wide view of hill and jungle, winding stream and feathery bamboos. Some thirty miles from Mysore the more observant might note that the ordinary white milestone gives place to black stones, the fact being that "My lord the elephant" resents this mark of civilisation, and, unless it is rendered inconspicuous, pulls it up. An iron bridge under construction on the same road afforded him some years ago full scope for his primitive humour.

The method of elephant-catching pursued in Mysore was introduced from Assam by the late Mr. Sanderson of jungle fame. The process is elaborate and involves weeks, sometimes months, of preparation. The first work is the construction of the *kheddah*, a trenched stockade, enclosing five to fifty acres of jungle, and the clearing of the drive lines. At Kakenkote, the scene of the capture to be described, two stockades were made by Mr. Sanderson, as well as a series of drives or observation lines, converging on a hill, from which the director of operations can follow the progress of the campaign. When *kheddah* and lines are ready a herd of elephants is marked down within a radius of fifteen miles or so by the local *kurumba* trackers, whilst an army of beaters surrounds the herd and moves it slowly in the required direction. This must be done after dusk, as only then is the herd amenable to pressure. The beaters are on duty night and day, and as the drive sometimes occupies weeks together, they are relieved every eight days by relations and neighbours. At length the herd is brought close to the *kheddah* and the critical moment arrives. The Kakenkote *kheddah*, which is typical, is situate on a steep river bank. All weak places in the bank are made good and the herd, once in the river bed, finds no way out except by the sloping approach to the stockade. Lines of *kumki* (trained)

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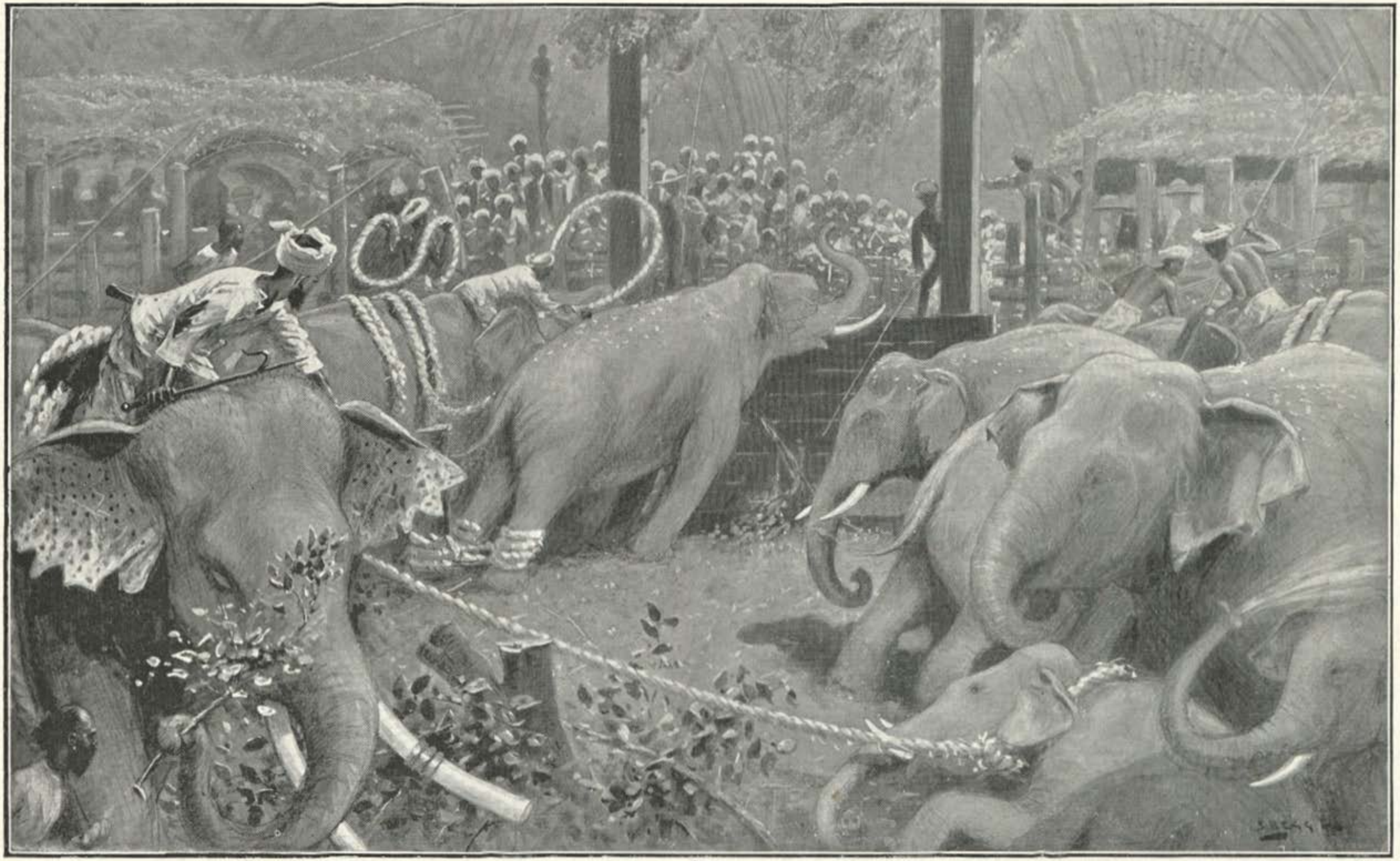
* For this description of the *kheddah* operations the author is indebted to Evan Maconochie, Esq., I.C.S., Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore.



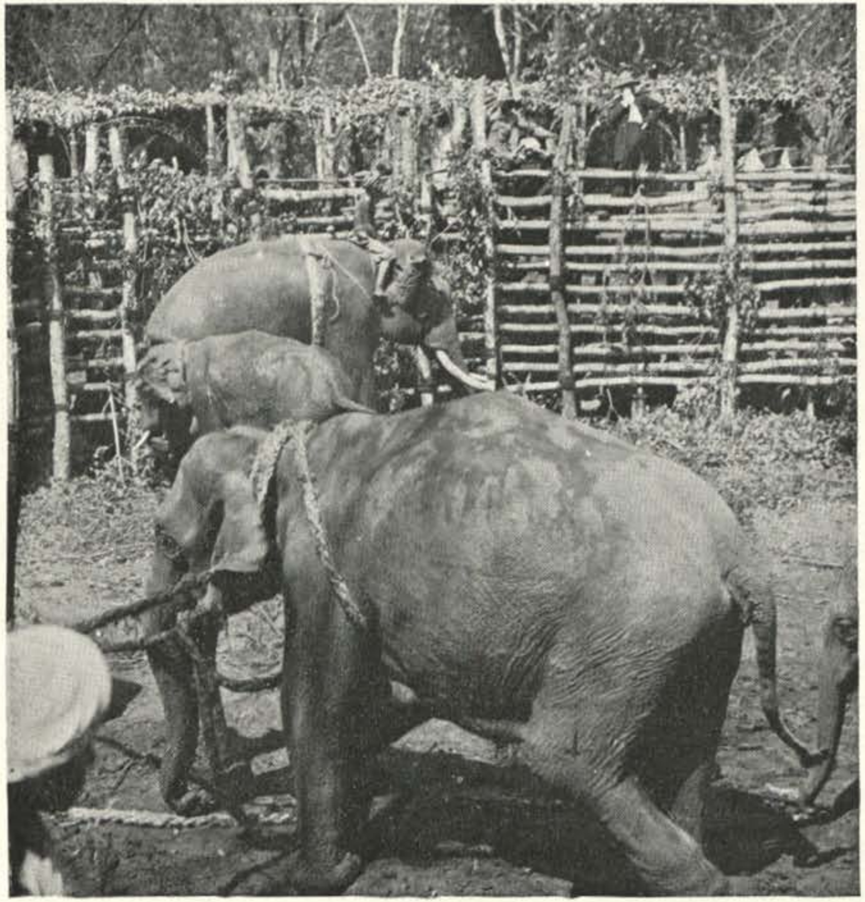
Captured Elephants in the Kheddah, Mysore.

Reproduced, by permission of the Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News," from a sketch by their Representative on the Royal Tour, Mr. S. Begg.

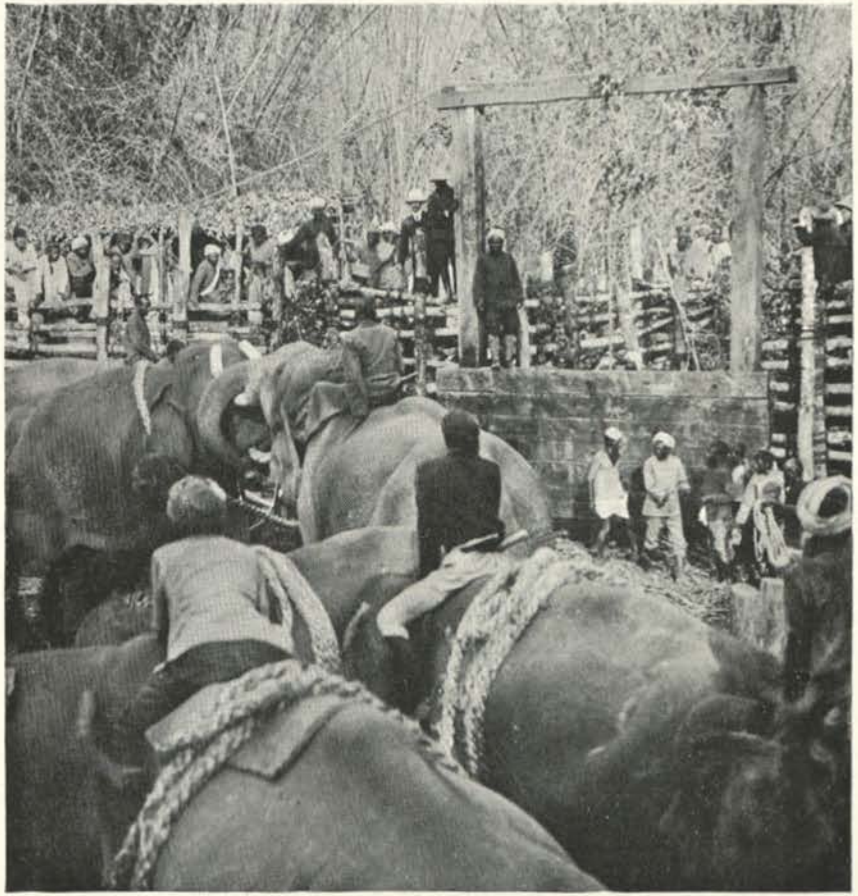
elephants close the river way above and below, and behind are hundreds of beaters armed with bamboo clappers, horns, torches, guns loaded with blank cartridge and any other available means of terrifying the herd. Once safely in the *kheddah* the herd is kept until the preparations for roping up are complete. The beaters' work, however, is not yet over. The most important feature of the *kheddah* is the surrounding ditch, some nine feet wide and of similar depth. With the rarest exception no elephant will cross a ditch of this size, but he will break away the edge or cross over on the body of a friend who has slipped in, unless frightened off by fire, spears and the like. The beaters' watch continues therefore until the herd is driven into the small roping-up enclosure, a stockade of from 50 to 100 feet in diameter, constructed of big balks of timber, sufficiently massive to resist a determined charge. The herd is driven in to this small enclosure, the *kumki* elephants are introduced and the trained elephant catchers, natives of Chittagong, get to work.

The largest animals are singled out first and hustled by the *kumkis* to the side of the stockade. A noose is then passed round each hind leg by men on foot, the two legs are securely bound together and are then fastened by a stout cable to the stockade, or the stump of a tree, if available. Once the hind legs are secured the animal gives little further trouble; ropes are fixed round his neck and he is then ready to be taken out. The trouble then begins again and a heavy and obstinate tusker may require an escort of as many as ten *kumkis* to remove him to the spot where the captives are temporarily tied. The whole operation of roping up requires skill, pluck and knowledge of the animal, and the men on the ground need all their wits. Curiously enough, wild elephants take no notice of the men on the backs of the *kumkis*.

The final drive into the main *kheddah* has rarely been witnessed by anyone not immediately engaged in the operations. The herd must be moved at the psychological moment, the occurrence of which it is almost impossible to predict within a day or two. However, the Conservator of Forests in Mysore, Mr. Muttannah, and his lieutenant, Jemadar Oosu Miah, of Chittagong, Mr. Sanderson's right-hand man in former days, were bent on affording Their Royal Highnesses this unique spectacle and, to their infinite credit, their efforts were crowned with complete success. A herd of some thirty-five animals had been brought down to the final "surround" on the south bank of the Kabani River, a triangular space of some three hundred acres, bounded on two sides by the river, which curves sharply at this point. On the north bank, at the apex of the triangle, a hurdle



The Kheddah: Roping up Prisoners.



The Prince watching an Elephant Fight.

screen, covered with foliage, afforded cover to the spectators, who had a clear view for half a mile or so up and down the river. The evening was calm and clear and a young moon hung in the West. The beat began at about seven o'clock and the interval that followed was one of intense excitement, as the chorus of yells, horn-blasts, drum-throbs and gun-shots swelled and died away, succeeded by moments of profound silence, broken only by an occasional trumpet from the still unseen herd. At last there was a lumbering rush of dusky bodies down the bank at a point down-stream, where the line of *kumkis* was dimly visible barring the river-way. In a moment the hitherto peaceful scene was alive with a riot of energy. The pandemonium of sound became continuous and, as the terrified herd splashed squealing up the river, streams of fire darted along the further bank as the beaters lighted the undergrowth, whilst the torch-lit line of trained tuskers advanced slowly from below, stately and inexorable as fate. On came the herd, clinging closely to the north bank in their search for a way out. But there was only one way, and that to captivity. As they passed the screen the Prince and Princess with the Maharaja walked along the bank to the *kheddah* entrance, and, in a few minutes, a bugle note announced that the Princess had dropped the gate and the capture was complete.

The following day the Prince went after bison, riding the old shikar elephant "Hilda," which had carried his brother in the Mysore jungle fifteen years before. At the start, a sambhar stag, which had been surrounded in the river by the elephant beaters, gave the Prince a long running shot, of which full advantage was taken, and a very fair head was added to the trophies of the tour. Although a solitary bison was seen, the Prince did not get a shot, and the rest of the day was blank. A large contingent from the camp tried for tiger, but had no luck. The Princess motored down to the *kheddahs* and inspected the animals previously captured. One of these was a magnificent animal with a single heavy tusk. The local shikaris stated that he was a well-known "rogue," who had got mixed up with the captured herd by accident. He was an immensely powerful beast and injured himself so severely in his struggles after he was roped up that he died shortly afterwards.

The 2nd of February was spent in witnessing the roping-up of a herd of some thirty animals, including several fine tuskers, which had been driven into the other *kheddah* some time previously. The drive into the smaller stockade was dangerous and exciting, for the herd, having become accustomed to the sight of man, had lost much of their natural timidity and were in a mood to resent being hustled. The tuskers gave little trouble, but the ladies were less amenable, and one old cow in particular turned and charged repeatedly and was eventually left outside, after nearly succeeding in killing a *mahout*. She was rounded up by *kumkis* later in the day. Wing fences had been run out from the entrance of the smaller stockade ; after some trouble the herd was got within these wings, a line of fire cut off the retreat and a fusillade of blank cartridge, supplemented by bamboo clappers, did the rest. Once within the stockade the impression produced by the herd was that of a titanic Rugby football " scrum." The object of each elephant is to keep as far from the sides of the stockade as possible and hide itself, and the huge animals move slowly round, heads towards the centre, heaving, shoving and groaning. How the smaller calves escape being crushed or asphyxiated is a mystery, but they emerge, as the herd settles down, apparently none the worse. The roping-up, which calls for no further description, was followed by the Prince and Princess with the keenest interest, until the lengthening shadows suggested the homeward road. The small tuskers resented their bonds most vigorously, and the sight of these youngsters, hauled out squealing and struggling, was the comic element of the day. Their elders seemed to realise the situation, and, as a rule, submitted themselves to the inevitable with pathetic dignity.

With the final roping-up of the herd the main interest of the camp ceased. Saturday was spent in an unsuccessful quest for tiger. The animals were there, but eluded all efforts to bring them up to the guns.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Mysore: A Few Reflections.

Bangalore, a great Military Centre—Retired Anglo-Indians—The Victoria Memorial—Dinner in the Serapis Room—A Microcosm of the Indian Army—A Standard for the Carabiniers—The Resident's Garden Party—Thoughts on the Visit—Modern History of Mysore State—To be British or Native?—Difficulties of the Problem—Rendition to the Old Dynasty—Success of the Policy—A New Charter for Indian Princes—Brilliant Administrative Work—The Future of Mysore.

Bangalore, *February 5th.*

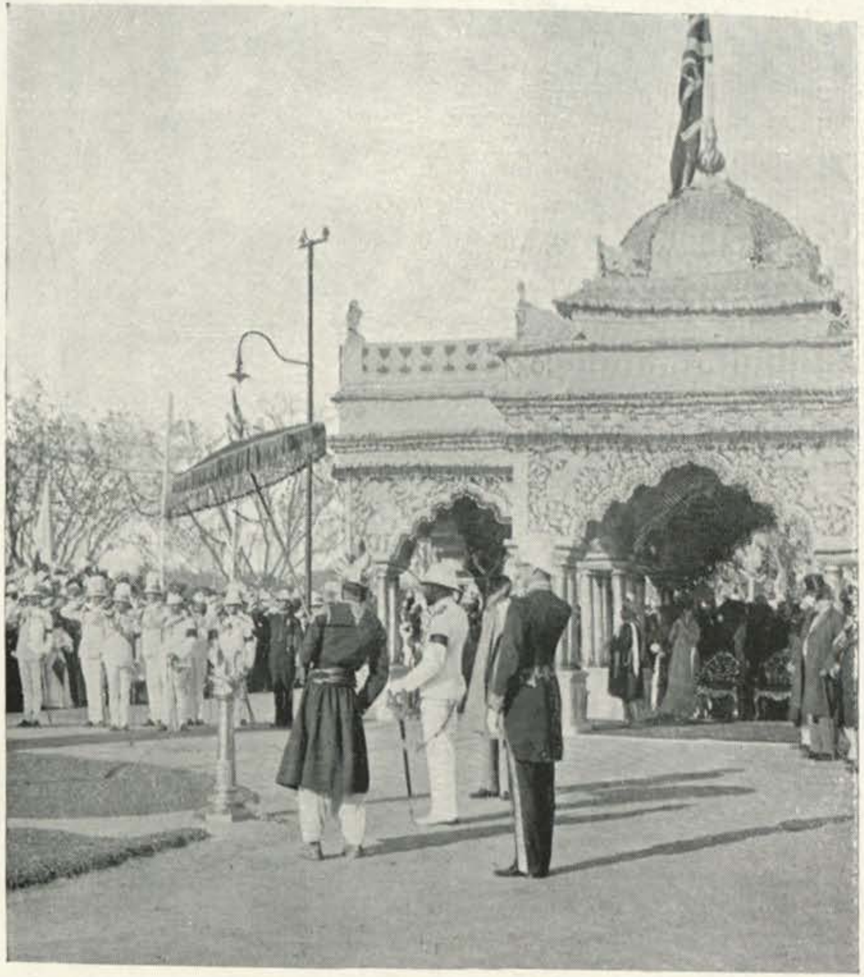
IT is a little puzzling to understand why Bangalore was included in the itinerary of the Royal progress. It is not that it is the capital of the State, for as far as it possesses any capital, that is Mysore. It is not that Bangalore is an historically interesting city, for the vivid associations of this part of Southern India linger round neither Mysore nor Bangalore, but Seringapatam. It is not that Bangalore is a beautiful or an interesting city. It has a fine climate—dry, crisp and pleasant even now, when the inhabitants are beginning to cry out against the heat, so spoilt are they; it has wide roads and roomy bungalows and big compounds; but if you ask the oldest resident how you may most profitably pass a leisure hour he can suggest nothing more exciting than a drive to the Lal Bagh or the Palace. Neither Mysore nor Bangalore can compare for a moment in historical, antiquarian, or artistic interest with the temples of Madura, Trichinopoly, or Conjeeveram, a knowledge of which is essential to the understanding of Southern India. It is not that there are any special events to absorb the activities of the Prince and Princess for, apart from the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial this afternoon, there are no official functions of particular interest.

Whatever the cause, Bangalore was delighted to welcome the Royal visitors, more especially as from the presence of cholera, His Majesty the King was prevented from visiting Mysore on his historic tour. It burst into the usual paper eruption, lined the route in tens of thousands and kept high holiday. It was careful also that Their Royal Highnesses should know that this is a great cantonment and organised as imposing a military display as has been seen on the progress, with the exception of the manœuvres at Rawal Pindi. The Carabiniers turned out splendidly mounted in their handsome uniform of blue and white. "G" Battery represented "The Right of the Line and the Pride of the British Army"--the gunners were studded with evidences of war service. The Kolar Gold Fields Mounted Rifles denoted the Volunteers and Gordon's Horse the Native Cavalry. You welcomed in the procession the absence of the incongruous Wolseley khaki helmet with the traditional British uniform, and the resumption, if only for a season, of the more comely white. Apparently, the whole Bangalore Garrison splashed the roadside with Imperial scarlet.

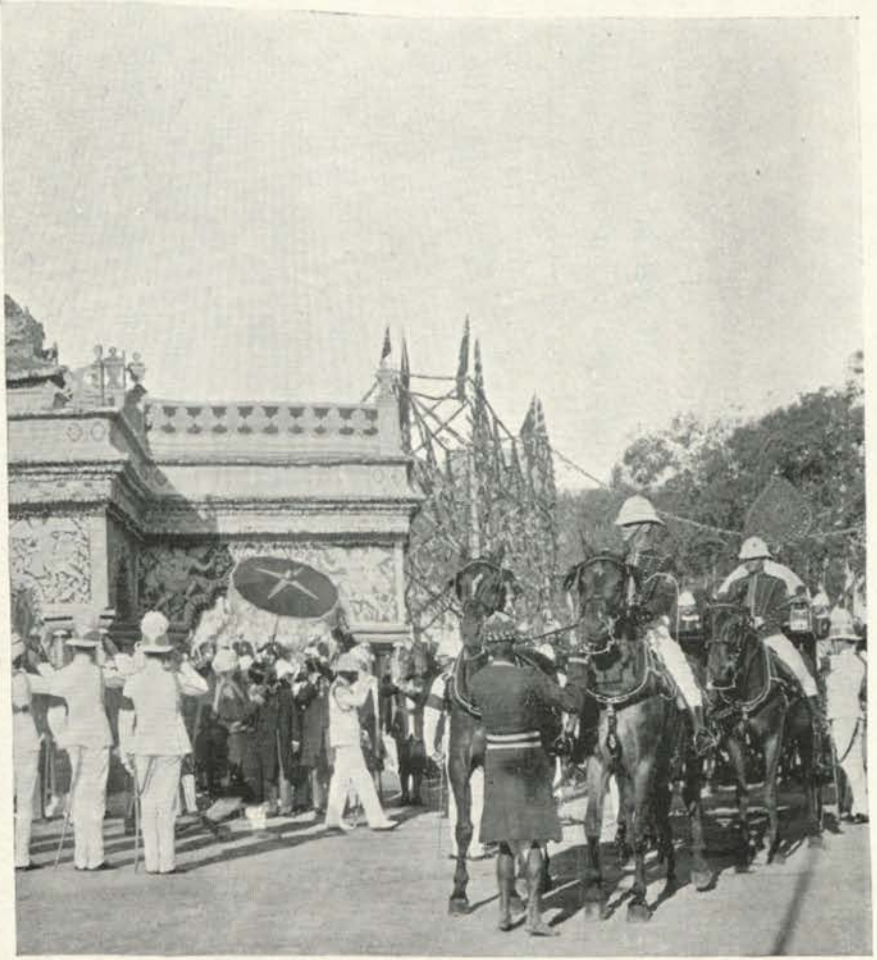
Old residents tell you that retired Anglo-Indians no longer pitch their tents in Bangalore and spend their declining years amidst those conditions that have been so wrought into the fibre of their being that they cannot forego them, even for pleasures of life in England; and that the increased cost of living, and the difficulty of getting servants, is breaking up the leisured Anglo-Indian colony. This is a point on which the oldest resident is entitled to a respectful hearing, but you will find more healthy, venerable English figures in Bangalore than in any other plains station in India. This was particularly noticeable at the station, where the President and Commissioners of the Station Municipality presented a dutiful address of welcome.

This afternoon it fell to His Royal Highness to perform a duty which he always fulfils with singular dignity and sympathy—to unveil the statue erected by public subscription to commemorate in Mysore the reign of Victoria the Good. At Agra, Calcutta, Rangoon and Madras the Prince of Wales was intimately associated with memorials to the Empress beloved by all India, and his manner of doing it, as also the affection and respect which vibrate in any reference he may make to His Majesty the King-Emperor, helps to an understanding of the strength of the tie that knits the members of the Royal Family to each other. The statue is a fine work in marble by Brock, and represents her late Majesty in flowing robes and with orb and sceptre. It stands on a commanding site, overlooking the high ground, and is a noble and gracious figure of the first Queen-Empress.

The day closed with a state dinner in the "Serapis" room of the Residency, followed by a reception. The "Serapis" room perhaps requires



Unveiling the Victoria Memorial, Bangalore.



Departure for the Lal Bagh.

a word of explanation. It was built for the entertainment of His Majesty the King-Emperor when he visited India and named after the vessel which bore him to the East; but, to the disappointment of all classes in the State, the Royal visit to Mysore had to be abandoned. In this apartment, however, King Edward's son and heir was loyally entertained, and all joined in drinking the health of the Sovereign for whose accommodation the walls were raised.

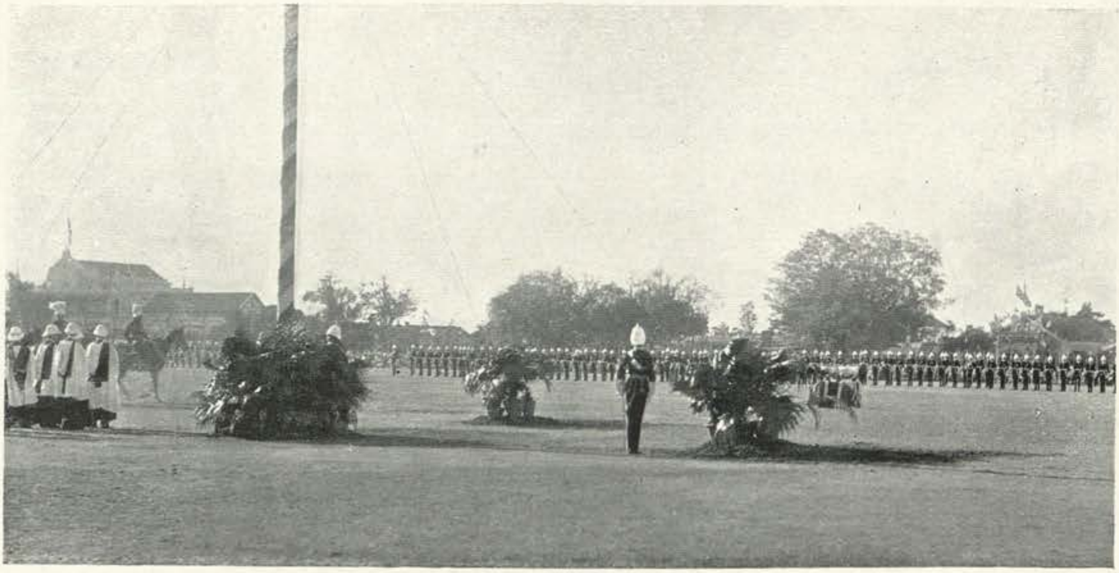
February 6th.

This morning the Prince of Wales presented a new standard to the 6th Dragoon Guards, the famous regiment which is so much better known by the name of "The Carabiniers" conferred upon it by King William III. over two centuries ago. He rode to the parade ground from the Residency in the pleasant freshness of the early morning, greeted by the whole population of the city and cantonment, close-packed on the line of route.

Victoria Memorial, Bangalore: The Prince Saluting.

Bangalore folk are crying out against the heat. Good heavens! What do they know of India, who only Mysore know? These mornings have the bracing crispness of an English spring. The noonday sun is not an atom oppressive and the nights are delightful. Heat! The grumbler deserves to be consigned for a season or two to Madras or Rangoon. He would then speak with knowledge.

It was not a big military display. The Carabiniers were drawn up dismounted, a line of blue and white on the khaki parade ground flecked with glistening blades. The enclosure was kept clear by men of the Essex Regiment, the Moplahs, the Sappers and Miners and the Punjabis, and Gordon's Horse furnished the travelling escort. But this modest muster was in its way a microcosm of the Indian Army, of whose variety we are all talking, but which so few of us understand. The British Cavalry could desire no better representatives than the Carabiniers. Of the Essex Regiment—the old "Forty-fourth"—those who were there still speak with a kindling eye of the battle of Driefontein on Lord Roberts' march to Bloemfontein, when the Essex with three other regiments of infantry stormed the Boer position. Undaunted by fire from the sheltered Boer riflemen, the line did not waver for a moment. The little Moplahs, in dark-green and scarlet, the only regiments in India to wear the tarbush and lean almost to the point of weediness, are notable examples of the policy of taming pugnacious races by making soldiers of them, which began with the enlistment of the Highlanders in the Black Watch and was continued to the disciplining of the Kachins whom the Prince and Princess saw at Mandalay. Descendants of the old Arab sailors who sailed on the West Coast, Arab is still stamped indelibly on lineament and physique. In the old days, their fanaticism and truculence were the terror of the countryside, but they were sportsmen with it all, for their cry always was "Send the *saheb log* against us, not the sepoy." And many a weary tramp had John Company's troops from Bombay and



The Prince presenting a Standard to the Carabiniers, Bangalore.

Poona to punish the Moplahs, who always took their chastisement in good part.

The 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners are the survivors of the tragedy of the Madras Army—the army that laid the foundations of British power in the East, and then with the lapse of time became a byword amongst fighting men. But whatever was said of the purely combatant regiments nothing but praise was ever offered to the Madras Sappers and Miners, who have a record of war service not surpassed by any corps in the world, and were never in better fettle than they are to-day. Gordon's Horse and the Punjabis belong to the entirely modern Indian Army. The 30th Lancers were raised by Sir John Gordon in 1826 as part of the Nizam's Cavalry, and for half a century were the 4th Cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent. On the delocalisation of the corps, it assumed its present title. Of the four squadrons only one is recruited from Hindustani Mussulmans, two being Sikhs and one Jats. The 69th Punjabis, formerly the 9th Madras Infantry, raised at Madura a century and a half ago but now recruited entirely from "The Land of the Five Rivers," typified more strongly than any other force the recent improvements in the Native Army.

Amidst this military atmosphere, the time-honoured ceremony was performed, and the new standard, blessed by the Bishop of Madras, was committed to the custody of the regiment by His Royal Highness.

This afternoon all the leading residents of Bangalore, English and Indian, including the Dewan, Sir Krishna Murti, accepted the hospitable invitation of the Resident and Mrs. Stuart Fraser to a garden party in the pretty grounds of the Residency. There a pleasant hour was spent, the Prince and Princess receiving all the prominent and interesting people, and coming into close contact with many who are associated with the good government of Mysore State, or who are connected with the local affairs at Bangalore Civil Station—the little *imperium in imperio* embracing twelve square miles—which is under British jurisdiction. This brought the visit, officially, to a close, as Their Royal Highnesses leave for Hyderabad at ten o'clock to-morrow, when their visit to Mysore concludes.

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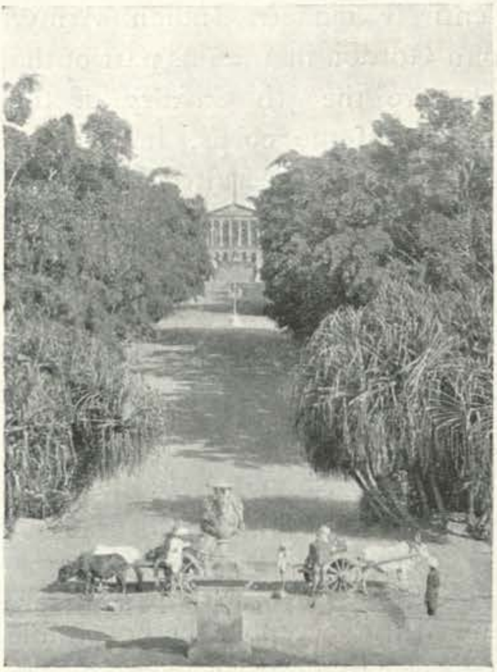
In the glaring sunshine of a late January afternoon the Maharaja of Mysore drove through the streets of his capital to meet the Prince and

Princess of Wales. He left the new palace, approaching completion at a cost of thirty lakhs of rupees—a palace which is no extravagance because the serpentine carving in red and white porphyry and marble and granite, the lattices of soapstone and the doors of ivory in-laid with teak, preserved from extinction the ancient arts of Southern India. He passed the statue erected to the memory of his late father, who deserved well of all patriotic Indians for this, that he justified and more than justified the policy of restoring Mysore to the ancient Hindu dynasty after half a century of British administration. He traversed the wide well-kept streets of the city, buzzing with the chatter of a cheerful, prosperous, contented people, whose loyalty expressed itself in reverent salaams. At the age of twenty-one, after a most careful and judicious training, he finds himself before as fair a prospect as ever faced an Indian Prince—twenty-nine thousand square miles of territory, as carefully conserved as an English estate, five millions of well-to-do subjects, an abundant treasury and an efficient civil service. And he looked worthy of it, calm, collected, dignified, for the ruler of Mysore is not of those Indian Princes who imagines that enlightenment is shown in an undue familiarity.


Public Works Offices, Bangalore.

Circumstances have conspired in an altogether exceptional degree to make Mysore loom large on the horizon of Indian history, and for some time it will hold its position there. In the early days of Fort St. George it was the bugbear of the Madras Government. We, with our later knowledge of the seed of decay in Haider's and Tippu's Kingdoms, which would soon have brought them toppling to the ground, and of the sandy foundation of Napoleon's bid for power in the East, can afford to smile at the terror they inspired in the Eastern Presidency. Yet that those apprehensions were very real will be patent to anyone who cares to read one of Lord Mornington's relations with the Madras Administration of the second Lord Clive, when he decided on a policy of "thorough" with the Mysorean "Tiger." Then after Lord Harris and

H. H The Maharaja of Mysore.

Colonel Arthur Wellesley had done their work, there arose the very thorny problems created by the misgovernment of the restored dynasty. It was easy to depose the incapable sovereign, to put in efficient administrators, brace up the civil service and see that the liberal policy of the central government was pursued. But it was not easy to decide the fate of a kingdom whose superseded sovereign had no heir and refused to adopt one. As the years slipped by Mysore came to be regarded more and more as a part of British India. It was not until forty-four years after the active interposition of the Government that its rendition was proclaimed, and half a century before it could be carried into effect. Then the natural anxiety to see how the new policy would operate was intensified by the sequelæ of the great famine, and the untimely death of the late Maharaja just when he had demonstrated his rare qualities.

Few now will contest the wisdom that dictated the rendition of Mysore. It has been called, and well called, the greatest act of justice in the history of India. It was all that and more; it was one of the greatest acts of statecraft. The despatch of 1875 completed the work of the Proclamation in calming those doubts in the great feudatories inspired by the Mutiny and the events leading up to it. We can all be wise after the event, and it is not difficult now to postulate on the suspicions that must have been excited in the minds of the Indian Princes by the annexation of Oudh and the extinction of the Ruling House of Satara. Nothing could so effectually have dissipated the aftermath of these suspicions as the free restoration of the great and fertile State of Mysore, twice forfeit, to the old dynasty, when men had half forgot that the old dynasty existed, not in deference to any pressure or because it was expedient, but solely because it was just and right. The Despatch of 1875 is a second guarantee to the Indian Princes that the limits of our internal territorial acquisitions have been set, that we covet no man's land, and that nothing short of the grossest treason or a social cataclysm will induce the curtailment of any Native State. The Rendition made possible the ardent loyalty and eager partnership with the Imperial Government of which Their Royal Highnesses have received so many evidences on this tour.

But wisdom and justice are not always justified of their children. In Mysore they were. The history of the State after the late Maharaja was installed on the throne in 1881 fills some of the brightest pages in the book of native rule in India. The Ruler and his Dewan, Sir Seshadri Iyer, were a remarkable combination. You cannot be in the State many hours without realising that you are confronted with work of an altogether exceptional character. The capital town and the native city of Bangalore bespeak careful and liberal administration. These are, however, the natural "show places" of a Native State, like the jail and hospital. In themselves they signify little; but in the country districts there are good roads, good travellers' bungalows, and substantial government offices. In education the Central College was amongst the first in India to devote special attention to the teaching of science; technical instruction has moved forward a big step by the beginning of the new headquarters, of which his Royal Highness laid the foundation stone; whilst the generous help given towards the establishment of the Tata Research Institute in Bangalore speaks of the interest taken in post-graduate study. The system of railway communication is widespread, if extraordinarily slow, and public works are liberally supported. On the higher Imperial side, the Imperial Service Lancers, the lineal descendants of the famous Mysorean Horse, who were so smartly handled by Lieutenant-Colonel Desaraj Urs that they aroused the unstinted admiration of the Prince of Wales, and the Imperial Transport Corps, which effectively handled the huge aggregation of baggage brought for the central and shooting camps, are valuable contributions to India's defence. All this has been accomplished whilst converting the heavy deficit left by the 1877 famine into a substantial surplus, maintaining the margin between revenue and expenditure which Mr. Micawber feelingly described as essential to happiness, and paying to the Imperial Exchequer the thirty-five lakhs of tribute fixed by treaty.

The Residency, Bangalore.

It is not these achievements, however, which give Mysore its unique position amongst the Native States, and Sir Seshadri Iyer his niche in the Indian Valhalla. Are they not the commonplace ideals of good Indian administration? Other States, making due allowance for the start given to Mysore by fifty years of British rule and the fertility of her resources, can

Scene on the Kabani: Near here the Elephants were driven across the River.

show a record no less honourable. The truest test of the statesmanship—you can justly employ no inferior term—of Sir Seshadri Iyer is found in his determination to employ the best brains, no matter where they were to be found; to develop the resources of the State through the only agency now generally practicable—that of British energy and capital; and to pursue a courageous policy of political and social reform. At a time when the Government of India were so perversely obstructive that Indian enterprises stank in the city of London, the exploitation of the resources of the Kolar Gold Fields was judiciously fostered, with the remarkable results we see to-day. The mines support a population of a hundred thousand people on an area that was formerly waste, they have paid royalties amounting to over a million sterling to the Durbar, and they have produced twenty-four million pounds worth of gold. Then with regard to the Cauvery Electrical Installation, which develops eight thousand horse-power in the heart of the jungle for use on the Gold Fields ninety miles away, it is quite simple now to say that the experimental work was done at Niagara, and the certain demand from Kolar made the works an assured success. Matters looked very different when the bold project was laid before the Dewan, and it required courage of no mean order to sink half a crore of rupees in an untried venture. In addition to these developments, the coffee planters have found the Government informed and helpful.

Of the political and social reforms it is difficult to write with confidence, as their work is yet young. But none can fail to admire the enterprise that gave Mysore, first amongst Native States, a constitution. True that constitution is as yet very embryonic, but no real friend of Indian constitutional progress would desire it otherwise. It does not go beyond the stage of representation and interpellation by nominated and elected delegates and the annual conference of the estates, when the policy of the Government is expounded. That, however, is as far as it is wise to go in the present development of the people; it keeps the Government in touch with the various interests in the body politic; and certainly there seems to be no desire for any hasty broadening of the constitutional foundations. In the path of social reform there is the notable interdict on early marriages, and one would like to see the spirit that gave it birth more actively demonstrated now.

Why, it may be asked, should Mysore, at this stage in its stirring history, continue to focus public attention? Why, with this record and this substantial basis of prosperity, should not the State continue to tread lightly the paths laid out by the genius of Sir Seshadri Iyer? Well because for an interval there was missing from the councils of Mysore the dynamic force and liberality of view that drove it up to its present position. In the life of States, no less than in that of individuals, stagnation means deterioration, as the forces destined for a progressive influence atrophy from disuse. Not even Mysore can afford to rest and be thankful in the days when the leaven is working healthily, without falling from the proud position won by an earlier generation. The time is now ripe for the resumption of a more progressive policy. After an apprenticeship to affairs for three years since he ascended the *gadi*, the Maharaja is in a position to make his influence strongly felt. He has at hand able councillors whose attachment to his person and his house is well proved. It is for these reasons that the eyes of many will turn toward Mysore during the next few years, to see how far it will continue to hold the van in the march of statesmanlike progress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Hyderabad.

An Indian Dawn—Arrival at Hyderabad—Pictures from a Troublous Past—A Cosmopolitan Eastern City—Oriental Aspect of Hyderabad—The British Cantonment—A Review at Secunderabad—The 2nd Rajputs—Glorious Page from Military History—The Nizam Bereaved—Death of his Eldest Daughter—State Ceremonies abandoned—Medical Work amongst Women—The Princess' Participation therein—Departure for the Shooting Camp—Tiger, Panther and Small Game—The Prince's Unerring Shooting—The Princess at Golconda—Leaving for Benares.

Hyderabad, *February 8th.*

THE sun rose this morning in a blaze of crimson splendour. The wave of dawning day painted the eastern sky a glorious blood-red, lighting ruby fires in the purple bosom of the lake. Soon the crimson paled into a subtle salmon, striping the fading, steel-blue horizon with pink, and almost before the retina had caught its beauties, it fused into lemon and sapphire and then the harsh azure of the Indian day. The cold night air mellowed into a pellucid softness and there sprang up the zephyr which comes with the light. So were the Prince and Princess welcomed to Hyderabad.

At the station and in the city they were met with a greeting scarcely less splendid. His Highness the Nizam, spare, erect, hawk-eyed, stood in front of his principal officers of state. He was attired with the dignified simplicity he affects—a tunic of navy-blue, with sword and belt, and a conical turban of Hyderabad yellow. His Ministers and Officers were in the handsome state livery of blue and gold and yellow, and formed a varied and striking group. In this there was little of the picturesque irregularity and colour that are commonly associated with native rule in India. That was reserved for the intensely oriental streets of the city, where were vividly reproduced those characteristics that make Hyderabad one of the most fascinating centres in the Dependency.

Indeed, on the drive from the station to the new palace the Prince and Princess passed through a series of pictures from the troublous history of Hyderabad. Baggy-breeched and blue-gaitered Infantry, armed with old-fashioned guns and equipped with brass ammunition boxes, and wearing curiously drooping turbans, saluted them as they left the station. These were Jumaeth Nizam Mahboob Rohillas—the men who were gathered into corps and disciplined by the late Sir Salar Jung as a means of keeping them under control. But they look strangely out of place in India; their proper position is with the Turkish Army in Yemen. Coal-black African negroes, with thick lips and curly hair, with red fez and uniforms of sky-blue, represented the African Cavalry, which is such a distinctive feature of the Nizam's army. One could trace the improvement of the state troops step by step. On the lowest tier stood the Household Regiments, decked out in new uniforms, but with obsolete guns and curved bayonets which make them not even food for cannon. On the second, the Hyderabad Line Regiments, incomparably better equipped and organised, and armed with bored out Martinis. In the escort rode the Imperial Service Cavalry, well armed and well turned out, and comparing not unfavourably with the Madras regiments. We all know what a powerful part **Izzat* plays in the East, but, this notwithstanding, it is amazing that any keen Native Prince can compare his Imperial Service Troops with his nondescript forces without, like the Maharaja Scindia, laying plans for the maintenance of none but the former.

The cosmopolitan character of Hyderabad is just as deeply stamped on its peoples. It is the Mahomedan State *par excellence*, not only in its dynasty and its administration but in the inhabitants of its capital. You see more tarbushes and strongly-marked Mahomedan faces in Hyderabad in a day than in any other city in India in a week. You see also a type that has disappeared from British India, and which Their Royal Highnesses have not encountered since they left Rajputana—the squireen of perhaps a score of acres, poor as a Scotch crofter, yet with his belt as full of lethal weapons as a Montenegrin chieftain or a stage bandit, and a certain rustic dignity that he sucks from the soil. Nor are you ever permitted to forget that this is a Deccan State, too, a State with a large proportion of those hardy, lean ryots who win perhaps the most difficult and precarious subsistence of any peasantry in the world. The Mahomedan temperament and the Hindu's struggle with a churlish nature have tinged the Hyderabadi with some of the dourness of

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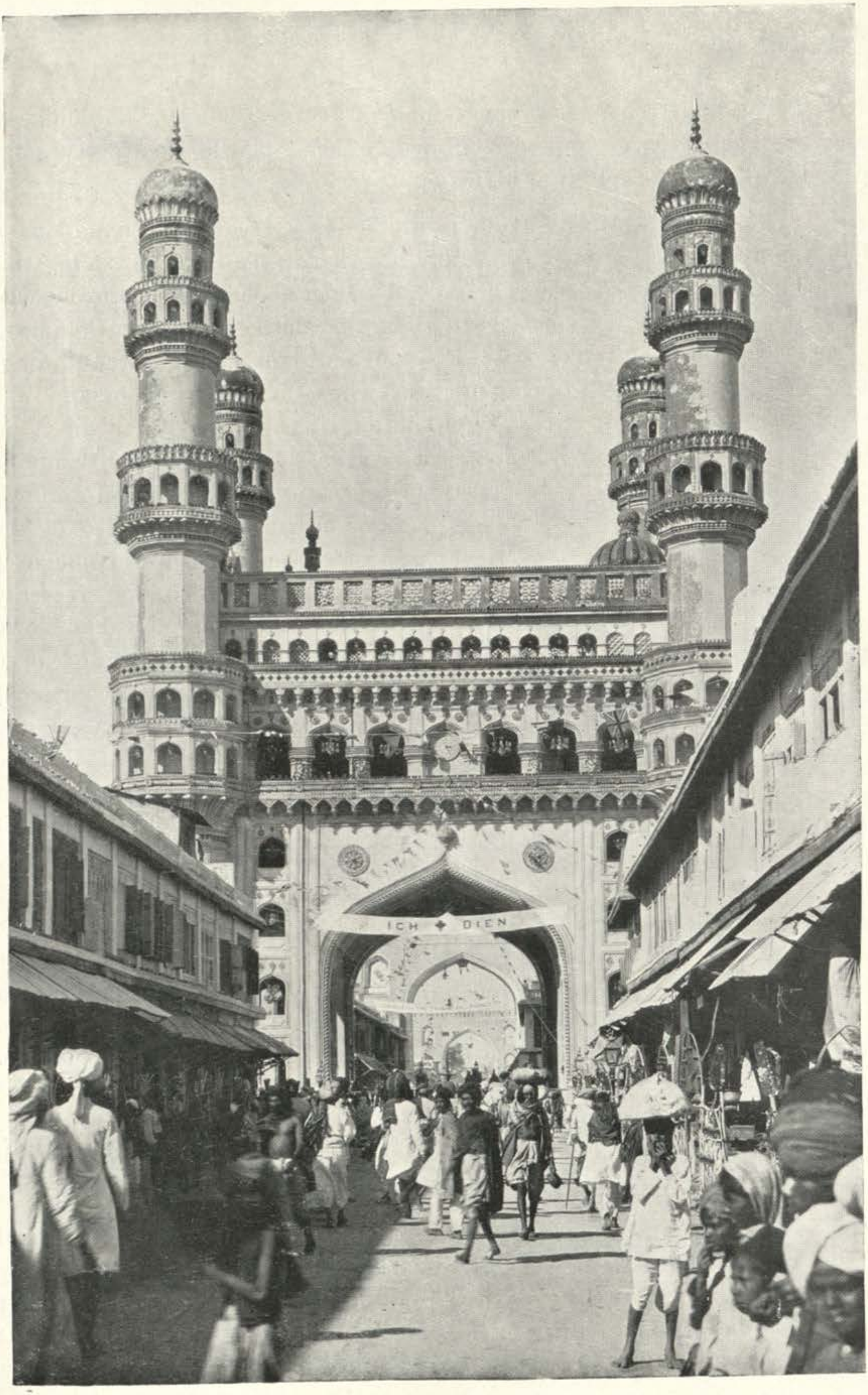
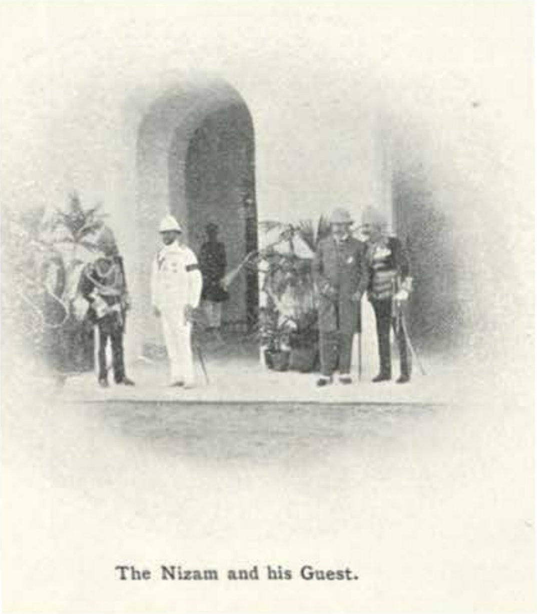
* Reputation.



A Street Scene in Hyderabad: The Char Minar.

Northern India. There was eager interest and respectful salutation; but not the bubbling joyousness and lightness of heart that marked every stage of the Royal progress in Southern India.

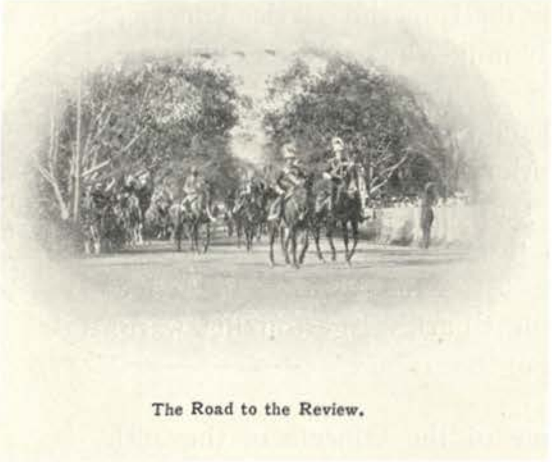

The Nizam and his Guest.

For a comparatively modern Indian city Hyderabad maintains a remarkably oriental atmosphere, and it was of the East, eastern, this morning. Behind the line of miscellaneous soldiery, sentinels who occasionally refreshed themselves by squatting on their heels, or pulling at a cigarette, there was the ceaseless hum and movement of the throng. From the upper stories of the houses, whose blistering whiteness was spotted with red and green and azure shutters, the women looked down on the scene, half-concealed behind their veils, yet, with true feminine curiosity, the *purdah* was never allowed to obstruct their view of the spectacle. The gold-tipped pinnacles of the mosque carried the necessary suggestion of Islam. Up and down the cleared and watered road galloped orderlies and policemen with no consideration for their horses' legs, and country carts with loads of belated baggage. His Highness the Nizam himself set an example of almost American hustle, for his state carriage, of the most refreshing lemon yellow, dashed past at a respectable gallop, his Bodyguard, with their canary uniforms and saddle-cloths of leopard skins, straining after its fast-moving wheels. It was not long before the whole cavalcade came trotting back—African Horse, Madras Lancers in electric blue, Imperial Service Lancers in blue and silver, Horse Artillery and the 13th Hussars. In the midst of this pompous array Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince with the Nizam, the Princess with the Resident, the Honourable Mr. Bayley, were the cynosure of all eyes and the objects of the most respectful salutations.

Scarcely had the boom of the guns, which announced the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses at the Falaknama Palace, died away than they spoke again for the departure of the Nizam on his state visit to the Prince; and yet again this afternoon when His Royal Highness returned the visit at the Chau Mahalla Palace. Here was performed a ceremony that has only once before been seen on the Royal tour—the presentation of the heir to the State to His Royal Highness.

February 9th.

It is only six miles from Hyderabad to Secunderabad, but the two centres are wide as the Poles asunder. Hyderabad is of the East, a city of painted balconies and fretted fronts, of glistering minarets and wandering palaces, with suggestions of eastern mystery in the bye-ways. Secunderabad is a typical cantonment and is not ashamed of its unveiled frankness. The life of the station is on the parade ground and in the streets, and there is no pretence of any mystery more romantic than the ways of Government. From Hyderabad went the Prince and Princess of Wales this morning to a parade of all the troops in the station. They passed, in the freshness immediately following the sunrise, round the fringe of the lake bordering the road whose waters reflected the azure of the sky and mirrored the snowy buildings on its banks; through the broad, straight streets of the cantonment, with their air of middle-class prosperity, wedged with a crowd as dense if not denser than that which lined the streets of the capital on the day of the state entry; through close-packed tiers of happy school-children, whose presence proved that, although the military element predominates at Secunderabad, it is an active educational centre as well; and so to the parade ground, where His Royal Highness rode up to the waiting line and the Princess viewed the ceremony from Lord Shaftesbury's Argyle motor car.



The Road to the Review.

The Secunderabad parade ground is one of the largest in India, and it is certainly the most pleasant. It is no mere prim oblong, but a bit of undulating country rising towards Bolarum, dotted with trees, and yet with plenty of level space for ceremonial movements. Nor is it a dusty desert like Mian Mir and Rawal Pindi, but actually green, even at this season of the year; so green that with judicious watering the possibility of dust has not to be gravely considered. Here were drawn up the regiments in the Secunderabad Garrison, L Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery on the right, the 13th Hussars, the 26th Prince of Wales' Own Light Cavalry, the 20th Cavalry and the Hyderabad

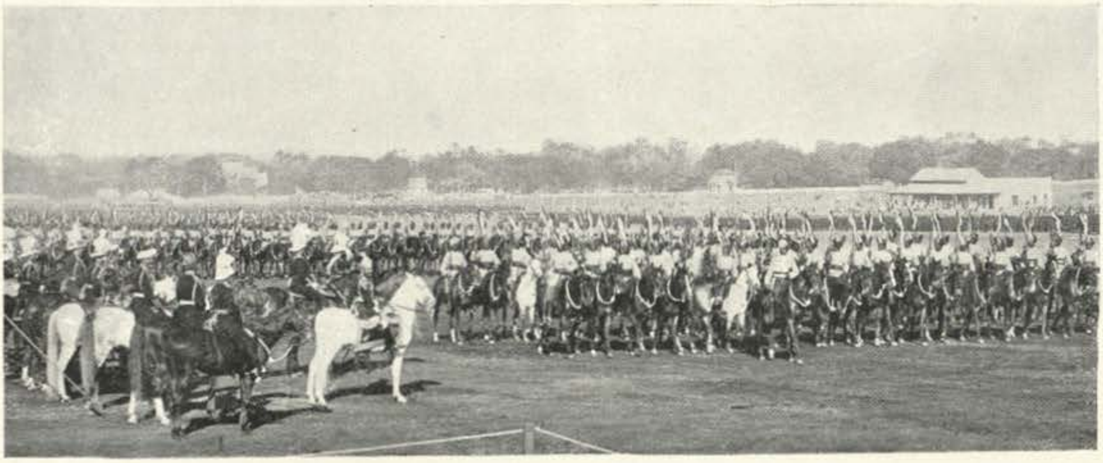
Imperial Service Lancers. Then the Field Artillery, three batteries—the 1st, 16th and 41st. On the right of the Infantry stood the 13th Company of the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, representing the gallant corps which carries on the finest traditions of the old Madras Army. The Infantry were drawn up in Brigade Mass; the Lincolns, Royal Fusiliers, Manchesters, and Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders leading the Brigades and the Native Infantry in a compact wall behind them.

The review was the largest Their Royal Highnesses have seen since there passed before them that great display of armed might at Rawal Pindi. On no occasion have they seen troops of the Indian Army better handled or better led, but the recollection of Rawal Pindi leaves one dead to any fresh impressions of military parades. So it must suffice to say that the Prince, accompanied by Sir Charles Egerton, Commanding at Secunderabad, and His Highness the Nizam, and escorted by the Imperial Service Lancers, inspected the line. The Nizam rode a shapely milk-white charger and wore his quiet, handsome uniform. The gleaming lance points and bayonets quivered for a moment as the columns turned and moved into position for the march past. One little incident is worth mentioning as showing what may happen to the wounded on the battlefield. One of the Hussars lost his helmet near the saluting point, and although three regiments charged over the same ground the helmet was not touched. After the advance in review order His Royal Highness expressed to Sir Charles Egerton his warm appreciation of the appearance and discipline of the troops.

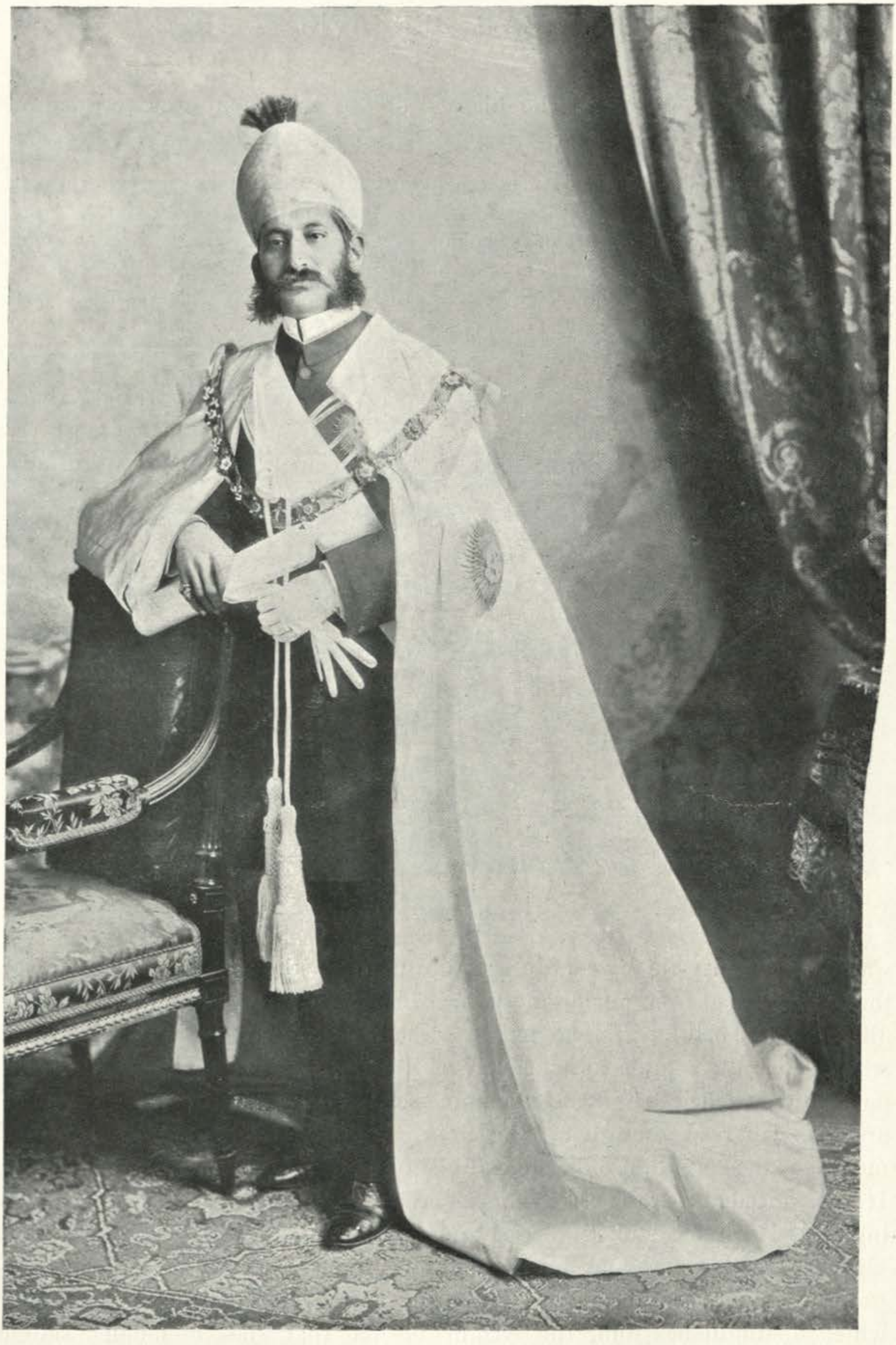
Two brief ceremonies remained. Some of the Officers of the 26th (Prince of Wales' Own) Light Cavalry, whose electric blue uniforms gave a pleasant splash of colour to the scene, were presented to His Royal Highness. Afterwards the 2nd Queen's Own Rajputs received new colours from the Heir-apparent. As the Rajputs marched past, as well set-up and as well-drilled a regiment as the Native Infantry can show, the worn tatters of colours were marked, and also the fact that they carried three colours instead of the orthodox two. Thereby hangs a tale. The third colour was awarded for specially distinguished service at Delhi and Laswari with Lake in 1803. It bears this motto "Lake and Victory." In 1878 some military martinet of the worst type tried to have the third colour removed, but his sterile mind received no support. So three brand new colours were received from the Prince, whose Royal father is the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, to-day, and three venerable and torn ones were enfolded in their honoured cases. A glorious episode in the history of the Regiment was recalled in the Prince's speech:

> "You are reminded of that splendid page in your history, how the regiment lost 200 men in the first unsuccessful siege of Bhuratpur, and 20 years later, before the second siege, strips of the colours borne at the first siege were produced by the men, who swore on them to earn as high a reputation as their predecessors, and, as the record says, *they kept their oath.* I know that whenever called upon you will equally keep the oath taken upon your colours and add fresh lustre to the noble tradition which you have inherited."

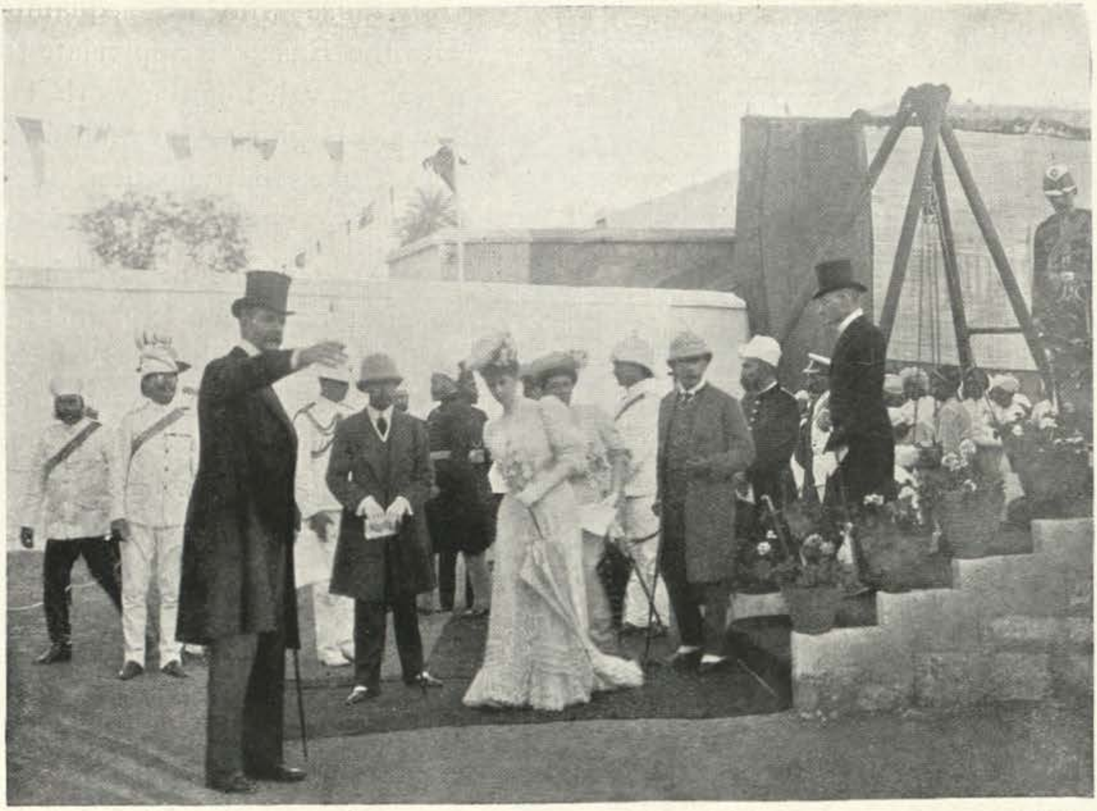
Whilst His Highness the Nizam was on parade this morning, there occurred an event that has sadly dimmed the Royal visit. His eldest daughter, who was also his eldest child, died at eight o'clock. The deceased lady was about twenty-three years of age, not married, though arrangements for the wedding had been made, and described by those who knew her as unusually accomplished for a Mahomedan. She had long suffered from phthisis which, four days ago, assumed a critical form. The Nizam, who was devotedly attached to her, was an almost continuous watcher by her sick couch and was debarred from giving that close personal supervision of the arrangements for the reception of his Royal visitors which he had hoped to exercise. It was noticed that at the state visit yesterday, and at Secunderabad this morning, His Highness looked worried and distrait, and this is now explained. Of course, this grievous bereavement completely upset the ordered programme. With that fine regard for the stoical traditions of oriental hospitality which distinguishes him, the Nizam desired that the ceremonies should proceed as ordained. The Prince, however, could not acquiesce, and at his



The Review at Secunderabad.



His Highness Mir Mahbub Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, G.C.B., G.C.S.I strongly-expressed desire all official engagements were abandoned; the Nizam's connection with the ceremonies terminated with the review this morning. The customs which surround Mahomedan women debarred Their Royal Highnesses from being more directly represented at the funeral than by the Muslim members of their suite; but everyone in Hyderabad recognised and appreciated the tactful courtesy of the Prince's order that all whose religion permitted them should be present at the mosque.



At The Victoria Zenana Hospital, Hyderabad.

In the absence of the Nizam and most of his principal officers the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital this afternoon was quietly conducted. This, the first public duty in which Her Royal Highness took the foremost part, was to further a work after her own heart. Since her arrival in Bombay the Princess has lost no opportunity of showing her sympathy with, and practical interest in, the women of India. At the *purdah* parties, and in hundreds of ways of which the public learned nothing, the gracious presence of the Princess has illumined the gloom which surrounds those whose mature lives are passed behind the veil. Of the advantages British influence has brought to the East, none transcends the gift of healing; of those who have benefited from it, there were none whose case was harder than the women. The truth can never be told of the practices to which custom subjects Indian women in their hour of travail; they are too barbarous. In the Victoria Zenana Hospital, which carries to fruition a movement which has done admirable work in Hyderabad, there will be space for sixty patients, half of them maternity cases, with modern facilities for training Indian nurses and midwives. Only those who are acquainted with the East can appreciate the priceless value of the work Her Royal Highness advanced by her active participation in it to-day.

The Machan, Hyderabad Shooting Ground.

When the history of the hospital had been explained, in low but distinct tones the Princess of Wales said:—"I have much pleasure in laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and I hope it will be of great advantage to the women of Hyderabad." Accompanied by the Prince, Her Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone, tested it, and declared it as "well and truly laid"—a procedure watched with absorbed interest by the *purdah* ladies, half-hidden behind enormous reed curtains. Her Royal Highness visited the present hospital before returning to the palace. There was a reception this evening at the Residency, largely attended by the English community, who were presented to Their Royal Highnesses.

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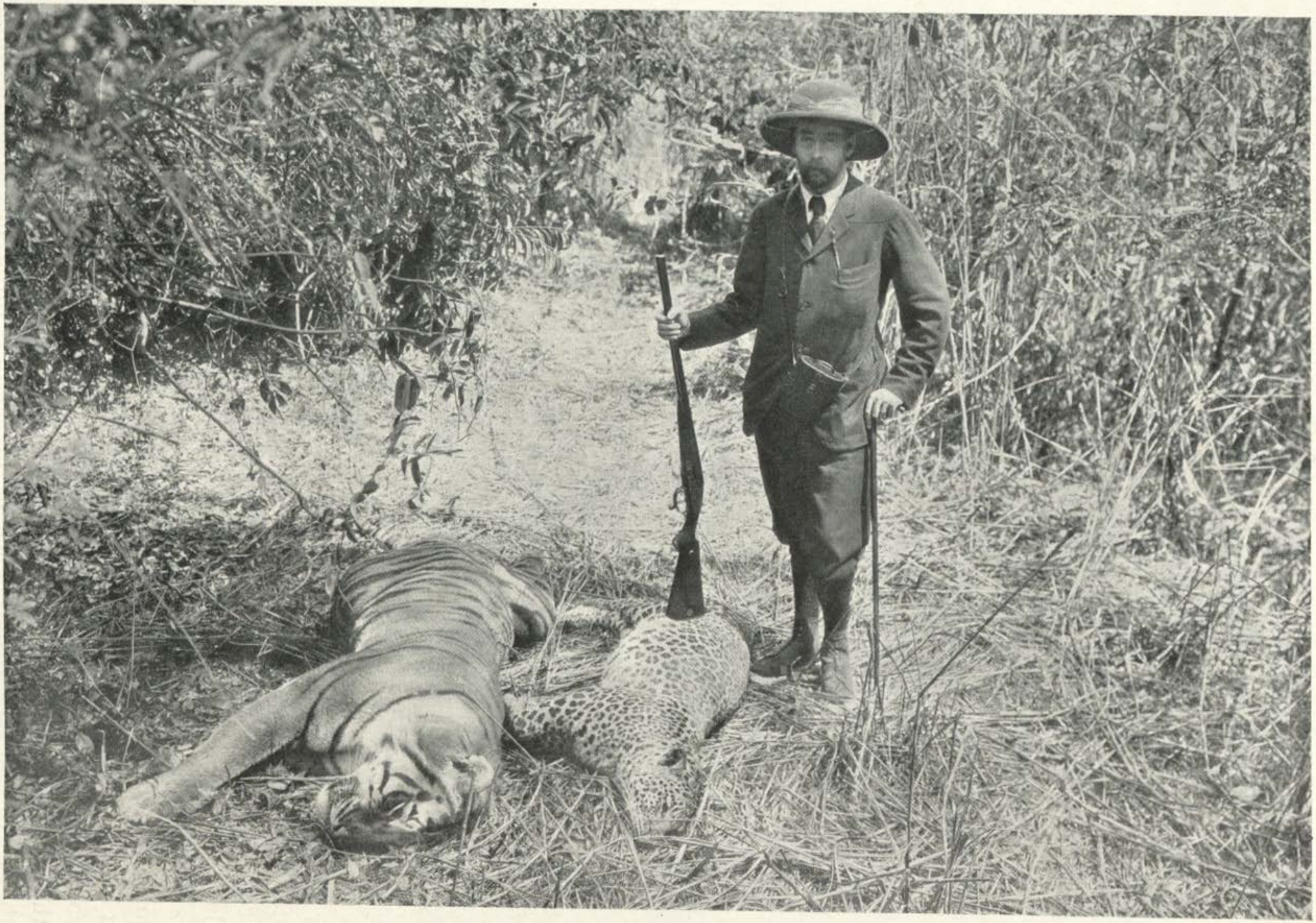
The state dinner on Saturday, the 10th, having been abandoned, the Prince started that evening for the shooting camp, with eleven of his staff, accompanied by Colonel Afsur-ul-Mulk, C.I.E., and Mr. Hankin, C.I.E., the Inspector-General of Police. The preserve was situated a hundred and twenty miles to the north by rail, and the camp was about twelve miles from the line of rail. Great trouble had been taken with the camp, which was excellently laid out, and the arrangements were admirable in every way. The tract to be beaten consisted of the dense forest lying round the Pakhal Lake; two large tigers and one fine tigress were reported to have been seen in different parts of the jungle during the previous ten days and had disturbed the villagers by their family quarrels. The extent of ground they covered nightly was a large one, and it was, of course, impossible to guess the exact spot where they would be found. But they were undoubtedly there, and, with a small army of about 1,700 beaters, Colonel Afsur-ul-Mulk had made up his mind that they should be accounted for.

Tiffin in the Jungle.

Each beat was organised in a thoroughly systematic manner and with military precision. The men were arranged in three different lines, front, middle, and rear, and each line was divided into three sections, each commanded by an officer mounted on an elephant. Between the foremost line of beaters and the Prince's *machan*, some sixteen scouts were stationed in trees, furnished with a red and a white flag—red for tiger and white for panther, bear, or stags. As the lines advanced towards the direction of the *machan*, the scouts signalled the direction which the game had taken by means of the flags, and the section officers then gave the command by bugle call, different notes being sounded for the right, centre, or left to advance or fall back as might be required. If a tiger showed signs of breaking back, the beaters fired a blank volley so as to turn him, and dummies were put up at various points so as to keep him in the desired direction. Should he actually break through the first line of beaters, he was met by the second, and again by the third, so that there was very little chance of his getting through. Monday proved a blank day, and neither the tigress nor her rival suitors was found at home.

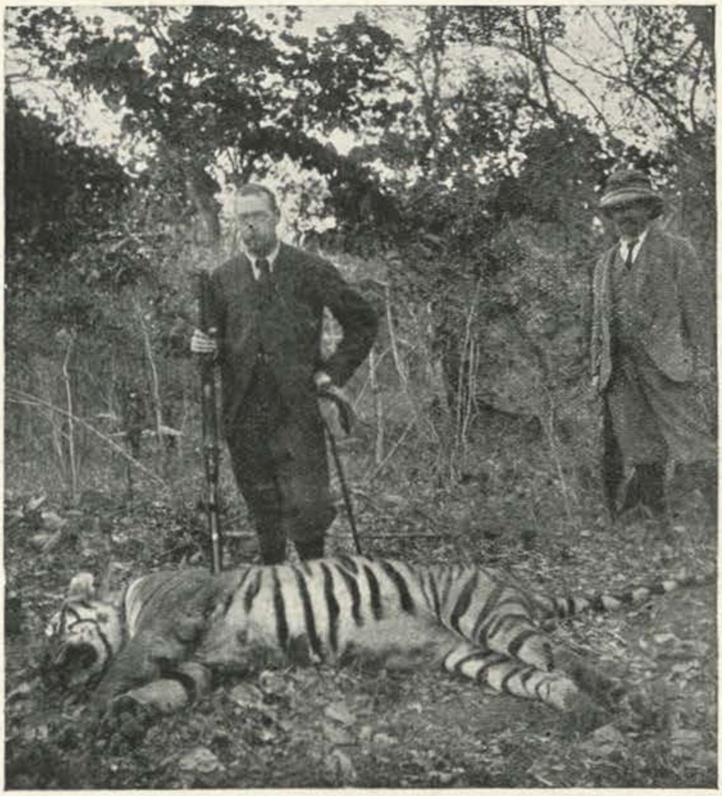


Shooting at Hyderabad : Part of the First Day's Bag.

Tuesday, however, was more fortunate. In the first beat, at about 1-30, the signals showed that a tiger and panther were on foot. The sections of the front line advanced slowly, converging towards the Royal *machan*. The first to break cover was the panther, which came out of the jungle exactly opposite the Prince's *machan* about sixty yards off. Behind the Prince was the Colonel who, however, did not shoot. The panther fell to a single shot between the ears from His Royal Highness. The tiger was close behind, but remained crouching in the undergrowth until the beaters came close up, and then with a growl made for the same opening as the panther, springing over his body. The Prince was only able to get rather a snapshot by leaning to the right, but it was enough, and the tiger fell in his tracks stone dead, hit behind the shoulder.

After lunch a move was made to another part of the jungle about two hours distant, where the beat commenced at half past four o'clock. About 5 o'clock a fine tiger jumped into the bed of the nulla and rolled in the sand, but being closely followed by the beaters, who actually leapt into the bed after him, he took refuge in a piece of thick jungle between the nulla and the Prince's *machan*. But he was not allowed to stop long. The beaters, regardless of all personal risk and determined, as they afterwards said, to "show the Great King's son good sport," hustled him through the undergrowth and he came into the open just opposite the *machan*. A bullet in the shoulder turned him. He was evidently hard hit, for, without attempting to touch the beaters, he got back into the nulla, which he crossed with difficulty. As he was trying to mount the other bank, the Prince fired two other long shots, the second of which killed him. A very good bag for one day—two fine tigers, 9 ft. 6 in. and 9 ft. 9 in. respectively, and one panther!

Two out of the three were now accounted for, but there still remained the tigress, for whose favour, as seen by the marks on their skins, the two tigers had been striving. On the following day, Wednesday, she also met her fate. During the morning the Prince and his party went out on the lake duck shooting and got very good sport, and then after lunch motored out to a distant part of the forest, where the tigress was said to have taken up her quarters. This was a very difficult piece of jungle to beat, because, owing to the moisture from the lake, the undergrowth was almost impenetrable. But not quite so for the Colonel's coolies, and about 5 p.m. she was signalled as being on foot. She tried to break back first of all and then to the left, but every movement being signalled by the scouts, and the beaters pressing her in every direction, except one, she was at last obliged to emerge opposite the Prince's *machan.* At first she still stuck to the bushes, and the Prince, not wishing to risk an uncertain shot, waited until she was clear, and then at once hit her with a ·400 cordite express in the neck. She was practically killed, but as she seemed to be struggling to rise and the beaters were close, a Paradox gave her the *coup de grâce.*



Second Day's Bag, Hyderabad.

On Thursday morning nothing was done except that His Royal Highness had up the principal shikaries, and congratulated them on the excellent sport they had shown and the plucky way in which they had stuck to their tigers. To some he gave shikar knives, to others watches, and to the officers breast pins. To the Colonel he gave a handsome diamond pin, and greater honour, the Royal Victorian Order, with many expressions of satisfaction at the admirable arrangements he had made. To Mr. Hankin a pin was also given. After a late breakfast the Prince and his party went after duck and snipe, and so shot their way back to the station where they entrained about 8 p.m. and left for Wadi, which they reached early the following morning without stopping at Hyderabad, and rejoined Her Royal Highness.

Thus ended a very successful trip, distinguished by the excellent arrangements made and the systematic discipline of the beaters, which had been reduced almost to an exact science, and by the excellent shooting of His Royal Highness. With so unerring a shot the beaters had no hesitation in pressing their tiger at the last critical moment.

The Princess of Wales did not accompany His Royal Highness to the shooting camp, but remained at the Falaknama Palace. But as everyone who knows of Her Royal Highness' ardent interest in Indian history and archæology will readily understand, these were not days of inactivity. The Princess visited the exhibition on the outskirts of the city, and the ruins of the ancient capital of Golconda. Her Royal Highness also received a private visit from the Nizam, and in returning it took tea with His Highness. At Golconda the Princess renewed her acquaintance with the Mahomedan monuments of India in which she was so intensely interested during the Royal progress through the Punjab and the United Provinces. The capital of the short-lived Qutb Shahi dynasty stands upon a rocky hill rising abruptly from the plain on the north bank of the River Musi, and about seven miles from Hyderabad. The city has long been deserted, but its battered walls are witnesses to one of the most gallant struggles in Indian history. The

The Shooting Party, Hyderabad.

bigoted Aurungzebe, with the whole might of the Mughal Empire at his back, beat incessantly for eight months against its fortifications, and then only by treachery secured the downfall of Abdul Hasan, the last of the Qutb kings.

The abandonment of the state dinner through the bereavement of the Nizam allowed no opportunity for the exchange of the ceremonious speeches which accompany all occasions of great importance in India. The position of the Nizam in India, and his character, however, made these speeches of particular interest, and they were formally interchanged. In the speech he was to have made at the dinner His Highness said : "It was my privilege yesterday morning to show you, Sir, that portion of my army which is specially set aside and trained to assist in the defence of His Majesty's Indian Empire. I trust the day when their services will be needed for this purpose will never come, but I wish to assure Your Royal Highnesses, whose visit is one link—and a very strong link—in the long chain of most cordial associations which binds me and my house to the British Empire, that if the necessity for defence should ever arise not those troops only but my own sword, and all the resources of the State, would be placed unreservedly at His Majesty's disposal. I trust that on your return to England you will inform His Majesty of the sincere admiration and loyal devotion which the Princes and people of India entertain for the British Throne and Royal Family, and will not fail to add that His Majesty's faithful ally and the people of his State yield to none in that admiration and devotion." Accepting this pledge, the Prince said : "No one can speak with greater authority on this subject than our kind host, for we all know that it was the Nizam who was the first of the Princes of India to come forward with a spontaneous offer of assistance for the common cause of Imperial defence. I have had opportunities of seeing your two fine regiments of Imperial Service Lancers, and I congratulate Your Highness on their soldierly and workmanlike appearance. As this is possibly the last occasion when we shall be the guests of an Indian Prince, I thank you most gratefully for the assurances that you have made, not only for the important State over which you rule, but for the Princes and people of India. Nothing will please His Majesty more than the concluding words of your speech, and they will be especially valued as coming from one who is pre-eminently qualified by position, experience and tradition to speak on the sentiments of the Princes and people of India towards the British Throne."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Nizam: "Our Faithful Ally."

THE PREMIER NATIVE STATE—ITS POLITICAL IMPORTANCE—THE NIZAM AS RULER—A NIZAM INDEED—HIS PRINCELY QUALITIES: INTEGRITY, HUMANITY, TOLERANCE AND HOSPITALITY—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE BRITISH: CORDIAL AND PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP—CHARACTERISTICS OF HYDERABAD: A CITY OF DISTANCES—FAREWELL TO THE NATIVE STATES—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE PROGRESS—THE OPPORTUNITIES OF AN INDIAN PRINCE—THE NATIVE STATES AND THEIR SUZERAIN—THEIR PLACE IN INDIA—A NEW UNDERSTANDING—THE PRINCE'S GUARANTEE.

HYDERABAD, *February 15th.*

WHEN you glance at the map of India, your gaze is arrested by the splotch of yellow, overspreading the greater part of the Deccan, that is labelled Hyderabad. That splotch represents an area as large as Italy and a population as numerous as that of a German State, both under the unfettered control, as far as his internal policy is concerned, of "Our Faithful Ally," the Nizam, Mir Mahabub Ali Khan Bahadur Fateh Jung, Nizam-ud-Daula, Nizam-ul-Mulk. It occupies, as is patent in a moment, a position of remarkable strategic importance. Sir John Malcolm described it as the centre of gravity of the whole of the Indian Empire. The seat of power has moved north since that distinguished officer's day; but Hyderabad is still the natural breakwater between Northern and Southern India, and the most imposing and interesting administrative unit in the Dependency.

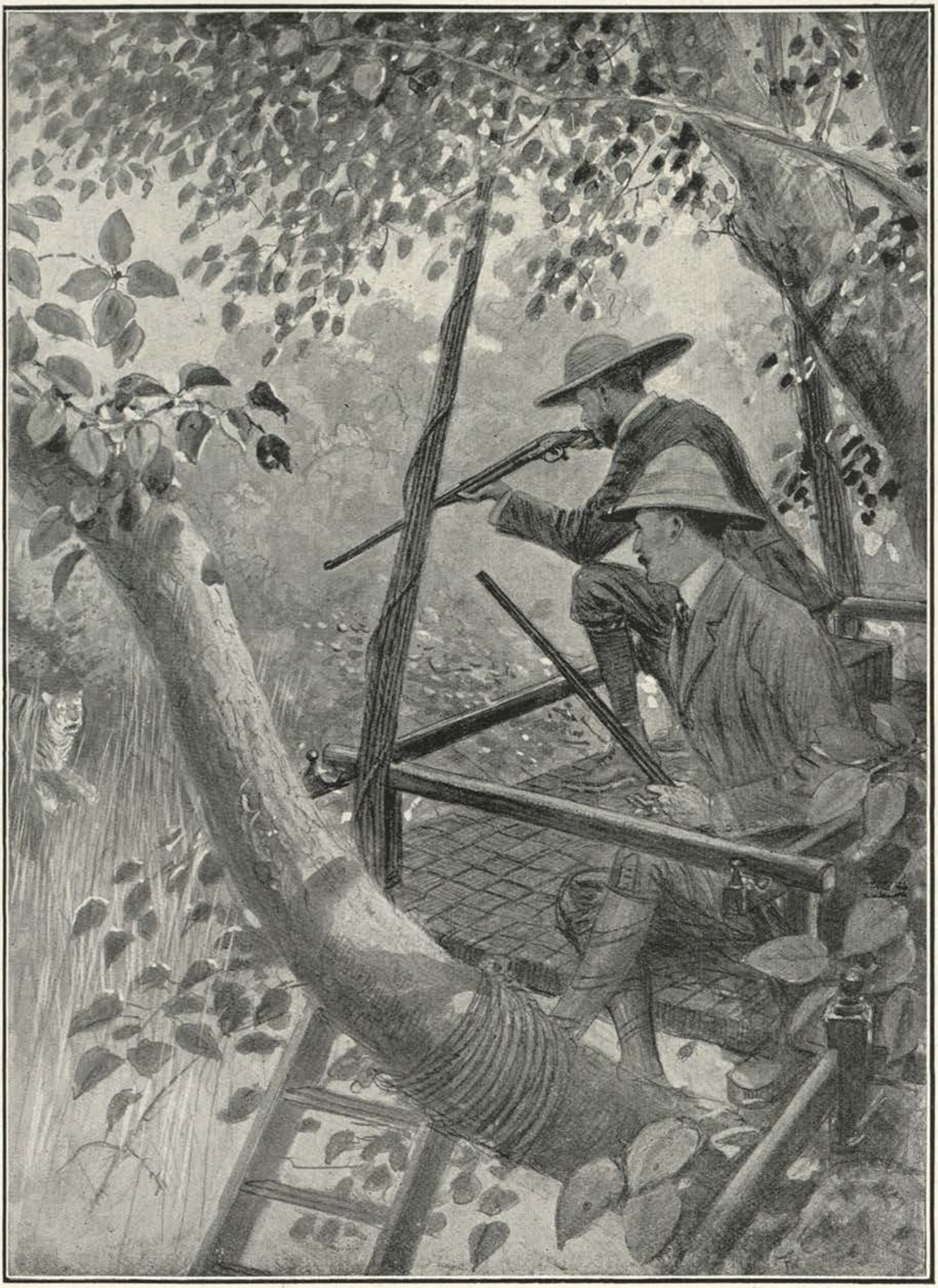
These eighty thousand square miles of territory, with their population of ten millions, are an island of Old India in the ocean of British India. This island is divided from its neighbours by its own customs line, and it has its own coinage, army and administration. Within the frontier, if we except the little islands of British jurisdiction at the Residency, Secunderabad, Bolarum and Aurungabad, the will of the Nizam is supreme.

His writ runs unchecked nearly five hundred miles north and south and east and west. The exterior relations of Hyderabad are defined by treaties and its military strength is fixed, and these limits are so well understood by the Government and their Ally that they do not come under discussion. But within these boundaries the order of the Nizam, short of a course of policy that would lead to civil war, is for all practicable purposes the law of the State. So decisively is it exercised that there is no more than a savour of oriental hyperbole in the saying current :—"Not a leaf falls in Hyderabad unless His Highness wills."

The occupant of this unique position was the last of the great Indian Princes to welcome Their Royal Highnesses. Until the distressing bereavement occurred which compelled his withdrawal from all State ceremonies, none shared with the Prince and Princess and their host the gaze of the multitude. When His Highness is present, you cannot forget for a moment that this is Hyderabad and that he is Nizam. And yet he owes none of this influence to physical advantage or the trappings of state. We are apt, most erroneously, to associate dignity with height. In this regard, the Nizam shares the physical characteristics of Le Grand Monarque, except that he does not attempt to disguise them by high-heeled shoes and a towering perruque. In a country distinguished by splendour of attire, he is known by the unvarying simplicity of his dress. But from the hawk eyes, looking over an aquiline nose set in a lean face darkened with moustache and whiskers, there flashes the light of a man of character. Watch the speed with which that glance exacts attention, the submissive demeanour of the most powerful of his Ministers or his nobles, and you will be in no doubt as to who is the ruler of Hyderabad.

H. R. H. The Prince.

Nor do the Nizam's princely qualities end with the power to exact obedience. A Mahomedan ruler of a State, eighty per cent. of whose population is Hindu, and strictly orthodox himself, he is a man of wide tolerance, and gives freely to Christian, Hindu, and Parsi religious foundations. His Chief Minister is a Hindu, and that Minister's Secretary a very



HYDERABAD SHOOTING EXCURSION: THE FATAL SHOT.

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able Parsi. He is most humane and with infinite reluctance signs the warrant for the execution of even an abandoned criminal. He is a man of the strictest integrity, and as Lord Curzon justly acknowledged at a State banquet in Hyderabad, the Nizam has never been known to go back upon his pledged word. In receiving his Royal guests His Highness placed the obligations of hospitality above all other considerations. He left the bedside of a dearly-loved daughter, stricken unto death, to greet the Prince and Princess at the station and to pay and receive the ceremonial visits. When he went to the review at Secunderabad he knew that in all human probability he would never again see his daughter alive. Whilst he could not, naturally, entirely conceal his strong emotion, he never allowed it to affect his attitude of respectful loyalty to the Prince or his exact fulfilment of his duties as host.

It is a happy coincidence that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Hyderabad came at a time when the relations of the Government of India with their Ally were never more satisfactory. The stout loyalty of the Nizam, which barred the flowing of the Mutiny over Southern India, has never wavered, but the periods of acute tension have not been few. The knotty question of the Berars was settled by Lord Curzon and Sir David Barr in a manner honourable to both contracting parties. That fruitful source of friction removed, there was nothing to obstruct the cementing of the cordial partnership that now exists. But the change in the governance of the State goes much deeper than this. The history of Hyderabad for the latter half of the nineteenth century is the history of Sir Salar Jung and his successors. Sometimes it was difficult to tell whether he in authority was Minister or Mayor of the Palace. This was no doubt necessary to repair the inextricable confusion that Sir Salar Jung found existing, but it was not conducive to smooth working when a man of strong character was on the *gadi*. There is no Mayor of the Palace now. The Nizam is Nizam, and the Minister is Minister. Consequently there is little of the harassing friction that used to divide Hyderabad into two camps, and drive the Nizam to imitate the example of Achilles.

The Nizam is now genuinely interested in the governance of his State. He moves more amongst his people, and his personality is better understood. In all the mixed peoples he governs—Hindus and Mahomedans, Negroes, Arabs, Rohillas and Pathans—he inspires unmixed respect. No one would say that the administration of Hyderabad is ideal. Every friend to the Native States in India would like to see the march of progress in Hyderabad rapidly accelerated, so that it might take its place worthily with those other Native States which illustrate so conspicuously the splendour of the opportunities inherited by each occupant of a *gadi*. Still, it moves. Perhaps this improvement is nowhere more conspicuous than in the present condition of Hyderabad. A few years ago not even the bazaars at Peshawar had a worse reputation. Besides an extraordinary mixed, it shelters a low-class and a large criminal population. There are streets whose inhabitants seem to live by selling one another liquor. But if a personal experience is any guide, the Englishman is treated with as much respect in the bazaars of Hyderabad as in Bombay or Calcutta. In an hour's wandering in the side streets, when the way had to be enquired a score of times, nothing was encountered but the greatest courtesy and an earnest desire to help.

Courtyard of the Chaumahalla Palace, Hyderabad.

Madras is commonly called "The City of Distances," but it is cramped in comparison with Hyderabad. From the Falaknama Palace, where Their Royal Highnesses were staying, to the Residency, is nearly six miles. From the Residency to Secunderabad is another five, and from Secunderabad the road stretches away to Bolarum, a further five miles distant. So each one of their engagements carried the Prince and Princess through many miles of characteristic Hyderabad scenery. But no scene—not even the pulsating bazaars, teeming with all the races of India, where every petty transaction has to be worked out in Halli Sicca and "John Company" rupees; where kohl-eyed zenana women peeped through yellow and red and blue shutters on the Shahzada and his consort; where African Horse, Rohilla Foot and Pathan Riflemen stood to arms whilst the dashing Bodyguard and smart Imperial Service Lancers swept by—vied in beauty with what they saw from the terrace of their stately abode.

H. H. The Nizam.

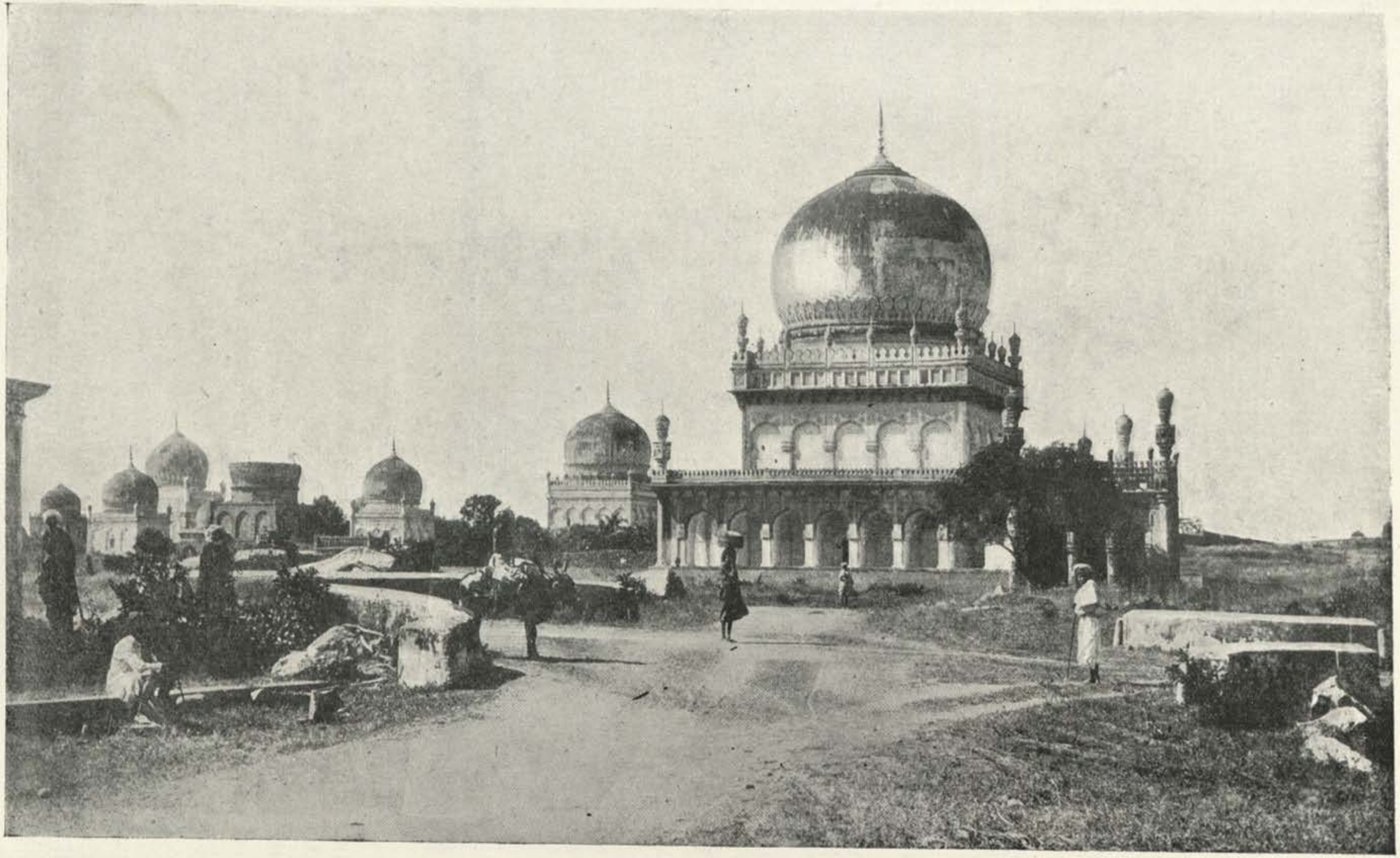
There the city, with its half million of people, lay stretched at their feet. A city lying in a shallow basin, lined with arborescence, wherein the glistering white houses were so hidden that they might have been scattered broadcast by some Titanic sower. In the heart of the town, where the four main roads meet, rose the four graceful minarets of the Char Minar; not a chimney, not a wreath of smoke, not a tower or a dome further broke the graceful beauty of the scene. Then in the distance were seen the snowy roofs and bleached roads of Secunderabad. To the left the bold citadel-crowned rock of Golconda marked the capital of the old Qutb dynasty and the scene of the stubborn defence that held the power of the Mughal Empire at bay for eight months. Golconda is set down in a valley of stones so gaunt and fantastic that Nature must have created it in a freak. It is as if the gods had played bowls with boulders and then left in a huff. Tradition accounts for the tangle by the simple explanation that God having finished the world threw the rubbish in this corner. But even this desolation is made beautiful by the Mir Alum and Hussain Saugor Lakes, gigantic sapphires in the wilderness, each facet perfect and pure.

The visit to Hyderabad appropriately closed the long progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales through the Native States of India. They met the Chiefs of the central States in Durbar and in frank social intercourse at Indore. They were the guests of the great Rajput Chieftains—of the Maharana of Mewar in his fairy capital of Udaipur; of the Maharaja of Jaipur in the famous Pink City; and of "The Lord of the Desert," the

Maharaja of Bikanir, in his sandy home. At Lahore they received the Punjab Princes, whose houses are synonyms for courage and loyalty—Patiala, Jhind, Nabha, Bahawalpur and Kapurthala. In the far North the Maharaja of Jammu, a State with important frontier responsibilities, greeted them in the grey town that clings to the outward spurs of the Himalayas, and, retracing their steps to Central India, the high-minded and ardent Scindia welcomed them with all the pomp and circumstance the East can display. Then, after the flying visit to Burma, they passed to the bright and happy peoples of the flourishing State of Mysore, and thence to Hyderabad, the premier State, and the sole survivor of the old Deccan Mahomedan kingdoms. Everywhere they were acclaimed with genuine enthusiasm and unbounded hospitality, and the Indian Princes vied with one another in their desire to manifest unusual marks of loyalty and devotion.

The Shooting Elephants, Hyderabad.

Pausing for a moment on the experiences of these crowded months, you cannot but be impressed with the unsurpassed opportunities for good that the Indian Prince enjoys. It is indeed hard to find any great situation in life which yields such great opportunity with such little responsibility. He is protected from external aggression and internal disorder by the whole



THE QUEEN'S TOMB, GOLCONDA.

might of the British Empire. His own contribution towards the burden of Imperial Defence, apart from the tribute fixed by Treaty, is bounded by the Imperial Service Forces he may loyally and patriotically maintain, and any military expenditure beyond that is entirely a personal and ceremonial matter. Excluding Mysore, where special circumstances induced a protective constitution, his revenues are as entirely at his own disposal as those of any country gentleman. In the event of those revenues failing through seasonal irregularities, he can draw on the purse of the Government of India at most modest charges. Not only is he secure in his own territories, but he knows that his successor, whether by direct descent or adoption, is equally sure of the protection of the Government and of the full enjoyment of uncurtailed boundaries. He stands in absolutely paternal relations to a population which, in the case of the Nizam of Hyderabad, numbers ten millions, for the Ruler of a Native State is above the law and he is the only fount of authority. And he would not be where he is had not certain English adventurers turned their prows eastwards four centuries ago.

Boys of a Hyderabad Orphanage.

With these privileges there are, of course, certain limitations. The external relations of the States, both in India and abroad, are entirely with the Government of India. A reasonable standard of government is essential, and it is the manifest obligation of the protecting authority to see that it is reached. There must also be restrictions on the strength of the military forces maintained and the importation of arms; but these are so clearly matters of high policy that with any honest and educated Ruler they should never be in dispute. In the past, and to a lesser extent in the present, there have been legitimate grounds of complaints as to the manner in which the policy of Government has been declared and the wishes of the central authority made known; but this cause for offence is decreasing. Even now there are minor matters, costing the Government nothing but ministering materially to the oriental conception of *izzat*, where the desires of the ruling houses should be met. And we may ask whether the increasing frontier and Asiatic responsibilities of the Government have not made them too busy to pay adequate attention to the claims of the Native States, and whether their business should not be the care of a special department. But how small—you are almost inclined to say how petty—are these limitations in comparison with the magnificent privileges the Indian Princes inherit!

Out of an appreciation of these conditions has grown a new understanding between the Native States and their Suzerain. On the one hand, the Princes are convinced that their position and their privileges are secure; on the other the members of the Government have come better to appreciate the very important part the Native States fill in the governance of India. It is not only that the Native States are amongst us, fixed and permanent factors in the Indian Empire—factors to be fitted into the Imperial machine, and not fretted into passive hostility—though this is an aspect that might have been considered by those Civilians ever tilting at the "backwardness" of Native rule; but they have a distinct and important function in the machine. One charge levelled against the rule of Britain in India is that it has taken the life and movement and romance out of the government and substituted a rather uninspiring greyness. Or, as it was put by the old Punjabi fire-eater in his conversation with the Lieutenant-Governor. The Punjabi was bewailing the good old days when every soldier of fortune carried a kingdom in his scabbard. "Why grumble?" said the Satrap.

View of the Pakhal Lake, Hyderabad.

"You might have been a prince to-day and bowstrung to-morrow. Your fortune, your honour, your life depended on the whim of a despot." "True, Huzoor," was the answer; "but we had our chance." The Native States provide this chance for enterprising Indians. They afford a field for social and political experiment much safer than the huge expanse of British India, and they open a second outlet for those sentiments of personal loyalty which lie at the base of the oriental character. With the vastly superior education of the younger generation of Indian Princes there have also arisen administrative ideals in far closer harmony with those of the Government of India, and the old points of difference have narrowed.

From this better understanding there grew the cordial partnership between the Government and the Native States that now exists. It was kindled by the advance of education and the defining of the policy governing the relations of the two partners. It burst into flame at Lord Curzon's clarion call to join action in the splendid work of governing India. It flamed when fanned by the strong Imperial gale that swept over the Delhi Durbar. It has burnt strongly, brightly, confidently at every stage in the Royal progress. Nothing could be happier or more hopeful than to find that in the pride and joy with which each Chief acclaimed the heir of their beloved Emperor, the grandson of the revered Queen-Empress, there mingled no doubts as to the Government policy, no suspicions as to the future, but the conviction that though atoms of dust may get into the machinery, the wheels are turning toward a common goal.

Hyderabad: A Fine Tiger.

To these Chiefs the Prince and Princess of Wales came as a guarantee of the permanence, as far as we are permitted to see, of the conditions under which they hold their privileged position. Viceroys come and go; members of Council change with bewildering rapidity; and Politicals are here to-day and are gone to-morrow. But over the Government of India and its agents, that "impersonal power of an administrative abstraction," stands the Royal

House of England. That House, whilst keeping strictly within the bounds set by the constitution, has many means of greatly influencing both the Government of England and the Government of India. Its influence has always been wisely and sympathetically exercised for India's good: this country never had a truer friend than Queen Victoria. The progress of Their Royal Highnesses through the Dependency is the assurance that not only in this generation, but in the next, the sovereign of all the Britains will be a monarch who knows the Indian Princes, who appreciates their position, who has met them in the frank comradeship of the field as well as in eastern ceremonial, and who will add to inherited tradition a warm personal care for their interests.

The Army of Beaters, Hyderabad.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

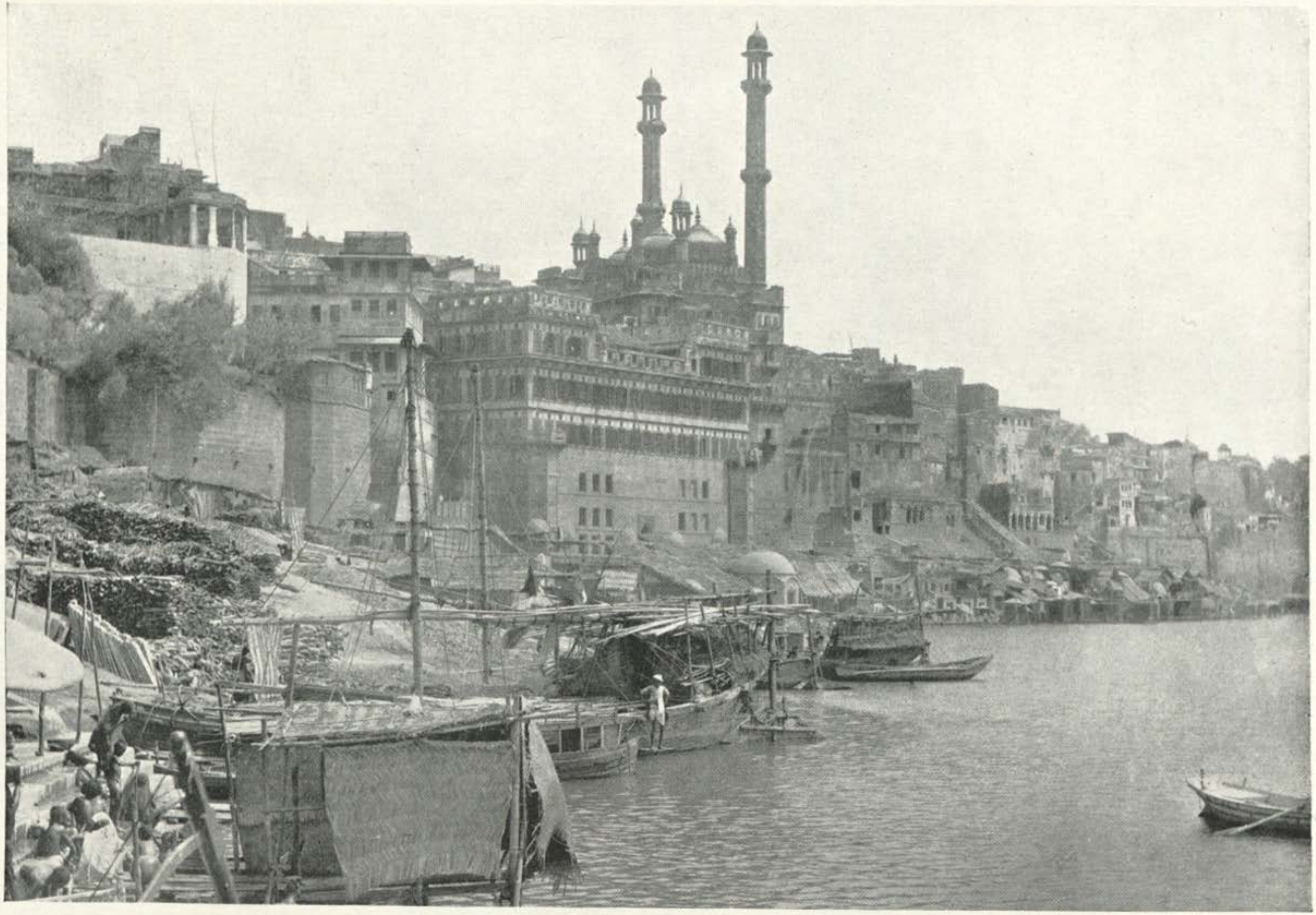
Kashi: "The Splendid."

The Rome of the Hindus—The Beauty of the Holy City—The Stamp of the Renaissance—The City of Benares—Venice behind the Grand Canal—The Prince's State Entry—The Spirit of Benares: Its Hinduism—A Regal Elephant Procession—Scenes from Indian Mythology—Cholera in the Nepal Shooting Camp—Enforced Abandonment of the Excursion—Alternative Arrangements—A second Visit to Gwalior—"River of Flame": Benares Illuminated—The Reward of Valour—Leaving Benares—The Princess' Unofficial Tour—Amongst the Himalayas.

Benares, *February 19th.*

IN certain aspects the river front of the Holy City of Benares enthrals you by a beauty not even surpassed by the fairy grace of Udaipur. The high-walled, tortuous streets, leading from the Chowk to the river, possess a charm, a character and an atmosphere of mystery found nowhere else outside eastern Italy.

Viewed in the pellucid freshness of the early morning, or in the quick-ebbing twilight that is the glory of the Indian day, who can forget the fillet of palace and temple, ghat and minaret, that binds the upper bank of "Mother Ganga?" The turquoise crescent of the mighty river now lazily laps its tawny sandbanks, but in spate climbs half way up the steps and walls, and claims the miles of lowland to the distant fringe of trees for her bed. The massive stepped ghats plunge boldly into the silent tide—ghats from which arises the array of silent palaces, some warm with red sandstone, others glistering with the whitewash which only the Indian sun can make beautiful, generous in the bastion-like buttresses that hold the retaining walls, graceful in the dainty towers and cupolas that suggest Agra and Fatehpur Sikri. Over all stand sentinel the minarets of the mosque that the dour iconoclast Aurungzebe raised on the site of the temple of Vishnu to set the seal of Mahomedan conquest on the



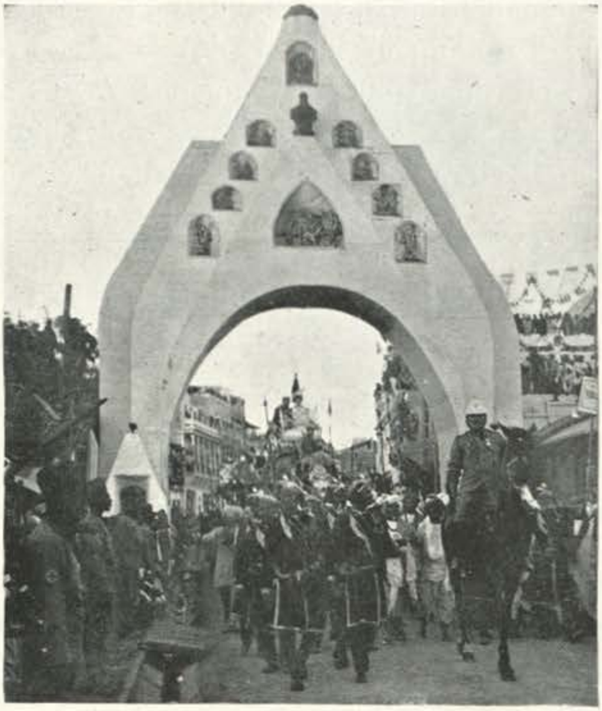
The River Front, Benares.

Rome of the Hindus. But far more marked than Mughal or Hindu influence is the stamp of the renaissance. So viewed, Benares might have been built by the Venetians.

At sunset, when the purple mist rising from the river embraces the smoke from the dying pyre; in the early morn, especially when the city has been washed as it was by last night's storm and the air is limpid beyond words, the Italian atmosphere dominates all. It is not till the pilgrims descend in their myriads, flecking the sandy red or ochreous yellow ghats with their reds and cobalts and salmon pinks, that the East once more asserts her mastery. If the palmer is wise he will hold his hand here, nor seek to lift the *purdah* that from the river screens the Hindu pilgrimage. As with the river so is it with the city. Plunge into the astounding maze that shuts the Chowk from the river and you are in the Venice that lies at the back of the Grand Canal, coursing with a life as strong as that which ran in the palmiest days of the Republic. But the moment you leave these high-walled bazaars, with their patient vendors of hammered brass and broidered silk, and get at hand grips with Benares Hinduism, you are affronted by its materialism.

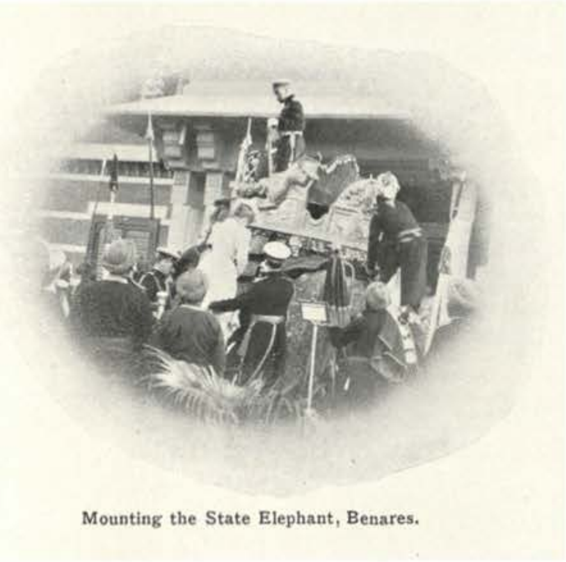
It was the happiest side of Benares that the Prince and Princess saw to-day when they made the formal progress which took the place of the state entry—the Benares of the bustling bazaars and flourishing commerce. It was a sight all the more striking, because for the first time in their long tour through British India every phase of the reception was stamped with the spirit of the city—its Hinduism. Here were in the streets no rows of cheap bunting disfiguring them almost beyond recognition. In their stead were festoons of marigolds, glorious lemon and orange yellows— the flower sacred to the Hindus, because it was beloved of Parvati, the wife of Siva—and festoons of the leaves of the *asok* tree, employed on all ceremonial occasions, because it was in its shade that Ram took his first refreshment on his wanderings. Here were triumphal arches, not mere things of canvas and bamboo affronting the eye, but having a definite relation to their surroundings. There was the Shikar arch, decked with the spoils of the chase and the vegetation of the jungle, round which were grouped the foresters of the Maharaja's dominions and aborigines from the South Mirzapur forests; the Weavers' arch, adorned with the products of their looms; the Brass-makers' arches, studded with examples of the famous Benares ware in high relief, in brass and white metal. There was the

"Kinkob," arch erected by the craftsmen who vie with those of Surat and Ahmedabad, and the Idolmakers' arch, each niche occupied by figures from Hindu mythology.


The Idolmakers' Arch, Benares.

The programme was simplicity itself—a drive to the Municipal Offices, where an address was presented; an elephant procession through the Chowk and the return by carriage to Nandesar House; but each part of it was made to fit into the general scheme. The route took Their Royal Highnesses past the Queen's College—a handsome building in the Italian style, which must be amongst the oldest educational foundations in India, for it was in 1791 that Jonathan Duncan, then Resident at Benares, suggested to Lord Cornwallis the establishment of a college for the preservation and cultivation of Sanskrit literature; past the Prince of Wales' Hospital, of which His Majesty the King-Emperor laid the foundation-stone when he visited Benares thirty years ago; past Madho Dass' Garden, where Warren Hastings was encamped when he put Raja Chet Singh under arrest in 1781, and whence he was forced to flee to Chunar, five days later; and so to the Town Hall, which was opened by King Edward in 1876, and where now his Heir received an address that was a model of terse expression and devoted loyalty.

This paved the way for the elephant procession. It was headed by two noble beasts, bearing lustily-beaten drums; then came the Prince and Princess of Wales on a superb animal whose forehead was dyed Imperial purple, whose trappings of gold swept the ground, whilst a tiger rampant was poised on each side of the howdah of beaten gold. Followed a score or more of elephants caparisoned in scarlet and green, with the Staff and the principal members of the Maharaja's suite, the Maharaja and Sir James La Touche riding immediately behind the Royal elephant, which was preceded by priests from the various temples, scattering flowers and blowing wailing conches. The scenes in the streets were typical of every phase of Benares life. There were scores of *fakirs*, with their ash-smeared bodies and coiled black-brown hair; hundreds of orange-robed *sunyasis*, upon whom the tired eye rested gratefully. But entirely dominating this side of sacred Benares were the tens and tens of thousand of prosperous Hindus and Mussulmans, enterprising merchants and keen traders, who regard pilgrims as rather an encumbrance.


Mounting the State Elephant, Benares.

Along the route were enacted scenes from the miracle plays of the Hindus. Here were temple mummers, elaborately decked out, playing the Coronation of Ram and Sita, which is usually the last act of the Dasera festival. Next came the "Krishna lilla," representing Krishna and the milkmaids, the very human episode in the life of the god that makes him so popular a deity. The *pahlvans* (Indian wrestlers) were ranged in line with massive Indian clubs and enormous discs of stone, but if the portly gentlemen standing beside these trophies were in reality the wrestlers of Benares, then it was long since they had swung those clubs, or moved those discs, without the assistance of a hand cart! Through such scenes, and through a lane of people quivering with pleasure, and to the crash of oriental music, Their Royal Highnesses moved at the stately pace of my lord the elephant to the circus where the Chowk joined the Chetganj Road. Here were massed the students of the Central Hindu College, which owes its existence to the self-denying efforts of Mrs. Annie Besant, a wind-ruffled pool of lilac, azure, lemon, and rose-coloured turbans.

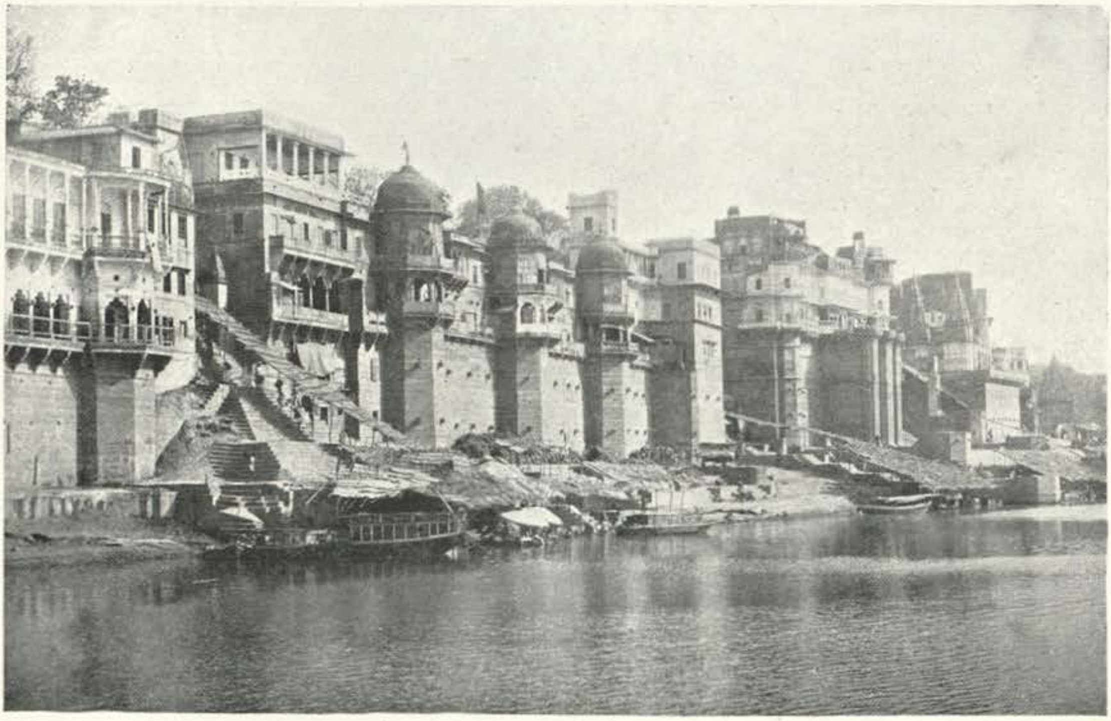
To-day has been a day of disappointment. The Prince of Wales, with his enthusiastic love of sport, had naturally been anticipating with no little pleasure a fortnight in the Nepal *terai*. There, quite free from official pomp and ceremony, he would have enjoyed such *shikar* as is only given to Princes. The Maharaja of Nepal made arrangements on the most comprehensive scale. Camps were prepared at Thori, close to the border between Nepal and British India, north of Bettiah, and then forty miles into the

Chitwan district of Nepal. There were elephants by the hundred, and beaters by the thousand, and everything pointed to a record bag of tiger and rhinoceros, with perhaps an elephant or two. Then, last night, came news of an outbreak of cholera, and when this was confirmed, all idea of the shoot had to be abandoned. It was of course a very bitter disappointment, and mingled with this a sense of keen regret that the Maharaja of Nepal should have made these great preparations for nothing. But what was to be done during this fortnight? The wires were soon busy and the Maharaja Scindia, who had begged the Prince to revisit his State if any part of the tour was abandoned, was delighted to welcome His Royal Highness, who with a very small staff will proceed to Gwalior on Thursday for a quiet shoot. Otherwise the programme will be adhered to. The Princess of Wales, with Sir Walter Lawrence in attendance, will spend the time between Lucknow and Dehra Dun, and Their Royal Highnesses will then fulfil their engagements at Aligarh, Quetta and Karachi.

The Royal Procession, Benares.

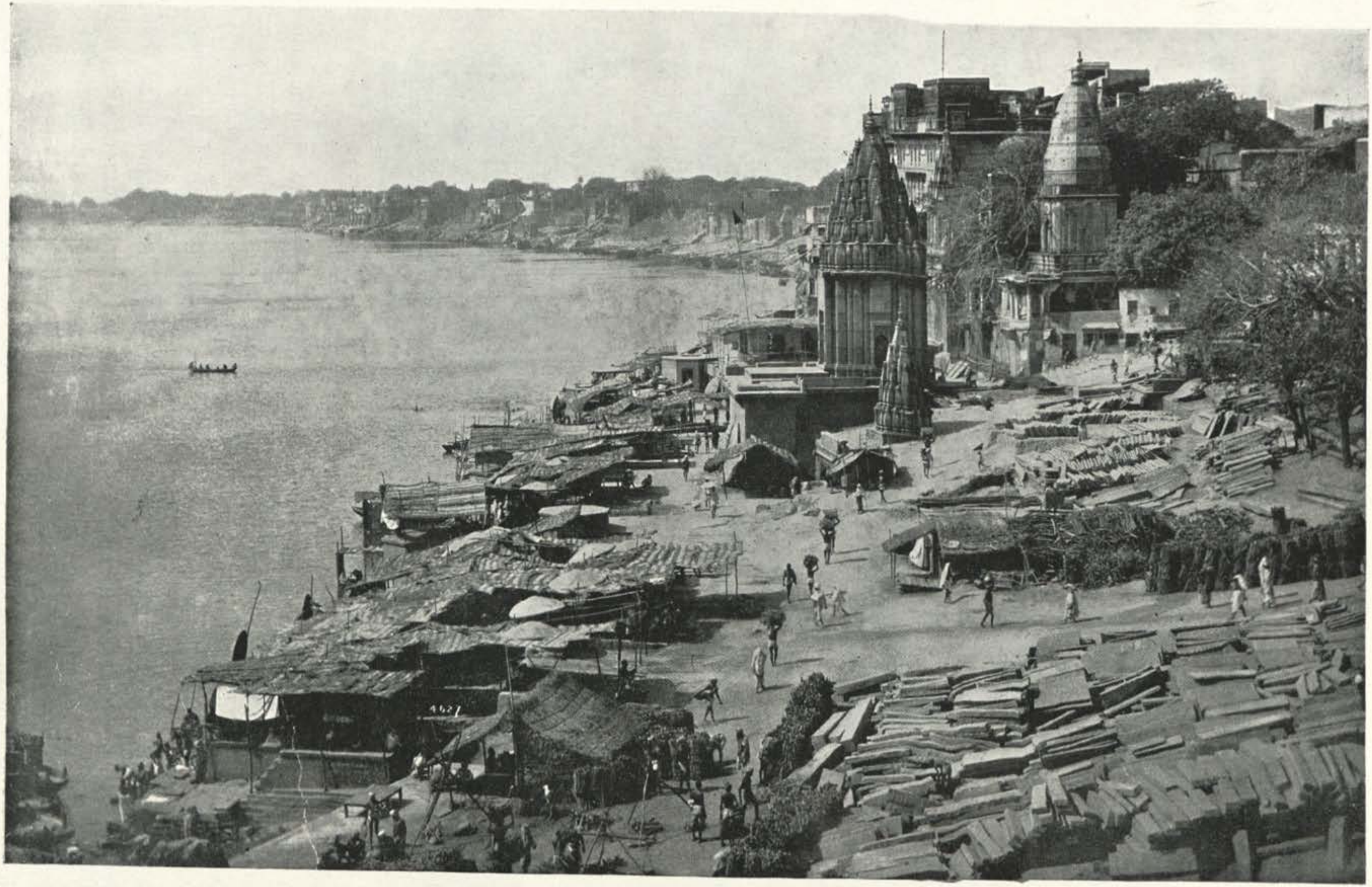
February 20th.

With the discretion that has characterised all the arrangements at Benares, the Prince and Princess of Wales were able to see the chief glory of the city—the river front—under its everyday conditions. There was no bunting, no triumphal arch and no red cloth, except a strip at the Assi Ghat, when Their Royal Highnesses were rowed quietly down the Ganges. Perhaps the bathing places were a little more crowded than usual, for news of the Shahzada's movements will get noised abroad, and where he goes there will the people flock; but beyond this there was no disturbance of the morning routine. When the Maharaja of Benares' state barge was pushed out from the ghat, the superb panorama was unfolded in an atmosphere of exceptional brilliancy —the mighty flights of steps; the bastion-bosomed walls; chatri and tower and fretted balcony, with the smooth "Mother of Rivers" crystallising under the beat of oar-blades. If some had specially come to bathe, because this was the morning of the Shahzada's visit, they betrayed no sign as the barge slowly passed, and the Prince and Princess saw the amazing scene, so rich in its colour and its significance, when it was uninfluenced by any touch of the artificiality which must frequently surround a Royal progress.



The Chausati Ghat, Benares.

In the course of the day Their Royal Highnesses came into close contact with the oldest and the newest educational foundations of Benares. On their way back from the river they halted at the Queen's College—the striking building in the familiar style of the fifties, which owes its foundation to the Jonathan Duncan who was Resident of Benares in 1791.

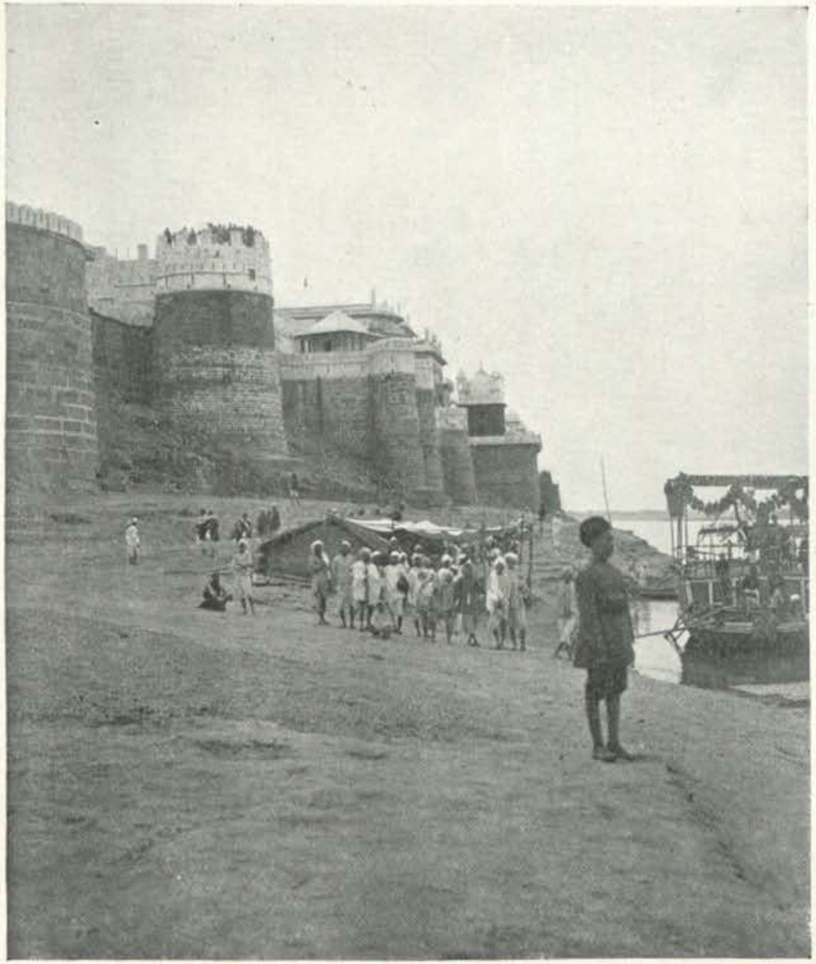


Benares : The Burning Ghat.

Duncan's plan was to establish a Sanskrit College—"For the preservation and cultivation of the Sanskrit literature and religion of the Hindu nation, at the centre of their faith and the common resort of their tribes." When in 1835 English became obligatory as a course of study, the Sanskrit College declined, and was only saved from death by inanition by separating the English and Sanskrit courses, but continuing both under the same roof. In the Sanskrit College the discipline, the methods of teaching and examination, and the selection of pupils are all according to the Hindu Shastras, and it is still recognised as the centre of Indian Sanskrit learning.

In the afternoon, on their way to take tea with the Maharaja of Benares at the Ramnagar Palace, the Prince and Princess called at the Central Hindu College, the work of six years, which is the creation of Mrs. Annie Besant's active brain and the foundation of the Maharaja of Benares and a few wealthy Hindus. Mrs. Besant's end is familiar to all acquainted with the progress of Indian education; she seeks to combine eastern religion, philosophy and logic, with western education. Whilst teaching up to the Government standards in the College and Schools, the day's work begins with a Hindu prayer and the reading out of the Shastric precepts, followed by a religious lecture. The progress of the College has so far been rapid. When the report for 1905 was issued there were 163 students in the College and 480 pupils in the School. The Trustees control a substantial endowment fund, the College and School buildings are expanding, and the hostel works well. Whilst boys come from all parts of India, the very large majority belong to the United Provinces and Bengal. This is a remarkable record of progress for an educational institution that accepts no Government aid; but it is still in its first youth, and its future is one of absorbing interest to thoughtful people of all classes.

Grouped on the wide recreation ground, which belongs to the College, the boys awaited the Prince and Princess, and a most conspicuous, even in this throng, was the figure of Mrs. Annie Besant, to whom the institution really owes its existence. Time did not permit of any prolonged ceremony. The Prince accepted an address, from which the following passage is extracted, as it aptly sums up the scope and basis of the College:—"In this College we seek to wed together the religion, the ethics, the philosophy of the hoary East with the science and the literature of the young and vigorous West; to give to our students all that is best in European culture with all that is wisest and noblest in Asiatic thought. We believe that we shall



The Palace, Ramnagar.

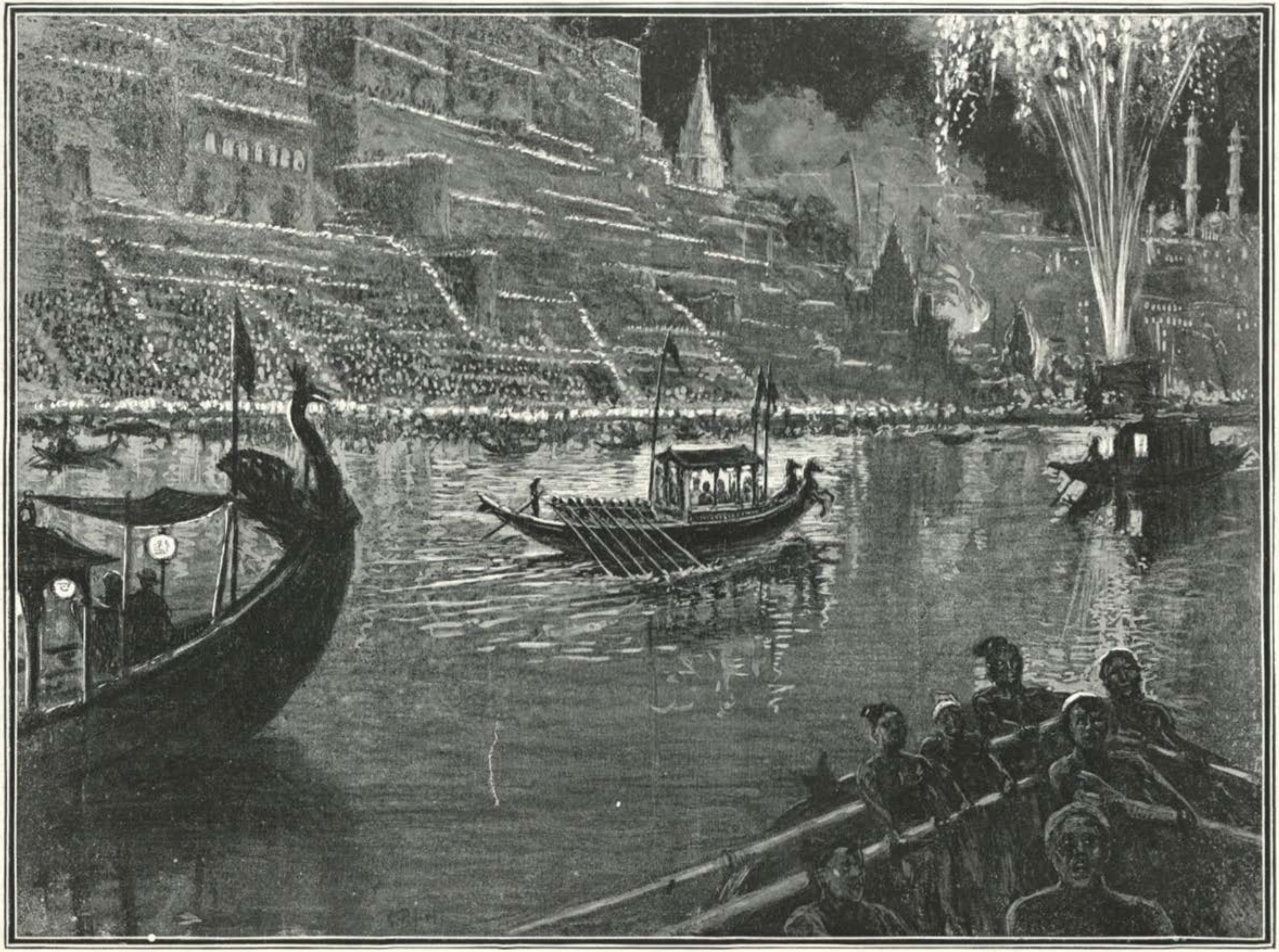
Arrival at Ramnagar.

thus train up a race of men who will be loyal and useful citizens of that World-Empire over which, in the course of Divine Providence, Your Royal Highnesses will one day be called to rule." The address was enclosed in a silver model of the temple to Sarasvati that is now rising in the College compound.

From the College it was but a short journey to the river and then, on curiously-fashioned barges, across the water to the Ramnagar Palace. There the Maharaja had arranged a series of tableaux, which brought back recollections of the fascinating days in Rajputana. The road was lined with forest guards in their suits of green, camelmen with swivel guns, and elephants in trappings of red and green. The background was the fine old palace, the foreground the turquoise river. Silver palanquins were provided for the conveyance of Their Royal Highnesses, but they preferred to experience on foot the sights which recalled the happiest episodes of the tour—those days amongst the brave and chivalrous Rajputs. Then, whilst the Maharaja's guests were being served with tea, tiny lights were set afloat on the river, sowing its bosom with little tongues of flame.

This was but the prelude to the splendours of the illuminated river steps. When the sun sank, it left neither moon nor star to relieve the purple blackness of the heavens. As the darkness deepened, little wisps of light appeared along the splendid river front as the lamps were coaxed into flame, until by the time the afterglow had disappeared ghat and palace were etched with softly flickering light. As the eye travelled up the river it rested on the purple shadows of Ramnagar. Then, at Assi, where the bathing stations begin, it traced the outline of the steps, where the pilgrims plunge into "Mother Ganga," in lines and circlets of fire. Swiftly the glare increased, until at the palaces of Vizianagram and Darbhanga and the ghat dedicated to the "goddess of small-pox," it blazed like streaks of golden lava, which ran into a river glowing like a current of molten gold. Then the almost fierce glare faded so that at the "Panch Ganga" it showed the sullen reddish tint of a cooling ingot. Beyond all was purple darkness, except where the minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe reared crowns of lambent light—the Wardens of the Prophet in the City of Siva.

Up and down the sluggish river moved a fleet of the shapely Benares barges, some as high-pooped as the caravels of Columbus, others as gaily decked as the house-boats at Henley; whilst the air was filled with the



The Illuminations at Benares.

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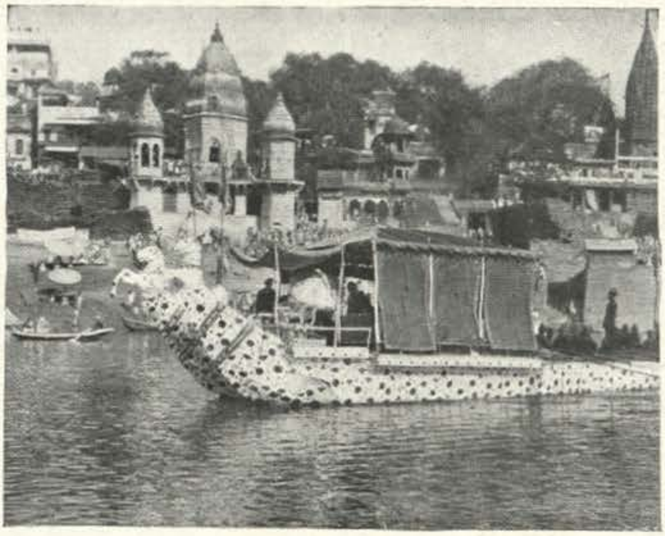
music of military marches, the raucous notes of the native oboe, and the muffled beat of tom-toms. Now the procession of boats was half hid in the deep shadows, now it splashed into phosphorescence the golden stream, and over all rose the roar of the city's thousands who clustered where man, woman or child could find place to put his feet. As the state barge left the palace, bearing the Prince and Princess of Wales, the dark river bank rushed into all the colours of the rainbow as rockets screamed, catherine-wheels buzzed, and Roman candles starred the sky with reds and blues and yellows. To-night's spectacle will linger in the memory with that of the illumination of Udaipur as the most striking panorama of the Royal progress.

February 21st.

There were two pleasant and attractive little ceremonies at Nandesar House this morning. On Monday the Prince of Wales was to have presented new colours to the 2nd South Staffordshire Regiment, part of which is stationed in Benares. But the rain of the previous night so soaked the ground that the ceremony had to be postponed until to-day. The Benares Companies of the Regiment were strengthened by the presence of others which were passing through on relief, and the regiment made a gallant show when paraded on the smooth turf of the old lawns. At the conclusion of the picturesque ritual the Prince, addressing the officers and men, as he entrusted the new colours to their charge, said :—

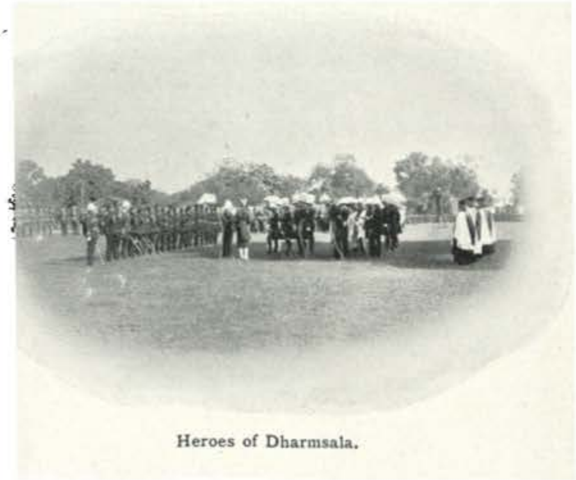


The Royal Barge, Benares.

> "Meeting here to perform this ceremony on Indian soil, we are reminded that during the 112 years that have elapsed since your Battalion was raised, some of its most brilliant services have been achieved in this portion of the British Empire. With regard to its gallant conduct at Ferozeshah in 1845, Lord Hardinge—the then Governor-General of India—described it as 'that regiment which has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British Army,' and not only on the field of battle has your Regiment gained renown, for no less than three times did it suffer shipwreck in eastern waters. We know that there is

> no greater test of the discipline of a regiment than under such terrible experiences, and the conduct of the 80th Regiment in the last disaster of this nature in 1844 was brought to the notice of Queen Victoria and commended in a General Order by the Governor-General of India. It is, indeed, a grand tradition which surrounds the colours of your Regiment—a tradition created by those who in days gone by fought and fell in their defence."

The Staffords were marched off the ground and a small body of brave men took their place. Everyone in India remembers how, when Dharmsala was overwhelmed by an earthquake last Spring, the utmost gallantry was shown by the English officers in the station, and many of the Gurkha Rifles stationed there, in rescuing the survivors at imminent risk to themselves. Their services were represented to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, and the Chapter General of the Order conferred the medal awarded by the Order "for distinguished acts of gallantry in saving life on land at imminent risk," to the most conspicuous of the rescuers. Silver medals were allotted to Major Patrick Hehir, Indian Medical Service; Captain Cyril Grey Stansfeld, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Walter James Evans, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Donald Stuart Orchard, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Barry Hartwell, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Subadar-Major Birbal Nagarkoti, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Subadar Khial Sing Gurung, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Subadar Abiram Gurung, 7th Gurkha Rifles; and bronze medals to fourteen non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st and 7th Gurkha Rifles. It was this courageous band which mustered before the Prince this morning to receive from his hands the recognition they so well deserved.



Heroes of Dharmsala.

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From Benares His Royal Highness railed to Gwalior, with one short halt for a few hours at Cawnpore. The Princess commenced an informal little tour, which brought her into very close touch indeed with phases of Indian life which she has lost no opportunity of studying. The first days were spent at Lucknow, where Her Royal Highness renewed the fruitful acquaintance with the memorials of the Mutiny which was commenced at the official visit. Whilst here the Princess attended the Assault-at-Arms, and witnessed the section tent-pegging by British and Native officers and the musical ride by the Sixth Cavalry. On Sunday morning Her Royal Highness visited the Station Hospital, and before leaving gave each patient a bunch of flowers. In the evening the Princess witnessed the first of the Muharram processions—the great festival when the Shiah Mahomedans commemorate the death of their first martyrs, Hassan and Hussain. From Lucknow an excursion was made to Cawnpore, where aspects of Anglo-Indian life wide as the Poles asunder came under the notice of the Princess. After lunching with Mrs. C. T. Allen Her Royal Highness inspected the leather works of Messrs. Cooper Allen & Co., and the splendid factory of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills. This is the new India, the beginnings of the industrial development which has illimitable possibilities in the Dependency, and with which is bound up the ultimate solution of the agrarian problem, by reducing the pressure on an overtaxed soil. To see, as did the Princess, Indian workmen, whose forbears have been agriculturists for untold generations, producing goods only failing in finish to reach the best European standard, or tending machines which grind out finished stockings with almost eerie facility, is to begin to understand the forces which are stirring age-worn Asia. In the afternoon there was a short visit to the scenes of the great tragedies of British rule in India—The Memorial Gardens and the Well, the Massacre Ghat and the Memorial Church.

La Martiniere College, Lucknow.

A night run from Lucknow brought Her Royal Highness to Agra on the morning of February 27th. The Princess at once plunged again into the riot of architectural magnificence within the Fort, which is one of the most impressive monuments of Mughal taste. After lunch the Maharaja of Bharatpur and his mother were received and the Princess motored to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah, the Chini-ka-Rosa, and to the Taj Mahal, whence was witnessed a sunset of exquisite beauty. Dehra Dun was reached on

March the 1st, and in this lovely little station, hidden amongst the forests of the lower Himalayas, several restful days were spent. The Princess stayed in the cottage home of Major Watson, C.I.E., Commandant of the Imperial Cadet Corps. Her Royal Highness visited the Mess of the 2nd Gurkhas, taking tea with the officers, and was much interested in the Mess trophies and plate; she inspected the Lines, and conversed with the Native Officers. Another excursion was to Mokampur by motor, where lunch was served in the heart of the forest. On March 2nd the Princess motored to Rajpur and was carried in a dandy—the Indian equivalent for a sedan chair—to Mussoorie, the loveliest hill station in the North. The weather during the three days' stay there was magnificent, and the view of the snow-clad hills superb. Advantage was taken of these favouring conditions to see as many places of interest as possible. Luncheon was taken at the Himalaya Club, whence Her Royal Highness climbed to the still higher military sanitarium at Landour. Landour was covered with more than a foot of snow, and some of the roads were impassable. However a path was dug to the cemetery where the tree planted by the Duke of Edinburgh was seen to be flourishing exceedingly.

Sarnath Buddhist Tope, Benares.

Amongst other places honoured by a visit were the Mussoorie Convent and the Soldiers' Home at Landour. The Princess took a keen interest in all she saw, down to the manufacture of walking sticks—a trade that is greatly encouraged in these parts. Some walking sticks were bought by the Princess from an exceedingly poor craftsman. "Lo!" cried the admiring onlookers. "Now is our brother's shop made. And he was of the poorest. How did the Rani know it?"

On Sunday, March 4th, after service at Christ Church, the Princess returned to Dehra Dun. Thence a motor excursion was made over the Mohan Pass on the Saharanpur Road, returning *via* Assaroie, and visiting the Hurbanswala tea estate, where the whole process of manufacture was witnessed, from the plucking of the leaf to the packing of the tea for shipment. On March 6th the Princess returned to the plains, halting at Hardwa, doubly famous as a centre of one of the most sacred pilgrimages in India and the site of the head works of the Ganges Canal, which irrigates more than a million acres of land. Motoring along the banks of the Ganges Canal, and stopping *en route* personally to work one of the great gates that regulate the flow of water, the Princess came to Rurki, where a large foundry has grown up to supply the need of the Irrigation Department, and the Thomson College, established to meet the evergrowing demand for engineers. With visits to both these establishments the private tour of the Princess closed. In this manner Her Royal Highness completed her acquaintance with a country in which, at every stage, she manifested a keen and informed interest. For not even the Indian village, that unit of the whole administration, escaped her close examination. It is an old story now, but it has not been told, how a favourable opportunity occurring, Her Royal Highness, accompanied only by Sir Walter Lawrence, drove privately to a village on the outskirts of the Royal camp. There, all unannounced, she walked through the ill-kept streets and saw what manner of people are those agriculturists who constitute nearly seventy per cent. of the population, how they live and under what conditions. And here occurred an incident that will illustrate better than reams of explanation the attitude of the mass of the people towards the Royal Family. An inkling as to the identity of this regal lady soon spread abroad, and in a moment a grief-stricken old woman prostrated herself at the Princess' feet with a prayer. Her story was a simple and not uncommon one. Her son had, in a fit of jealous anger, murdered a woman, and was then a prisoner in the Andamans. Would not the Rani order his release? Patiently was it explained that this was a question for the law, in which the Princess could not interfere, however warm her sympathy. The petitioner was quieted; but who would say that she was convinced? In her heart she almost certainly believed that if the Rani had so willed she could have restored her son to her.

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CHAPTER XXX.

The Core of Mahomedanism.

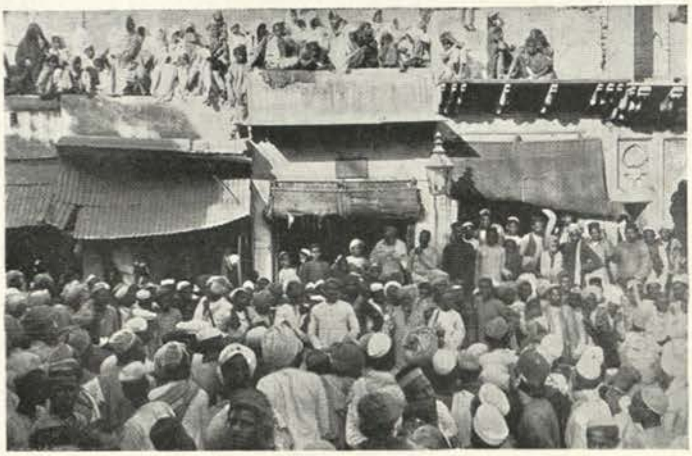
The Second Visit to Gwalior—Good Sport—The Prince at a Famine Camp—Personal Interest in the Relief Work—Arrival at Aligarh—A Pleasant Day at the Mahomedan College—Genesis of the College—Its Rapid Growth—Training Men of Character—High Repute of the Students—Importance of Aligarh to Mahomedans—The Future of the College—Duty of the Rising Generation.

Aligarh, *March 8th.*

THE second visit to Gwalior of the Prince of Wales terminated to-day. The recent change in the weather rendered the climate of Gwalior and Sipri most enjoyable, for a cool, pleasant breeze tempered the keen rays of the sun. The Maharaja spared no personal effort to ensure the perfect comfort and good sport of his Royal guest, and, assisted by officials of the State, succeeded admirably in his desire. One great feature of the shooting was the opportunity given to His Royal Highness of seeing jungle life and its surroundings in their normal conditions. Owing to the sudden change of plans elaborate preparations were impossible, and in the outlying and unknown beats His Royal Highness' experiences were just those which occur to soldier and civilian. On the whole, the sport was good, and on several occasions somewhat exciting. The Prince greatly enjoyed his life in the shooting camp, no day appearing too long for him, and he invariably showed, even on blank and hot days, the cheerful patience of the true sportsman. During the second visit to Gwalior, six tigers, three panthers and two sambhars, in addition to small game, were killed, and the Prince showed that he is equally good with rifle or gun.

During his stay at Gwalior the Prince availed himself of the opportunity of visiting a famine relief work, and of personally acquainting himself with the operation of the machinery that has been devised, as the result of experience, for the relief of the distress which must arise, in an agricultural country, when the seasonal rains fail. The work was in the Marwar District, some seventy miles from Gwalior, and in the shape of an irrigation dam, which is expected to produce, in the revenue from the lands watered, a return sufficient to pay seven per cent. on the capital outlay. About six thousand men, women and children were employed, and His Royal Highness saw the whole chain of famine relief—the organisation of the able-bodied into gangs, with a scale of labour so proportioned that a full living wage can be earned by a reasonable day's labour; the light toil, with a fixed wage, provided for the weakly; and the gratuitous relief given to the infirm and to children. He was also able to appreciate the advantages of the modern system of relief, as practised by an enlightened administrator like the Maharaja of Gwalior; there was no emaciation amongst the workers, although all were absolutely destitute of resources outside the generosity of the State; that distressing accompaniment of famine was forestalled by the promptitude with which relief measures were instituted.

His Royal Highness evinced the greatest interest in all the details of the work, riding in amongst the workers, inspecting the bazaar, hospital, huts and those receiving gratuitous relief; before riding away he left a sum sufficient to give each individual on the works an extra day's pay.



Aligarh: A Street Scene.

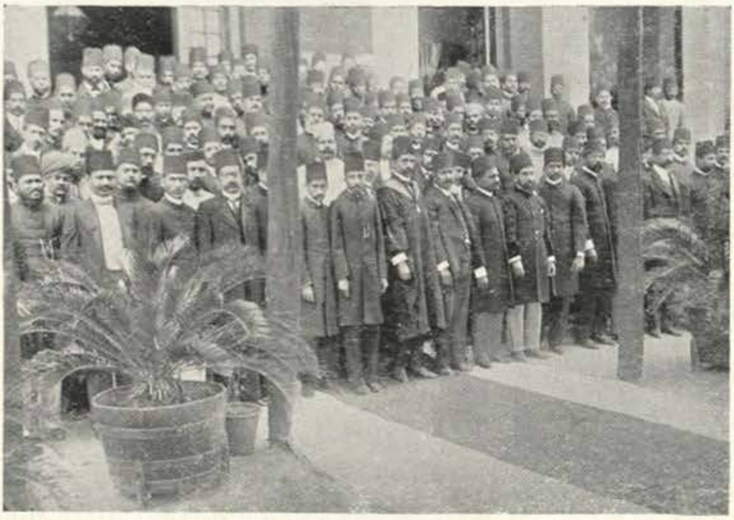
Perhaps no incident of the Royal Tour in India awakened more widespread interest, or touched the hearts of the people more nearly, than this visit. The conventional accompaniment of a Royal progress is too often the concealment of such scenes as do not indicate complete and abounding prosperity. The fact that His Royal Highness insisted on visiting a famine relief work, and satisfying himself by personal investigation of the character and efficiency of the measures provided, was a gratifying proof that he is amply conscious of the necessity of becoming acquainted with the less cheering aspects of life which the people of India are sometimes called upon to endure. The presence of Royalty at a famine work is probably without precedent in India. There are many Englishmen who have passed their whole lives in this country without gaining any acquaintance with famine conditions by direct contact in the mofussil. The knowledge His Royal Highness has now acquired will stand him in good stead should he ever be called upon to assist in appealing in England for help in India in time of famine. It was the sympathetic character of the incident which was more widely appreciated even than its practical aspect. No people are more responsive to sympathy than the natives of India; and though this simple visit only illustrated in brief conditions that have unfortunately prevailed sometimes on an extensive scale, it struck an answering chord in many hearts that might be left untouched by pageantry and applause.

The Prince from his shooting camp and Her Royal Highness from Hardwar—which point she reached after a most pleasant visit to Lucknow, Dehra Dun, and Mussoorie—met at Hathras Junction and thence the Royal party travelled to Aligarh, where a halt of six hours was made, so that Their Royal Highnesses might gain a first-hand acquaintance with the College—that creation of the late Sir Syed Ahmed, which was moulded into its present permanent shape by the late Theodore Beck and Mr. Theodore Morrison.

The visit to Aligarh, at first intended to be quite private, gradually developed into a semi-state ceremony. Their Royal Highnesses drove through a series of triumphal arches to the College, escorted by a Mounted Infantry detachment of the Naini Tal Volunteers. There they were received by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James La Touche, as Patron, and His Highness the Aga Khan, as Visitor of the College, and a gathering of the Trustees, including Nawab Fyaz Ali Khan, the President; Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, the Secretary; Nawab Yusufali, Nawab Syed Hosain Bilgrami and Mr. W. A. Archbold, the Principal. After a number of presentations had been made, the Royal party passed through the Great Court, through lines of cheering students and old boys, to the Lytton Library, where they lunched with the Trustees and a small gathering of those specially engaged in, or interested in, the success of Aligarh.

After lunch there was a detailed inspection of the College. The Prince and Princess saw the classes at work, and inspected some of the students' rooms and the dining hall. Then, escorted by a detachment of the 18th Tiwana Lancers, they drove to the English House, which is a part of the College carried on on the same lines as a House at an English public school. This they inspected carefully, and made a circuit of the College grounds, returning to the Great Court. Their Royal Highnesses paid a lengthy visit to the tomb of Sir Syed Ahmed, in which they were deeply interested. On their way out the Royal party was again vociferously cheered by the students, and accepted from the Trustees a handsome cabinet containing views of the College. They appeared greatly pleased with all they saw, and before leaving, expressed their warmest appreciation of the work carried on at Aligarh.

There yet remained an hour or two before the Royal train was due to resume its long journey to Quetta. These were spent in watching that famous regiment of Silladar Cavalry, the 18th Tiwana Lancers, give, on the *maidan*, an exhibition of the horsemanship in which the Indian Cavalry are unexcelled. All Aligarh kept high holiday, and thousands lined the *maidan* and the roads through which Their Royal Highnesses passed on their way to the station.



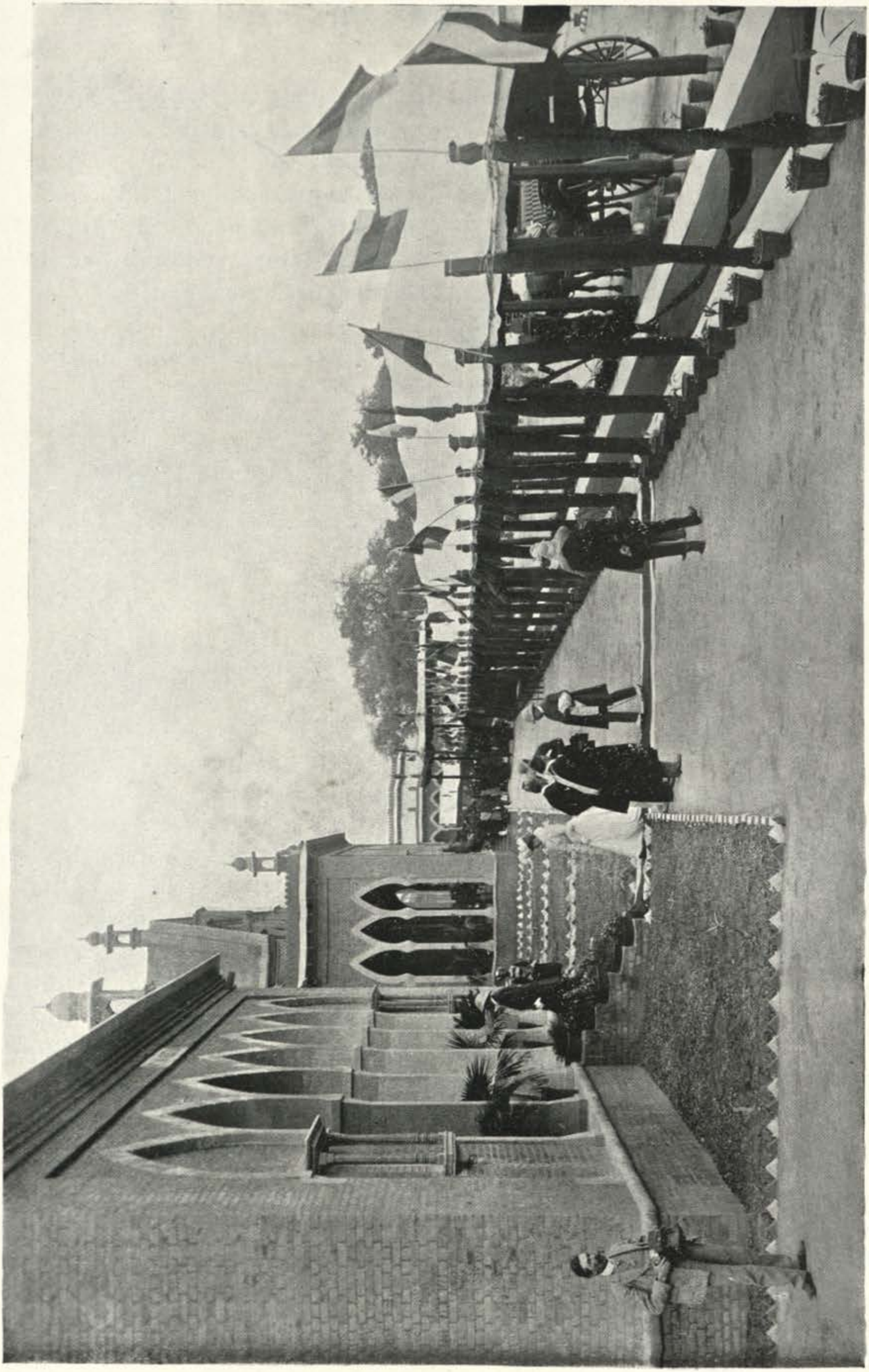
Trustees, Professors and Students at Aligarh.

It was a fortunate circumstance that the route of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Quetta carried them through Aligarh and allowed them thoroughly to appreciate the work of the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College. For not to know the M. A. O., is to be ignorant of the most remarkable educational movement in India, and to fail to understand the forces that are moving His Majesty's sixty millions of Mahomedan subjects. As the M. A. O. has passed its troublous adolescence, and is now bursting into full manhood, Their Royal Highnesses' visit revives interest in the principles underlying the formal educational work of the College—principles which, if the institution is to realise its full responsibilities to the Mahomedan community, must never be allowed to fall into the background.

What was the service for which the College was called into existence? When the last century was about to enter its fourth quarter certain Mahomedan gentlemen in the United Provinces, realising the backwardness of the Mahomedans in the matter of education, determined to find the remedy. Led by the distinguished scholar who was born for this duty, the late Sir Syed Ahmed, they decided that a return to the old methods of oriental education was impossible. They agreed that the only education which could bring their race into harmony with the civilisation around them, and so restore it to a position of influence, was an education frankly acknowledging the advance of science, catholic in its sympathies with all that was admirable in the history, literature, and philosophy of other countries, broad in its outlines and exact in its studies. Knowing full well that they would have to pass massive obstacles of ignorance and conservatism, but imbued with the faith that moves mountains, they commenced work at Aligarh in 1875. The reasons determining the selection of Aligarh were two-fold. It was a convenient centre for the great areas of Mahomedan population, and it was an abandoned cantonment, with many acres of Government land and many deserted military buildings waiting to be put to some useful purpose. There the work of the College was commenced, with a few school classes and a modest staff of seven masters.

Yet even at this stage the note was struck that has rung through every phase of the work at Aligarh. Whilst utilising the standing buildings Syed Ahmed began his permanent structures on the most extensive scale. Men seeing the tiny classes, laughed at his quadrangles larger than those of Oxford and Cambridge : at his plans as ambitious as those of a western American township. They smiled in their beards when he anticipated the day which would see the College expand into a University "whose sons shall go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to preach the gospel of free enquiry, of large-hearted toleration and of pure morality." Yet with scant intermission the history of the College has been one long struggle to find adequate room for those who would come within its walls. Its early combats were not few. It had to fight against apathy and prejudice, against peculation and dissension. But Syed Ahmed found a coadjutor in Theodore Beck, who linked to his enthusiasm a generous ardour and disinterestedness which warmed the College into a life that resisted all chilling blasts; and to-day with its four hundred college students and a like number of boys in the school, with buildings covering many acres and others rising on every hand, the cry is still for room.

Yet we should perpetrate a gigantic blunder if we regarded the M. A. O. as a mere machine for imparting instruction up to the Government

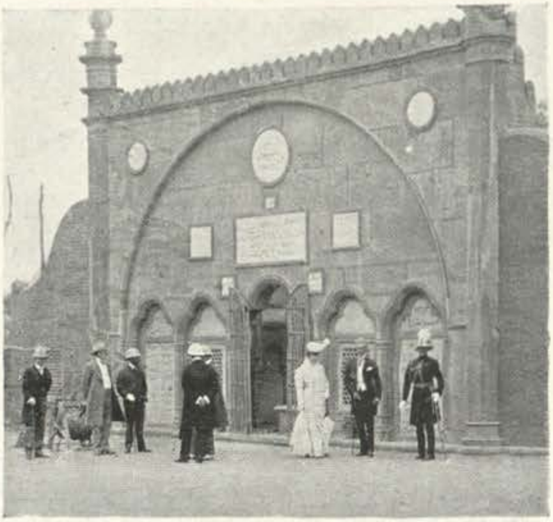


Arrival at Aligarh College.

standards and for preparing students to pass those tests which, most curiously, are designed to be proofs of intellectual capacity. Though Aligarh might be well content to be judged by these standards, its main purpose is to develop men of character: it stands or falls by its moral and intellectual tone. The predominating aspect of the College is its common life. Round the huge quadrangles are the students' rooms, where they live in small "chummeries," adorned according to their individual tastes, and they dine in the common room. These boarding-houses are divided into blocks, each in charge of a Sub-Proctor, who is responsible to the Proctor and the Provost, the idea being to make the Sub-Proctor as much like an English House Master as the disposition of the quadrangle will permit. Athletics are encouraged, though the boys are so addicted to cricket, football, hockey and riding that direction rather than stimulus is required. There is the Siddons Union Club, where debates are conducted on the model of the Cambridge Union. There is the English House, where a number of boys live with an English master in a detached bungalow exactly as they would in the "House" of an English public school. Joining in this pleasant common life are boys from Shiraz, Teheran and Bushire; from Peshawar and Quetta; from Bengal and Bombay, as well as from Northern India;

The Decorations, Aligarh.

from the great Mahomedan State of Hyderabad; from Mysore, Madras, and even from Burma and Hongkong. All are linked not only by a common faith, in which they are carefully instructed, but by a common love for Aligarh.



The Mosque, Aligarh.

Has the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College succeeded in its purpose of making men, and not superficially-educated machines? A few years before his death Theodore Beck claimed that the College "had turned out some very nice, manly and loyal young men, who are likely to be of service both to Government and to the Mahomedan community." Speaking with all the weight attaching to his official position, Sir Auckland Colvin declared that "to have been an Aligarh man is, I have over and over again found, a passport to the respect and confidence of both Englishmen and natives. They carry with them the stamp of their training: the impress of the mind of the man under whom that training has been accomplished." Those opinions will be subscribed to by everyone who has had a considerable experience of the products of the College. But you find the leaven working strongly within the quadrangles of Aligarh. What but a genuine appreciation of the highest purpose of the College could have inspired the Duty, or Anjuman-al Farz, founded to collect funds for scholarships for poor students and to remove the prejudices existing in Mahomedan society against the College? The members of the Society, or Servants of the Duty, collect money by begging during the holidays, and the invested capital already exceeds thirty thousand rupees. What but really happy re-

Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, Honorary Secretary.

H. H. THE AGA KHAN, G.C.I.E.

collections of College days could bring the students back to Aligarh, as they do come, to fight again the battles of their glorious youth? What but a pervading and moulding influence could induce the quiet dignity and simple manner that you find in all who wear the College uniform? This manner is by no means inconsistent with the *joie de vivre*, as you gather from the joyous shouts in the playing fields, ringing as true as if they came from English throats.

Yet with all these solid and hopeful signs the College has not reached maturity. The old generation has passed away. Syed Ahmed, Beck, and Morrison, who dug the foundations and prepared the superstructure, are gone. Syed Ahmed left energetic successors in Faiz Ullah Khan and Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk; Strachey and Macdonnell bequeathed their interest to Sir James La Touche, who knows more of the work of the College even than his predecessors; the mantle of Beck and Morrison has fallen on Mr. W. A. Archbold, who combines with wide learning an acquaintance with India gained as Secretary of the Board of Civil Service Studies at Cambridge, and the knowledge of men and things that comes from travel; and His Highness the Aga Khan has thrown all his influence and experience on the side of the movement. But it is with the Mahomedan community rather than with a few individuals that the future of Aligarh rests. On the extent to which they are prepared to sink their local prejudices, to throw themselves whole-heartedly on the side of progress, depends the ability of Aligarh to fulfil its mission as the rallying point of Mahomedan enlightenment—as the instrument that will fit Mahomedans worthily to take their place in the new India.

And that introduces the wider question whether Aligarh should continue on its present lines, or develop into a great Mahomedan University, not only for India but for the East. In burning words the Aga Khan appealed to his co-religionists for a crore of rupees to make Aligarh a home of learning that would command the same respect as Oxford or Berlin, Leipsic or Paris. "We want," he said, "to create for our own people an intellectual and moral capital: a city that shall be a home of elevated ideas and high ideals: a centre from which light and guidance shall be diffused amongst the Moslems of India and out of India too, and shall hold up to the world a noble standard of the justice and virtue and purity of our beloved faith." Certain objections

The Jemadar, Aligarh College.

have been urged against particularist universities, chiefly that they would divide instead of uniting the Indian peoples. On the other hand, Mr. Morrison urges that they would make possible genuine university towns : that they would be able to insist on religious instruction : and that they would be able to stipulate for a residential qualification. These are now academic questions, as the money is not forthcoming. If it ever is and the Government grant a charter, the material is ready : if it is not, the College can do its work under its present name.

The interest excited amongst the Mahomedan community by the Royal visit to Aligarh bore valuable permanent fruit. Mr. Adamji Pirbhai, one of the leaders of the industrial movement in Bombay, presented an additional £5,000 to the fund for establishing the Prince of Wales' School for Science, to be attached to the College. He also gave £1,600 for the establishment of a Fellowship for Scientific Research, in the School, to be called after the Prince of Wales. In offering this donation Mr. Pirbhai wrote :—" No better mode can be devised for fittingly commemorating the Royal visit than by the establishment of such a school, as the status of Mahomedan education, which has hitherto been at a very low ebb, if not wholly neglected, cannot fail to be thereby greatly raised, with the most gratifying results."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Winter in Quetta.

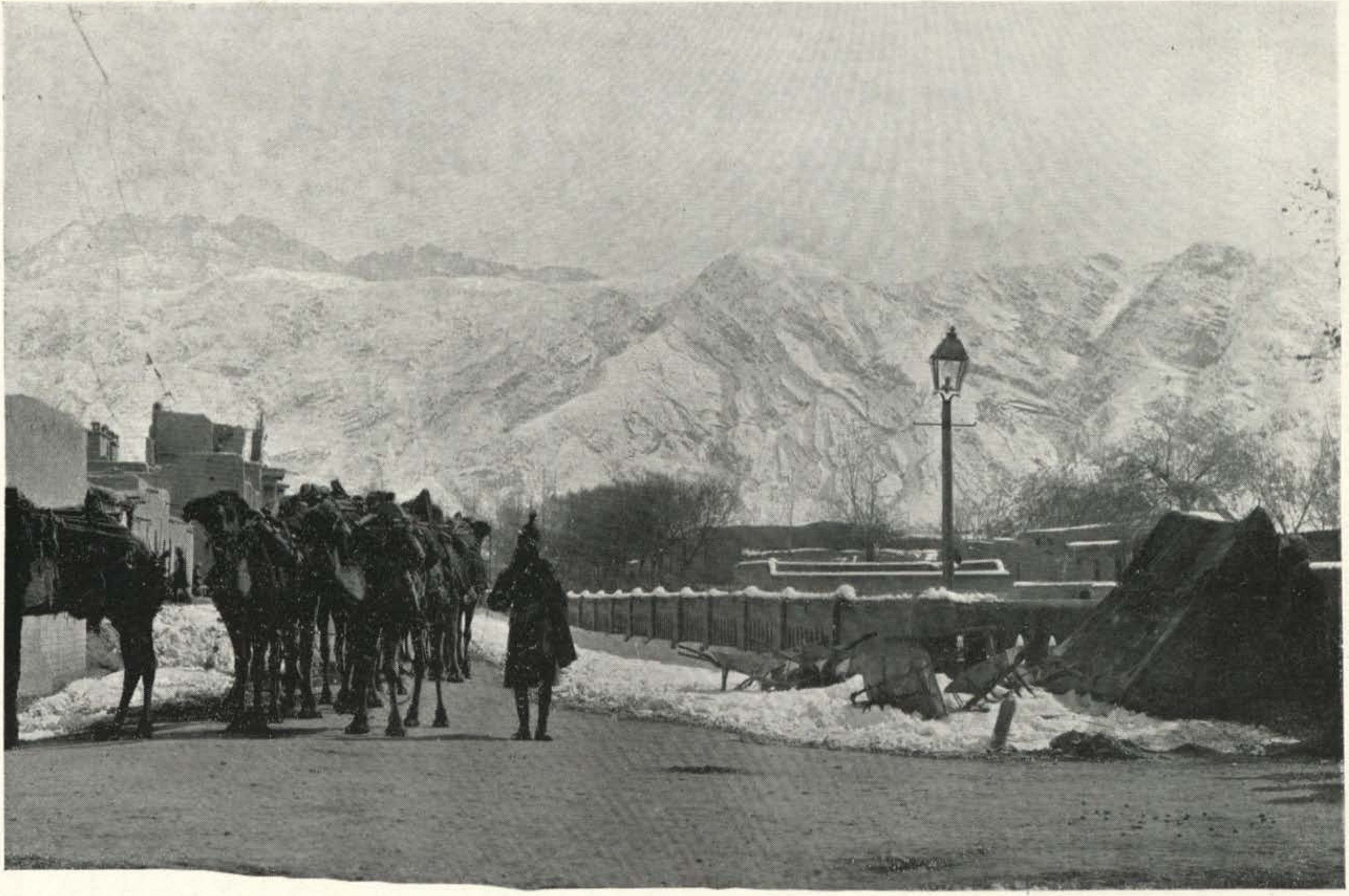
Winter in Quetta—An Indian Engadine—An Unwelcome Change—Rain and Sleet—The Tribes on our Frontier—Growth of Quetta—Transformation wrought by British Rule—Tribesmen in Durbar—A Page from Border Life—Frontier Strategy—Character of the Quetta Position—A Visit to the Fortifications—Bird's Eye View of the Valley—The Prince and the Soldiers—In Memory of Sandeman.

Quetta, *March 11th.*

THE spell of truly Royal weather that the Prince and Princess of Wales have hitherto enjoyed was broken when they entered upon the most picturesque stage of their progress. The climate of Quetta, at this season, has all the bracing charm of the Engadine in winter. The apricots and the almonds are not in bloom; indeed, they are barely showing the pink fleshiness of their budding life; and the poplars, chenars and walnuts betray the bareness of an English December. But the weeping willows are flecking the brown hedgerows with the green promise of Spring, and their red-stemmed congeners temper their harshness with the rich colours of the afterglow. To compensate for the absence of the exuberant vegetable life, which makes Quetta, in April, an Indian paradise, the climate at its best is wine to the jaded dweller in the plains. Cold without the damp rawness of the winter months, the clear ringing air sends the blood surging through the veins until your animal spirits run riot. In the azure brightness of the cloudless sunlight, in the ethereal beauty of the full moon, the giant peaks—outposts of the Quetta Valley, their barren rockiness clothed with the daintiest garment of snow—evolve in every change of light and aspect a new and more perfect beauty. To be in Quetta in such times is to appreciate the full joy of living.

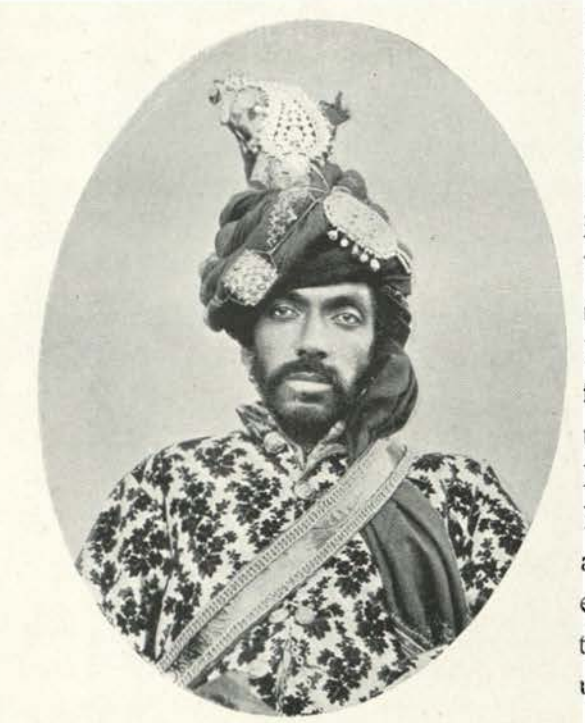
This was Quetta for the week preceding the Royal visit. Then came the news of the depression forming in Persia, which is the infallible harbinger of rain and snow; but as the days slipped by without signs of the threatened break, one began to hope that, for once, the portents might be astray. But Saturday morning broke with a deepening bank of purple cloud overhanging the valley, and a moist softness in the air that could have but one significance, and an hour before noon the rain came down in torrents that speedily converted the trim roads into a quagmire. A little later, the rain succeeded in tearing a jagged rent through this murky pall, and the troops marched to their stations under more cheery conditions. The Warwicks trudged through the mire, overcoated to the eyes, to form the guard-of-honour; the Native Infantry, drawing their drab surtouts more closely round them, and the Cavalry, in hood and cape, invested the military display with the stern business-like air that properly belongs to the fortress station that guards India's second "Back Door." When all arrangements were complete, the news came that, in view of the bad weather and the inconvenience that would be caused to all by a state reception in a downpour, Their Royal Highnesses, with the invariable consideration they have evidenced for the comfort of all on duty in connection with their visit, had asked that their arrival should be quite private. So the troops were marched off, the formal ceremonies were abandoned, and the Prince and Princess drove to Government House with only a travelling escort. They were scarcely within its walls before the rain again descended in torrents.

Still there were many elements of picturesqueness in the scene. In the forefront of the gathering at the station was the Khan of Kelat—the titular overlord of Baluchistan. The Khan nominally controls the arid mountain region, some ten times the size of Switzerland, that lies between Persia, Afghanistan, British India and the Arabian Sea; but of recent years a distinct change has overtaken the relations between the Khan and his Sirdars. Mir Khodadad Khan, working through whom Sir Robert Sandeman wrought such an amazing change in Baluchistan, now lives in retirement at Pishin. With all his faults, he was a man of character, but under his successor the Sirdars have come to look more to the British Government than to their traditional feudal Chief. Near the Khan stood the Jam of Las Bela, whose territories abut on the sea-coast north-west of Karachi, and near whose capital stands the still-honoured grave of Sir Robert Sandeman. Round the Agent to the Governor-General were grouped the handful of officers, who not only directly administer British Baluchistan, but are the comptrollers of a hundred and thirty thousand square miles of mountain, desert and valley, peopled by more than a million souls, where order is well-nigh as profound as in the most settled districts of British India.



Quetta: The Bazaar in Winter.

At the head of his officers stood the Military Warden of these Marches—the guardian of nine hundred miles of mountain and plain, the watch dog over the easiest natural entrance into India from the north. In the gamut of military appointments there is none more attractive to the keen soldier than this. There is the bracing contact with the Frontier, with its lesson that soldiering is a splendid profession, and not an excuse for living. There is a climate which keeps men as hard as nails; to see a Battery of "Heavies," or a Company of Mountain Artillery, march through Quetta is to realise what Mulvaney meant when he spoke of soldiers "crammed full wid' bull mayte." There is a Division of all arms to train, soon to be increased to two, and there are miles of defences to study. It is just the command for an officer like Major-General Smith Dorrien, who has further left a mark upon the station by materially improving the amenities of the soldier's life. Wherever they could find room clustered the Sirdars of the Baluch tribes—Baluchis, with their curly locks and flowing white robes; Afghans, with their strong Semitic features; the Brahuis, betraying a still unexplained Dravidian strain; the Bugtis, Marris, and the strange wild clans whose existence was one of incessant strife till Sandeman extended his arm right up to the Waziri border.



The Khan of Kelat.

To-day, in accordance with the invariable practice of the tour, was a day of rest. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service in the Church of St. Mary of Bethany in the morning, and there was no state ceremony. To-day, too, the weather has betrayed a perfection that made it hard to realise that this was the raw, chilly, wet station that greeted the Prince and Princess of Wales twenty-four hours ago. The sun has invested the valley with the cheerful crispness of an English Spring, and although the triple peaks, Takatu, Murdar and Chhiltan, are dipping their summits in the greyish clouds and purple shadows are clinging to the low hills round Baleli, there is the hope of the splendid freshness of last week.

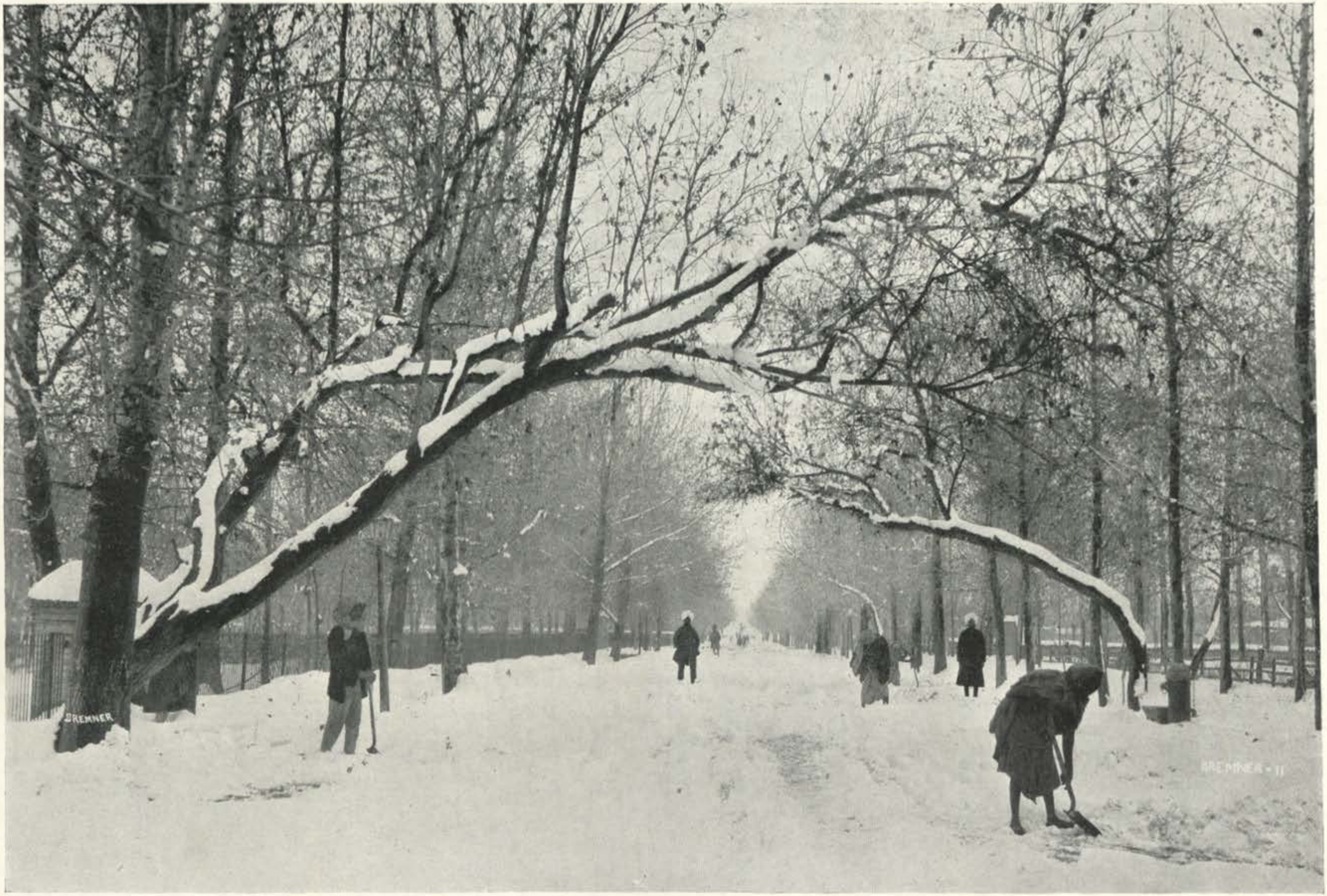
March 12th.

This morning broke with the full splendour of a mountain winter day—with the brightest of blue skies, just flecked with diaphanous clouds, warm enough to be pleasant, cold enough to make brisk physical movement a joy. It is this weather that makes Quetta in winter an Indian Engadine.

The official programme opened with the reception of the Municipal address that would have been presented on Saturday had not the rain so sadly upset all arrangements. It was the more interesting, because it traced a development that cannot be paralleled in modern India, outside the Chenab Irrigation Colony. When, as the most valuable fruits of the second Afghan War, we entered into possession of the passes that, now scientifically fortified, make our frontier against eastern Afghanistan and north-eastern Persia practically impregnable, the Quetta plateau was one of the most depressing places in Asia. "A few groups of aged and stunted mulberry trees stood about in despondent attitudes at intervals in the swampy plain, surrounding the ancient mud volcano, which forms the basis of the central fort; and round the fort clustered a mud and wattle collection of dome-crowned huts which figured as the town." So wrote Sir Thomas Holdich of the Quetta of a quarter of a century ago.

Cloth-Workers, Quetta Bazaar.

To-day the Municipality were able to claim that the mud and wattle huts, with their four thousand poor occupants, have expanded into a town of over seven hundred acres, with a population of twenty-five thousand—a town with twelve miles of good road, mostly lined with fine trees, though the ravages of an insect called the "borer" have been direfully destructive of all whose wood is soft; with a revenue of sixteen thousand pounds, a good water-supply, adequate sanitation and improving facilities for education. The bloodshed and anarchy, common all over Baluchistan, have been replaced by peace and order. The appalling communications that strewed the valleys and the passes with dead and dying transport animals in the two Afghan Wars, have given way to railways up the Bolan and the Harnai; good military roads and facile means of travel, even to Loralai and Fort Sandeman, in the remote Zhob Valley; telegraphs and posts. The scanty commerce,


BREMNER
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A Winter Scene, Quetta.

constantly interrupted by tribal feuds, has grown into a flourishing trade with Kelat, Seistan and Southern Afghanistan, which has increased by five hundred thousand maunds* in the imports, and two hundred and fifty thousand in the exports. With this record the Municipality could honestly claim an extraordinary advance on previous conditions that affords an example of what can be effected under the enlightened ascendancy of British power.

His Royal Highness received formal visits from the Khan of Kelat and the Jam of Las Bela. The conditions have markedly changed since Sir Robert Sandeman, working through the Khan, pacified Baluchistan with a facility that made his administration a subject for puzzled admiration. In their most desperate feuds the Baluch tribes owned a certain shadowy allegiance to the Khan, which Sandeman, with his intuitive perception, turned to profit. But the man through whom he worked, and who was devoted to him with a quite touching affection, was deposed for an act of savagery, and the Sirdars now look to the British Government with the confidence Sir Robert inspired. Still his successor is a figure amongst the Indian feudatories, controlling a mountainous kingdom ten times the size of Switzerland, and he paid his homage in full state, but with an escort of native cavalry instead of his own picturesque horsemen.

On the east side of Quetta stands a low, domed building that commemorates the great work of Sir Robert Sandeman in Baluchistan. There, this afternoon, were gathered the Sirdars of all the varied Baluch tribes, to pay their duty to the heir to the Throne that Sandeman taught them to respect. It was a wild and picturesque assembly which in many respects recalled the meeting of hard, strong-featured frontiersmen who greeted Their Royal Highnesses at Peshawar—Baluchis, Brahuis, Bugtis, Kakari, and Marris; they squatted on rich carpets in the aisles of the cruciform hall with the iron reserve and patience characteristic of these fighting tribes. The Baluchi is said never to wash his garments except for a Durbar. When he does he makes as dashing a figure as any to be found in the East. With his voluminous robes falling round his stalwart figure with Grecian simplicity, a drooping white turban, his uncut, raven locks tumbling over his shoulders in careless profusion, and hawk eyes looking over a hook nose set in a gnarled face, darkened with a flowing beard, he looks what he is—meet habitant of this wild borderland of rugged mountain and arid plain. Besides these striking figures the Sirdars, in heavily embroidered surtouts of crimson and lace and russet, despite their Kabul caps and baggy breeches, looked almost tame.

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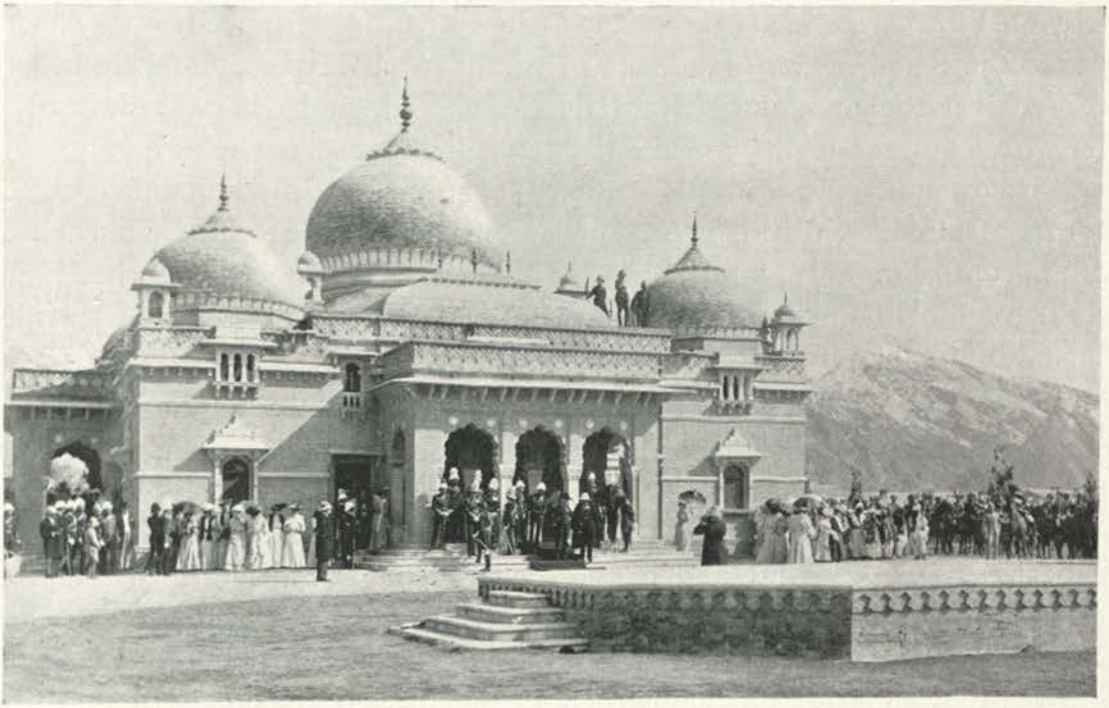
* The maund, the standard Indian measure of weight, is eighty-two pounds.

Conspicuous, even in this assemblage of what the Americans would call "real live men," who paid homage to their Emperor's son with a proud dignity that had not in it a trace of servility, were the representatives of the forces that keep the peace on the borderland. One essential factor in the Sandeman system was the tribal levy—the policy of making the tribesmen their own policemen, since adopted with conspicuous success in other parts of the North-West Frontier. And when the formal presentations were over and His Royal Highness bestowed *sanads*[*] upon those who have deserved well of the Government, no figure challenged more general admiration than the soldierly Subadar-Major of the Zhob Levy Corps, which was raised almost immediately after Sir Robert's expedition through the valley. A little later, an illustration was given of the character of some of the men who compose these militia. A Havildar and two sepoys were called up and the Prince pinned on their breasts the Order of Merit of British India of the Third Class, awarded for conspicuous courage. In a raid on the Shinbaz post, last April, Havildar Heyat Khan, who was in command, continued fighting, though wounded, and by his personal example encouraged his men to continue the defence; Sepoy Ali Jan, when



The Sandeman Hall, Quetta.

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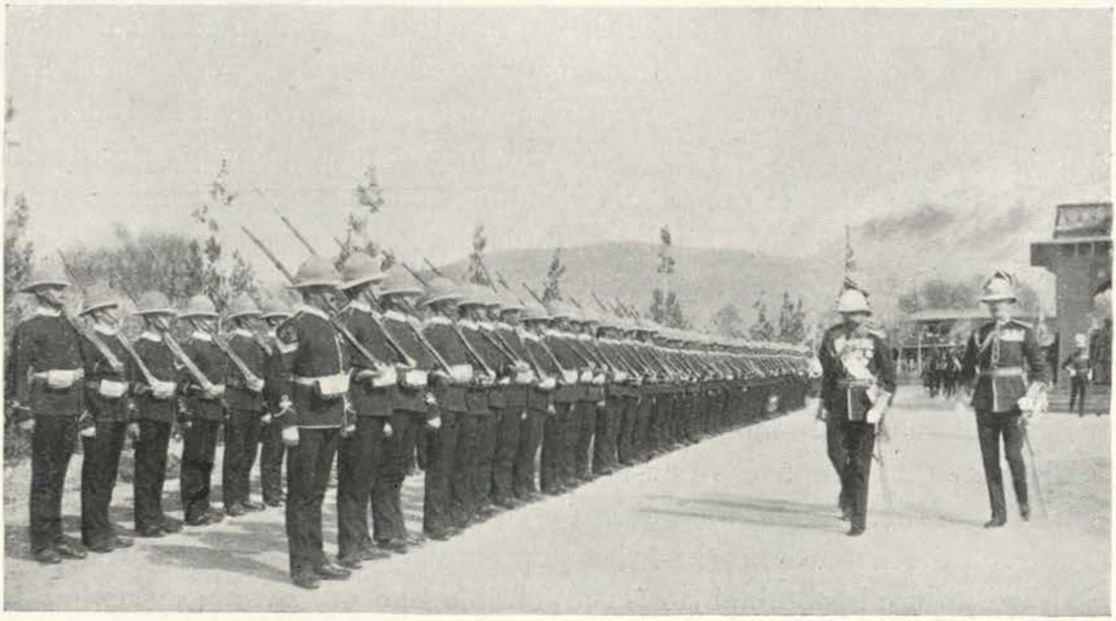
[*] Sanads: Charters. The parchment sheets on which are engrossed all Government Grants.

left severely wounded in a lower room in the hands of the raiders, at imminent risk of his life shouted to his comrades in the upper room that the ceiling was being lighted, and enabled them to extinguish the flames; and Sepoy Sultan Khan put out the flames although in so doing he exposed himself to a heavy fire.

March 14th.

The comparatively open country south of Kandahar butts against the Khwaj Amran mountains—more familiarly known as the Khojak Range. At the foot of the hill crouches the little station of Chaman—sixty miles from Kandahar—which is our actual frontier line against Eastern Afghanistan. Of old the only route over the Khwaj Amran was the pass, trodden by the invaders of India, and if Sir Robert Sandeman had had his way, the railway would have crossed the hills by the path followed for centuries by truculent *powindahs,** as well as the foreign legions. But probably alarmed by their terribly costly experiences in the Bolan and the Harnai, the Government, in the late eighties, resolved on a tunnel, and, three years later, after a severe struggle with the inflowing water, the bore, which the late Amir likened to "a knife thrust in his vitals," was complete. After emerging from the mountain side, the railway climbs down the spurs of the Khwaj Amran for ten miles, and then enters the broad, open Pishin



The Guard of Honour, Quetta Durbar.

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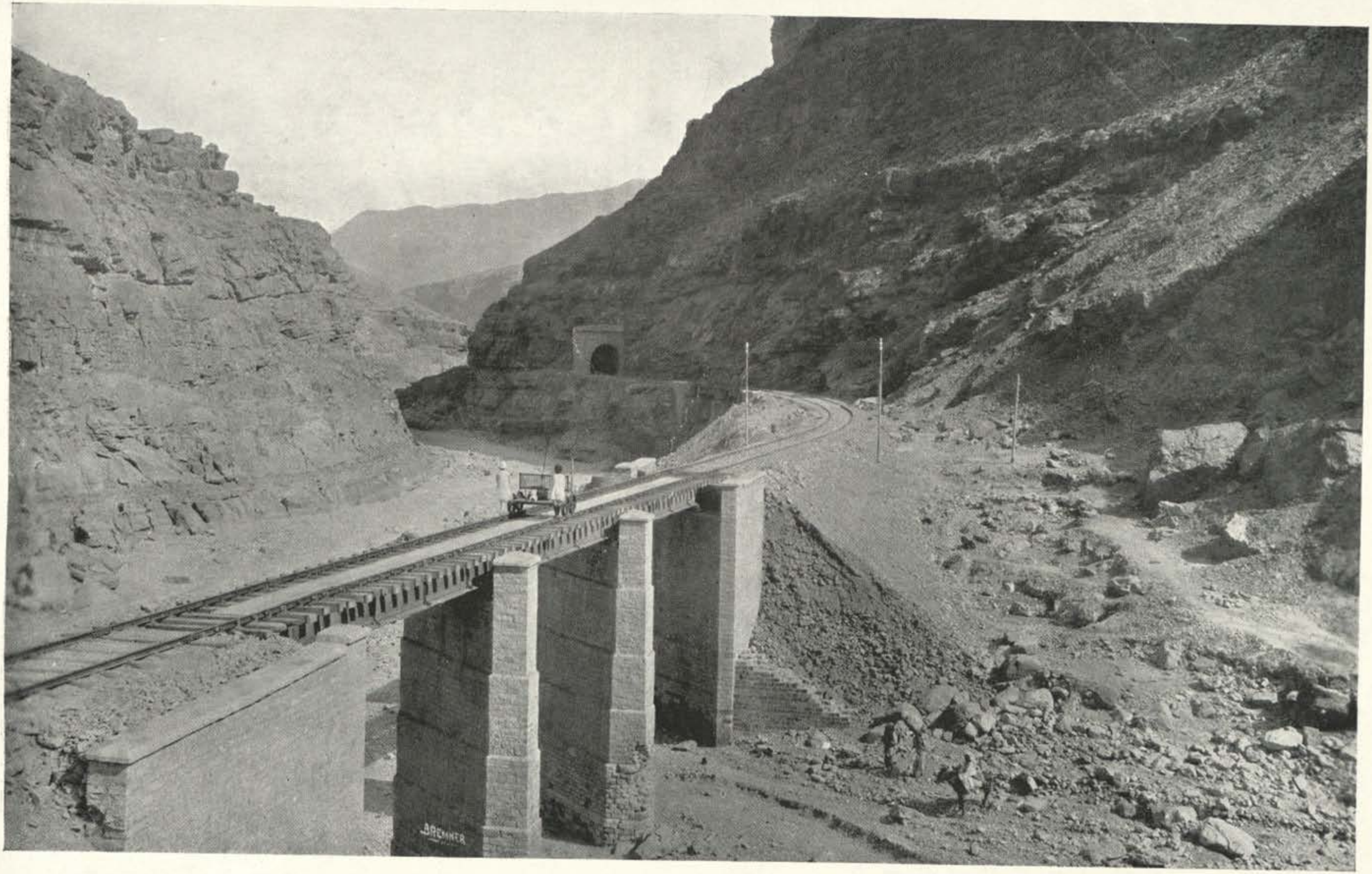
* Powindahs: Truculent military traders.

Valley. Such, in brief, is the position on the first line of defence on this section of our North-Western Frontier.

The Pishin Valley flows placidly on until it strikes against the chain of hills hemming in Quetta, where it meets a mountain barrier, rising at Takatu, Murdar and Chhiltan to a height of near eleven thousand feet. It carries the easy line to Bostan, where it bifurcates, one branch running through the famous Chappar rift and Harnai, the other through Quetta and down the Bolan, above the ruins of the two earlier lines wrecked by the floods, until they unite at Sibi. But the mountain barrier isolating Quetta is not complete. At Baleli a narrow neck of level ground unites the Quetta and Pishin Valleys, and the encircling chain of hills is broken by other passes, difficult, dangerous perhaps, but practicable for armed men. These passes are dominated by the immense line of defensive works which make Quetta rank with Attock as one of the two great fortresses in India. Its natural strength has been so increased by art that, more especially with the improvement in the range and deadliness of modern rifle fire, so sound an officer as Sir Thomas Holdich regards the position as absolutely barring this section of the frontier in present circumstances to the invader.

This was the position which Their Royal Highnesses spent an active afternoon in investigating. They drove up the road leading to the crest of the ridge commanding the Baleli entrance, to the fine new battery named after that stout frontier soldier General Lockhart, whence Major-General Smith Dorrien was able to point out the broad scheme of this section of the defence works—the gun emplacements, located wherever a good field of fire is obtainable over a possible line of advance; the infantry positions, and the little holding grounds on the ridge where the cat-like Mountain Batteries get a foothold; the roads that would enable the defenders to mass superior forces at any threatened point whilst the enemy was laboriously climbing over horrible ground; and the paths that would allow any accessible ridge speedily to be crowned. Then, in the particular battery which was their eyrie, they were able to study the development of the art of fortification. For this particular position is the newest in the Quetta chain and was not constructed until the lessons of the Boer War had sunk well home. It embodies the latest ideas in the way of concealment, shelter, and protected accessibility from behind.

Near the Lockhart Battery rises the ridge that gives the most commanding *coup d'œil* of Quetta that is at all accessible, and with unabated energy Their Royal Highnesses determined to ascend it. Until recently



Scene on the Bolan Railway.

only the barest Pathan path climbed its rugged steeps and scarps, but the Pioneers have now hewn a road just practicable for mules. So the Prince mounted a sturdy Persian, and Her Royal Highness was borne in an improvised sedan chair by the men of the Army Bearer Corps. Even the hardy mules found the stiff and steep path more than arduous, and although the latter part of the ascent was up heights where the snow lay thick, their shaggy coats were bedraggled with sweat, and the bearers did not get more than half way. But the reward was worth the toil, for from the summit the Prince was able to seize the position at a glance. He saw the distant Khwaj Amran, still flecked with their winter snow, and the broad Pishin Valley, veined with magenta where the warm rock outcropped. He saw the mud-paved Quetta Valley whereon the growing station and cantonment were so overwhelmed that they looked no more than the shadow of a passing cloud. He saw the white-capped peaks that are the glory of the Quetta landscape silhouetted against a sky of the most perfect azure, and the scars made by the Engineers wherever it is necessary to place a gun, to prepare an infantry position, or to provide the means for the rapid movement of troops. Indeed, Quetta and its surroundings were spread out like an exceedingly legible map.

Baluch Types.

During these pleasant days Their Royal Highnesses have come into contact with every side of the dominating military influence of Quetta. After taking tea informally with Major-General and Mrs. Smith Dorrien, they walked to the new Soldiers' Park, which the station owes to its present ardent Commandant and which will be a boon to the growing garrison. They also walked through the Soldiers' Club, which has become so popular that its considerable extension is an imperative necessity, and delighted the members by promising to give some pictures for the walls. They dined with the General on Monday evening, and met the principal Officers of the Division, and to-day they lunched with the Officers of the Welsh Regiment at their Mess. One of their last semi-official acts was to pay a modest tribute to the splendid frontier officer to whose genius and courage Baluchistan owes its peace and prosperity. They planted in the Residency compound, as near as possible to the spot where Sir Robert Sandeman first pitched his tent, a hawthorn bush.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Outpost.

TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN—'TWIXT QUETTA AND THE BORDER—A MEETING GROUND FOR ARMIES—BRITISH PREPARATIONS—MOBILISATION SIDINGS AND CAMPING GROUNDS—THE RAILWAY TO KANDAHAR—A PEACEFUL FRONTIER—PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—FRUITS OF SANDEMAN'S WORK—THE KHOJAK TUNNEL—LEAVING THE FRONTIER—STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF QUETTA—THE ROAD DOWN THE BOLAN.

CHAMAN, *March 15th.*

THE Quetta plateau flows North into the Pishin Valley through Baleli, and the Pishin plain washes the Khwaj Amran mountains, which constitute our real frontier against Western Afghanistan. But a frontier on the wrong side of the hills is apt to circumscribe the vision. So in the final rectification of the boundary line the demarcating pillars were pushed a few miles over the mountains into the champaign that lies across the watershed, and an arbitrary line was set up just beyond Chaman. Then, to avoid leaving the outpost in the air, the mountains were pierced by the Khojak Tunnel, and a double line of rails run from the junction of the Bolan and Harnai routes at Bostan into the open country that leads to Kandahar. Here, to-day, the Prince and Princess of Wales stood, a span or two from the actual limit between India and Afghanistan, and looked out over the great stretch of prairie whereon our legions will mass if ever India is menaced from this quarter. It was their first glimpse of the actual Frontier, as the boundary on the Peshawar side is not visible from the fort of Landi Kotal, where they halted after their drive through the Khyber.

And what a frontier! From Cape Comorin to Peshawar there is nothing more typically illustrative of the unpretentiousness of Indian administrative methods. From the railway station a well macadamised road leads to within a mile of the whitened pillars which mark off India from Afghanistan. Thence the old highway to Kandahar meanders through the plain and.

unless you were told that the boundary marks existed, you might be pardoned for wandering into forbidden territory. Not a soldier, not even a *chowkidar*,* places a bar upon your progress. Not a Customs' barrier, not an octroi post, warns you that the Amir's possessions must not be infringed upon. The prairie rolls on until it strikes the low ochreous hills a dozen miles away. Half that distance from you there rises a little ridge, crowned by three tiny towers like khaki oil tanks. That is Spin Baldak Fort, where the Amir's Governor keeps watch for intruders, and for subjects who disobey his own peculiar laws. Towards Quetta the modest station buildings are barely discernible, nor the mud brick barracks that shelter the battalion in garrison. The fort that stands on the outskirts of the cantonment scarcely deserves that name. With good glasses you may trace the passage of the railway as it laboriously climbs the spurs of the Khwaj Amran before plunging into its vitals through the Khojak Tunnel, but apart from these almost illegible signals to its real purpose, the veldt might be the undisturbed possessions of the picturesque horsemen galloping over it, of the nomadic goat-herds and wild camelmen who lazily emerge from their skin hovels to gaze at the strangers.

The Fort, Chaman.

Nature designed the Khwaj Amran to be the frontier between neighbouring States. From these snow-capped hills there is no other great natural obstacle, not only as far as Kandahar, but far beyond to Herat and the southernmost limits of the Russian advance. She also spread out this campagna to be the meeting ground for armies. Not Divisions but Army Corps might here be cantoned with ease. If you care to look beneath the surface, there are already many signs for those who would read of the important military purpose to which it has already been put. The railway station differs in no material respect from scores of others in India, but from it radiate the sidings which would enable the biggest force that

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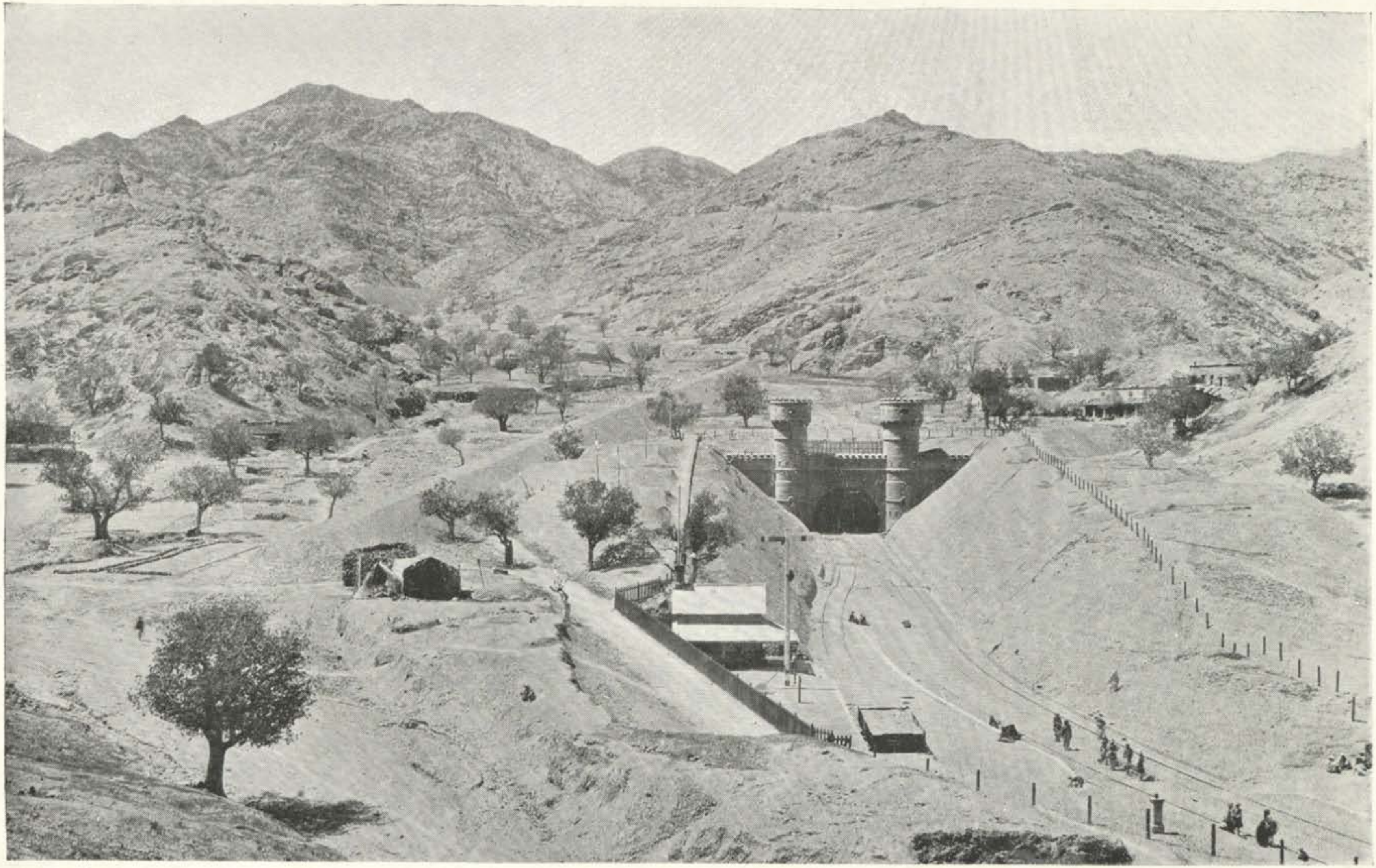
* Chowkidar : a native watchman.



Entrance to the Khojak Tunnel.

could be mobilised to detrain as fast as the double approach massed it at Chaman. The scanty herbage of the down-like land is studded with red blobs. These mark the sites of the camps, which are ready for the reception of two Divisions whenever they are required. The fatigue party of Sappers at work are repairing the water-pipes that would supply the camps, and which the predatory Afghan is constantly cutting for the sake of the metal. At the station yard are assembled the rails and sleepers, the wires and the girders that would rush the rail-road forward to Kandahar at record speed if there were need to stiffen the capital of Western Afghanistan against foreign attack. So far have the immense natural difficulties of this frontier been supplemented by art, that it is almost inconceivable that anyone will butt against it until the conditions to the north are vitally altered.

Sir Stuart Beatson, Military Secretary.

Here, on the confines of the Empire, His Royal Highness performed a graceful ceremony that carried one back to the most settled districts of the country. Without any special precautions and with much less of military display than has usually accompanied state or semi-state functions, he drove to the parade ground and presented new colours to the 127th Baluchis, now quartered at Chaman. Nothing could better illustrate the soundness and permanence of Sir Robert Sandeman's work than this unostentatious, peaceful gathering in a country peopled by the wildest nomadic tribesmen, and within a stone's throw of the Afghan kingdom. The material Sandeman had to deal with differed in many important particulars from that on the Peshawar side of the Frontier. The Baluch is less fanatical than the Pathan, and he possessed a better organised tribal system that made political action more practicable than with the unfettered democracies north of the Gomal. But Sandeman's success with the section of the Waziris who came under his jurisdiction was so marked, that one cannot but premise that if his methods had been simultaneously adopted all along the Frontier, we should not now be wondering how long the peace of the new Province will be maintained. The regiment receiving its new colours from His Royal Highness well deserved this honour. Raised by Sir Charles Napier in Karachi in 1844, it served in the Mutiny, taking part in the siege of Delhi and the campaigns in Oudh and Rohilkhand. Its share in the Abyssinian Expedition is marked by the presence amongst the Mess plate of a finely-chased cross, given by Sir Charles after the capture of Magdala. Its colours have been borne in Afghanistan, Burma, East Africa, Egypt and China, and its detachment composed the major part of the force that captured Nodiz Fort, in Mekran, five years ago.

Then from the walls of the fort the Prince and Princess saw the principal features of Chaman, under the ciceronage of General Smith Dorrien, who knows every inch of this borderland. The outward journey was made at night, so Their Royal Highnesses were not able to view the great engineering obstacles pluckily surmounted when the railhead was carried from Bostan to the Frontier. But returning, they saw how the line, which, as it leaves Chaman, seems to butt right into the hills, climbs their flanking spurs in long sweeps, doubling back on each other like a hare's track, steadily mounting in much the same fashion as the railway ascends the St. Gothard. To appreciate the character of the works, however, one should enjoy the privilege of a seat on the front of the engine, for then only can you realise the stiffness of the gradient, which makes the powerful locomotive sob like a distressed athlete, drawing its burden up a continuous slope of one in forty. The moment it dips into the Khojak Tunnel the air is filled with a metallic singing as if billions of cicalas had been disturbed and the atmosphere has the cold nippiness of a sharp frost. Suddenly there appears in the distance a faint torch-like gleam, which instantly changes into a flash of dazzling incandescence, stabbing the darkness like the aceteline headlight of

A Baluch Encampment.

an advancing locomotive. But it is the noonday sun penetrating the southern entrance, and the straining engine at once breathes freely, for the ascent is over, and it slides easily down the falling gradient. There is but one drawback ; the water that pours in torrents from the roof is a reminder of the heavy body that was tapped when the tunnel was being bored, and handicapped the engineers until the headings were completed. At the exit from the bore trollies were in waiting to run Their Royal Highnesses down the spurs of the Khwaj Amran to Gulistan.

At Quetta Their Royal Highnesses bade farewell to the Frontier, which during the pleasant days spent at Jammu, Peshawar—with the drive through the Khyber,—Quetta and Chaman they had come to know intimately. It is one of the many contradictions of life in the East that in Quetta, the narrow spit of British India thrust into tribal territory and the keystone of the system of frontier defence, they should have been able to thrust state and escorts aside. The frontier associations of Englishmen are so largely bound up with the sinister memories of the Khyber that the importance of Quetta is only understood by those who have studied the Border. Yet, in all human probability, if ever the legions of Britain are massed for a continental war, it is on the Quetta-Herat line that the heaviest force will be concentrated. Sir Thomas Holdich, whose knowledge of the Indian Borderland is not surpassed, asserts that the importance of Quetta as the outpost to Western India can hardly be overestimated ; it occupies a position of great natural strength and strategic significance. "Knowing full well the nature of the country that intervenes between Quetta and Herat to the North-West, between Quetta and Seistan to the West, or between Quetta and the Arabian Sea Coast to the South-West, I find it impossible to indicate any possible line of advance on the Sind, or Southern section of the North-Western Frontier of India, that would not be dominated by the Quetta position." At Quetta lies one of the keys to the back door of India. At Kabul lies the other. If these two doors are locked—the Quetta

Guardians of the Road.

defences are regarded as impregnable—there is no need for apprehension as to the military safety of India. The broad outlines of this keystone of the Indian Empire are now as familiar to the Prince and Princess as the purlieus of Sandringham.

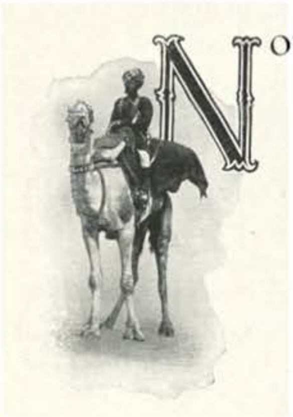
Unfortunately the length of the coaches on the Royal train did not allow Their Royal Highnesses to return by the Harnai route, across the daring Margaret Louise Bridge that spans the Chappar Rift. The days are long past when the voracity of the frontier railways was a nightmare to Indian financiers—when the repeated gigantic slips at Mud Gorge, on the Harnai Line, so dismayed the Engineers that in 1893 a commission declared that it could never be relied upon; when the Bolan line was twice overwhelmed by floods; and when the work on the Khojak Tunnel was so heavy that European miners had to be engaged. Given time and money there is little that the Indian railway engineer cannot accomplish. He has made the frontier railways as safe as the Great Western. But in passing up and down the Bolan, paved with the bones of the transport animals lost in our Afghan wars, the Prince and Princess gleaned a vivid impression of the appalling desolation conquered by the railway, and from the now secure track looked down on the traces of two abandoned railways and one wrecked military road which stamp with the mark of failure redeemed the wild and narrow Bolan gorge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Karachi: The Last Stage.

A VIOLENT CONTRAST—FRONTIER CITY AND BUSTLING PORT—WINTER AND SUMMER—THE SPIRIT OF KARACHI—ITS BUOYANT CONFIDENCE—A GREAT GRAIN PORT—THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL SPEECH—A GRACEFUL APPRECIATION—A REMINISCENCE OF ZULULAND—SIND VICTORIA MEMORIAL—LAST DAY IN INDIA—AN INVESTITURE—HONOURS FITTINGLY BESTOWED—THE FAREWELLS—A LAST GLIMPSE—LORD LAMINGTON'S MESSAGE.

KARACHI, *March 17th.*



NOTHING could better illustrate the immense variety of conditions encountered in India than the journey of Their Royal Highnesses from Quetta to Karachi. They left the mountain fortress on Friday morning in the clear, bracing cold of an English Spring, and bade farewell to a landscape that, in many of its features, must have reminded them of Home. Then the Royal train dropped easily down the stiff gradients of the Mushkaf-Bolan Railway, running through scenery of appalling barrenness. They saw the last of the picturesque tatterdemalions who guarded the line, and of the stalwart Levy police, with revolver and scimitar buckled round white robes falling with classical simplicity. Then at Sibi, and in the run across the desolate *Put* * to Ruk, they experienced a suspicion of what the hot weather can mean in these wastes, and at Karachi returned to the atmosphere of profound peace and prosperity, characteristic of the modern Indian sea-port towns. Here, too, there was an end to furs and tweeds, and a resort to the cool white duck and simple muslins worn in Bombay.

Not even the most enthusiastic Karachi resident—and who, living in Karachi, is not an enthusiast?—would call this city of the future beautiful. But everyone who has visited Karachi has experienced its buoyant spirit and joyous hospitality, and those characteristics were imparted to its welcome of Their Royal Highnesses on this last stage of their tour. The streets blossomed into the usual display of bunting, and the whole station gathered in the pavilion for the formal reception of the Royal visitors. Karachi pays the penalty of its newness and prosperity in possessing few of the ethnological and distinctive features that lend colour and life to other parts of India; and in all this large assemblage there was nothing to arrest the eye but the venerable figure of the Mir of Khairpur, who brought a whiff of those fierce swordsmen's battles that won for Britain the possession of Sind, and the inverted top hats peculiar to the province, which must have been devised in a spirit of caricature. On the platform the Prince and Princess were met by Lord Lamington; Sir Archibald Hunter, Commanding the Western Army Corps; Major-General Smith Dorrien, who includes Karachi in his Frontier command; Major-General Duff, who came to convey the Army's farewell; and Mr. Younghusband, the Commissioner in Sind. And nothing gave greater pleasure than to notice that, in honour of St. Patrick's day, the Princess had pinned into her dress a bunch of shamrock. A pleasant personal recollection hung round these little sprigs of green. When the Duke of Connaught last visited India, the Royal representative of the King at the Proclamation Durbar, he planted shamrock at Quetta. In its strange surroundings the plant wilted, and seemed to have died; this year it burst into vigorous life, and the first sprigs from their uncle's shamrock were gathered for the Prince and Princess to wear to-day.

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* Put: The waterless waste lying between the Indus and Sibi.

The Mir of Khairpur.

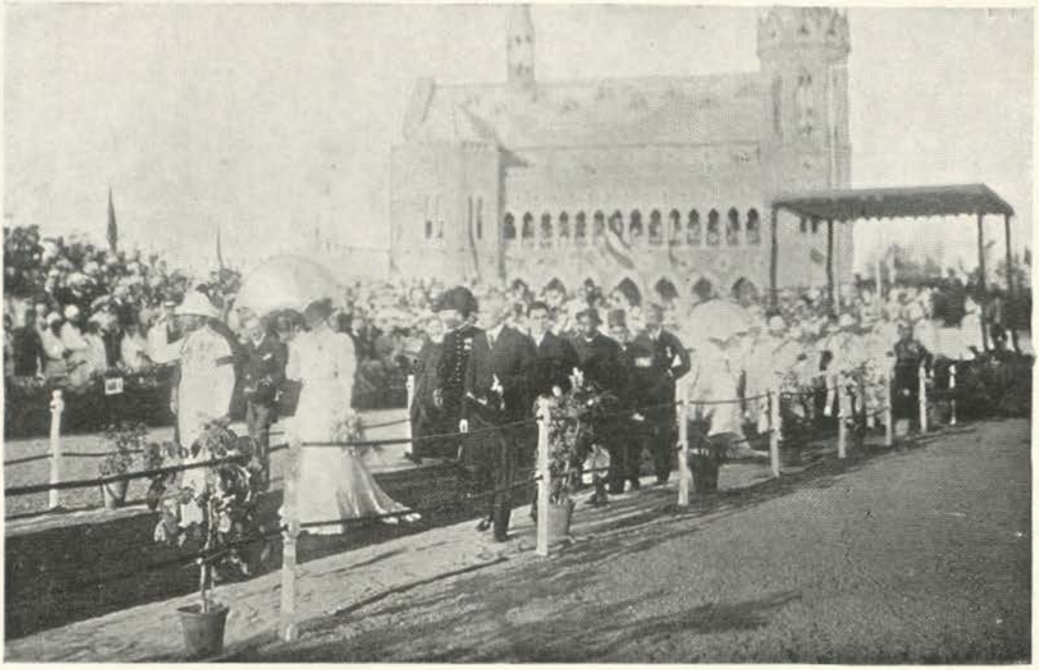
In Quetta the address of the Municipality brought forcibly before Their Royal Highnesses the transformation wrought by a quarter of a century of British rule. The same story was unfolded at Karachi, though as the tranquillising forces have been longer at work, and the soil was more suitable, the results have been proportionately greater. Already Karachi can claim to have exported in a single year thirteen hundred thousand tons of wheat as the result of the irrigation policy pursued in the Punjab and Sind. The works now in progress in the "Land of the Five Rivers" will create three new colonies—the Upper Jhelum, the Upper Chenab and the Lower Bari Doab; and when these are completed, funds will probably be found for the

Sind-Sagar Doab Scheme, with its barrage across the mighty Indus. So that in the course of a decade, Karachi is destined to grow into one of the biggest grain ports in the world.

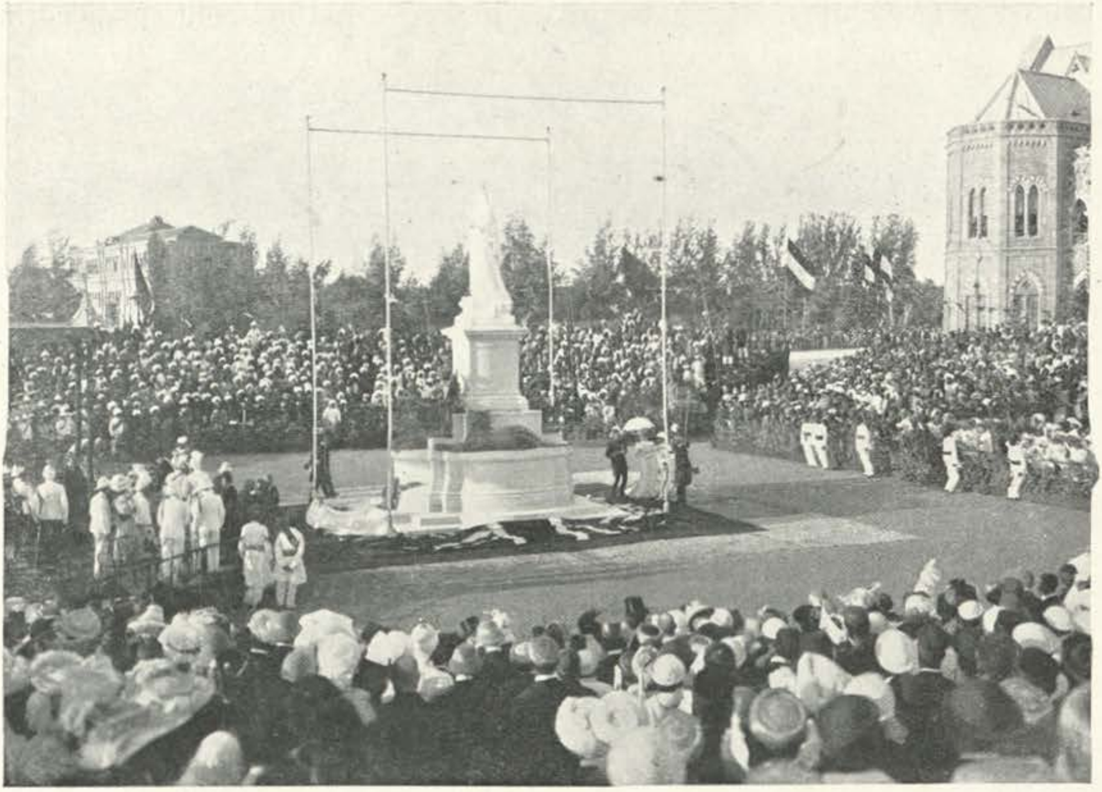
The Prince's reply to the Municipal address, in which the progress of Karachi was strongly emphasised, really expressed Their Royal Highnesses' farewell to India, although the *Renown* will not sail until Monday evening, and after wishing the Karachi Municipality prosperity in the great work that lies before it, the Prince said :—

> Your concluding words of God-speed, for which we are both most grateful, remind us, alas ! that our visit to India is near its end. I can assure you, and our other friends in all parts of this great and wonderful land, that we leave India with feelings of gratitude and affection. We have seen and have learned much ; we have seen enough to make India a living reality to us ; enough to make us wish that we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts a sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow-subjects in India, of whatever creed or race.
>
> Although our receptions everywhere were the scenes of brightness and splendour, and we have been greeted by thousands of cheerful and happy faces, we have not forgotten the hard lives led by those in the trying climates of the plains, and we know of the miseries which beset the patient, hardworking peasant when the rains do not come in due season. We are both sincerely thankful to have been privileged to visit India, and to have gained impressions which, with future study and observation, will enable me to try and understand some of the problems of British Administration, for I fully appreciate the advantage which a visit to this great continent must give to anyone in considering even the simplest Indian questions.
>
> Our journey has, in all parts of India, been most happy and delightful, thanks to the love and goodwill which have been evinced by all classes. We have been deeply impressed by that feeling of loyalty to the Crown, and devotion to the person of the King-Emperor, which has been displayed ever since we first set foot on Indian soil, and we have been also greatly touched by the evident memories of affection towards my dear brother which still remain in the hearts of those with whom he was brought in contact during his stay in India some sixteen years ago. In bidding India farewell, we can truly say that our visit has been to us an unending and unbroken series of happy and most instructive experiences.

This generous appreciation of all the Prince and Princess have seen, and its full recognition that even the varied experiences of a Royal tour serve but as the introduction to the study of Indian problems, caused the deepest satisfaction ; but even this was submerged by His Royal Highness' characteristic sympathy with that side of Indian life of which he could necessarily see little—the toil of the dweller in the plains, the precarious lot of the struggling peasantry. After the Municipal Councillors had been presented, the Prince and Princess of Wales drove in full state to Government House, escorted by the 36th (Jacob's Horse) and passing through roads lined with troops. One episode of the military display had its tragic side. Outside the station was drawn up a smart guard-of-honour of the South Wales Borderers, and the colours they bore were those saved from the melancholy day of Isandhlwana. There were with His Royal Highness two officers with a near interest in that action: Major-General Smith Dorrien actually participated in the fighting, and Sir Arthur Bigge was with another of Lord Chelmsford's columns. It was pathetic to see the tattered silk paraded in a city stamped with the genius of Bartle Frere, because, if there had been no such blundering in the Zulu War as led to Isandhlwana, there might have been no wrecking of that great man's career, no years of humiliation in South Africa, culminating in the great sacrifice. His Royal Highness betrayed the keenest interest in the incident.


Sind Victoria Memorial: The Procession.

The Mir of Khairpur, and others entitled to the honour, were received at Government House in the morning, and Their Royal Highnesses' last official act in India was a peculiarly graceful one. It was to do what they have willingly consented to perform upon so many previous occasions on this progress—to participate in the visible expression of the love and gratitude of the Indian peoples for Queen Victoria. The Sind Memorial is a white marble statue of the Empress-Queen, wearing her widow's veil and the Imperial crown and robes of state, and holding in her hands the sceptre and the orb. On each side of the plinth are carved projecting ship's bows, emblematic of naval supremacy. At the feet of the pedestal are statues in bronze, the principal group representing India approaching Justice and Peace. At the rear of the pedestal an allegorical figure of a woman, heavily draped and bending to her work, is depicted as pouring water from an urn upon the soil, whilst behind her there spring up luxuriant vegetation and the fruits of the earth. This typified the fertilising action of the Indus, on which Sind depends for its sustenance. The grounds immediately behind the statue are, with the Prince's permission, to be named the Queen's Lawn. The Memorial appropriately stands in the gardens of the Hall called after the late Sir Bartle Frere, one time Commissioner in Sind, than whom Her Majesty had no more brave and devoted servant, and Bombay no more wise and sympathetic Governor.



Sind Victoria Memorial. Unveiled.

There were yet two more official functions to close the busy day. The leading residents of the Province met within the hospitable walls of Government House for the state dinner, and all Sind afterwards attended the Reception. It was remarked with the keenest pleasure that although Their Royal Highnesses had passed through an exacting day at the end of a long railway journey, and in a much warmer climate than that to which they have recently been accustomed, they were never apparently in better health, or better pleased with their surroundings. In the evening, too, Karachi blazed with illuminations, and the warships in the harbour--the *Renown*, *Perseus* and *Hermès*—were etched with flame and starred the sky with coloured light.

To-day was the usual day of rest that has been observed so scrupulously throughout the tour. Their Royal Highnesses attended the Parade Service at Holy Trinity Church, and the day passed without any ceremony. But before closing this chronicle of the last stage of the progress, due acknowledgment must be made of the work of those who brought the Royal party to Karachi. From Aligarh to Quetta, and thence to Karachi, they were conveyed by the North-Western Railway. Up the Mushkaf-Bolan Railway the Royal train was hauled over gradients which between Abigaum and Kolpur are as stiff as one in twenty-five. Between Quetta and Chaman they are one in forty. But no matter how steep the climb, or how long the journey, the Royal train, with its tremendously heavy coaches, reached its destination in perfect safety, and at scheduled time. Our frontier railways have cost more money than one likes to recall, but these journeys have shown that they are maintained in a state of great efficiency and are equal to any emergency.

March 19th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales' farewell to India was marked by a simple and unaffected cordiality. This morning His Royal Highness inspected the 130th Baluchis, of which he is the Honorary Colonel. Then he held, by command of His Majesty the King-Emperor, the Investiture at which well-merited honours were bestowed upon those most directly responsible for the smooth running of the complex arrangements for the Royal Tour. The following appointments were made in the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, and the Royal Victorian Order :—

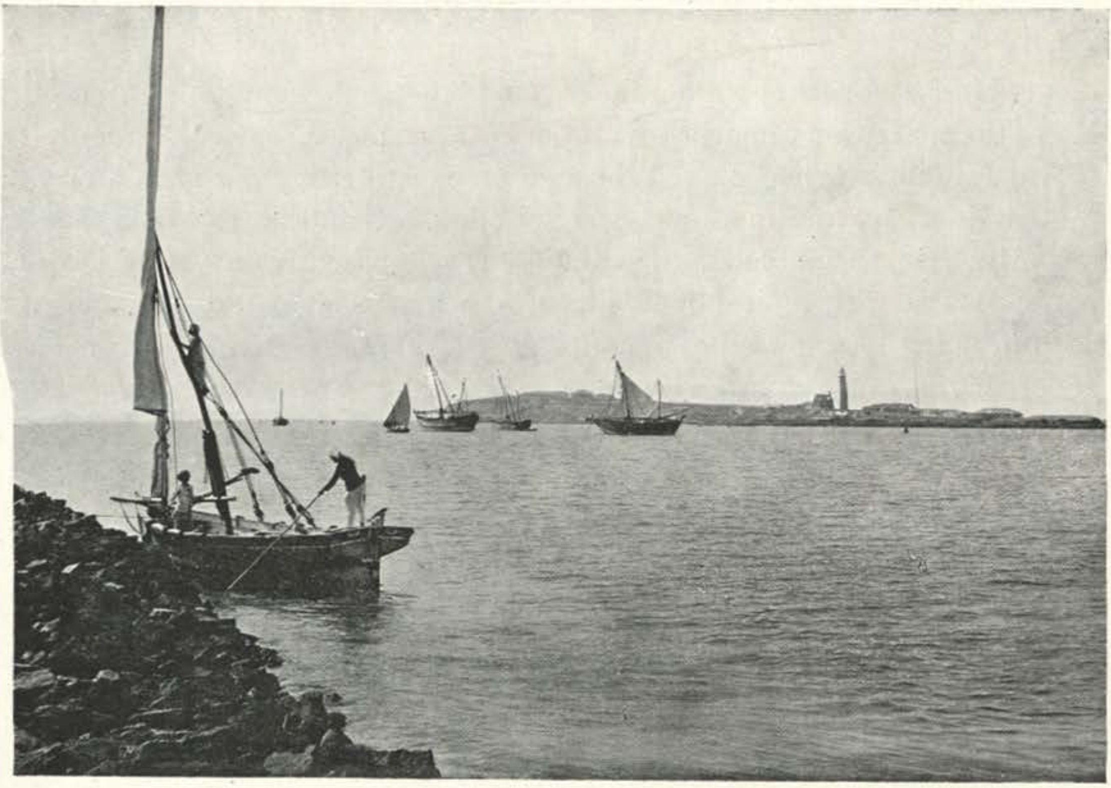
TO BE G.C.I.E.

Sir W. R. Lawrence, K.C.I.E., Chief of the Prince of Wales' Staff.

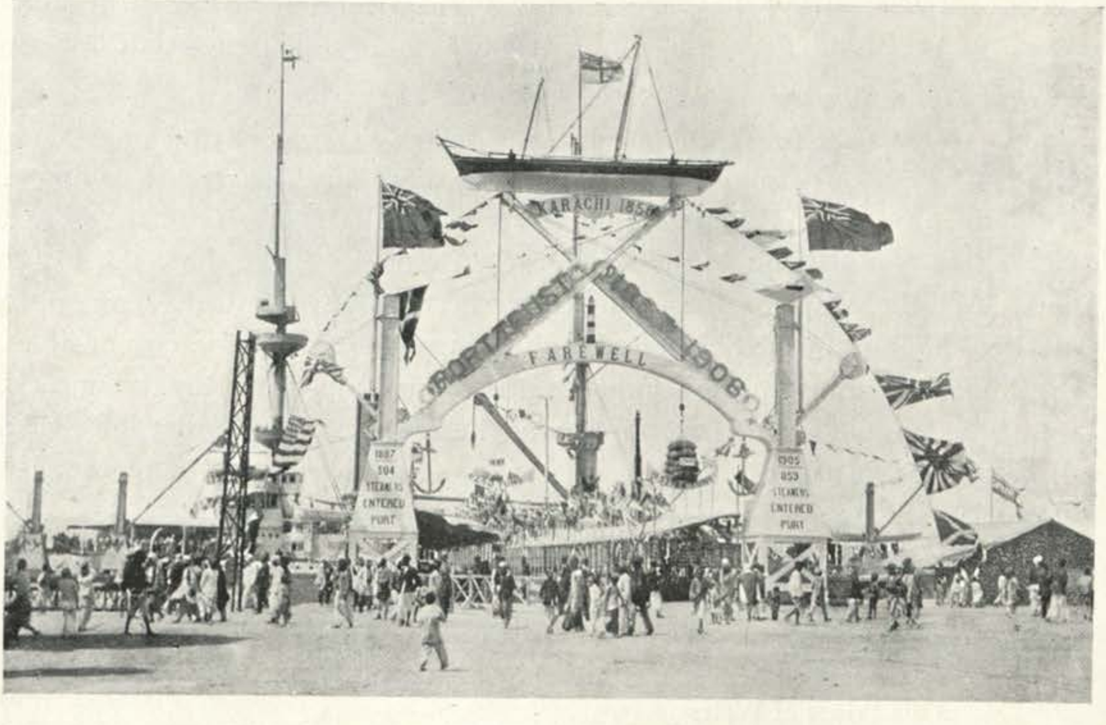
TO BE K.C.S.I.

Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales.

Major-General S. B. Beatson, C.B., Military Secretary to the Prince of Wales in India.



The Entrance to Karachi Harbour.


KARACHI 1858
PORT TRUST
1908
FAREWELL
1887
504
STEAMERS
ENTERED
PORT
1905
853
STEAMERS
ENTERED
PORT

The Port Trust Arch, Karachi.

TO BE K.C.V.O.

His Excellency Vice-Admiral E. Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in the East Indies.

Mr. F. R. Upcott, C.S.I., Chairman of the Railway Board.
Major-General B. Duff, C.B., C.I.E., Adjutant-General in India.
Mr. H. A. Stuart, C.S.I., Director of Criminal Intelligence in India.
Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Charles, I.M.S., Surgeon to the Prince of Wales in India.

TO BE A KNIGHT BACHELOR.

Mr. S. H. C. Hutchinson, Director-General of Telegraphs in India.

TO BE C.V.O.

Sir A. U. Fanshawe, K.C.I.E., Director General of Post Offices.

TO BE C.S.I.

Commodore the Hon'ble H. Tyrwhitt, M.V.O., H.M.S. *Renown*.

TO BE C.I.E.

Major R. E. Grimston,
Major C. F. Campbell,
Major H. D. Watson,
Aides-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales in India.

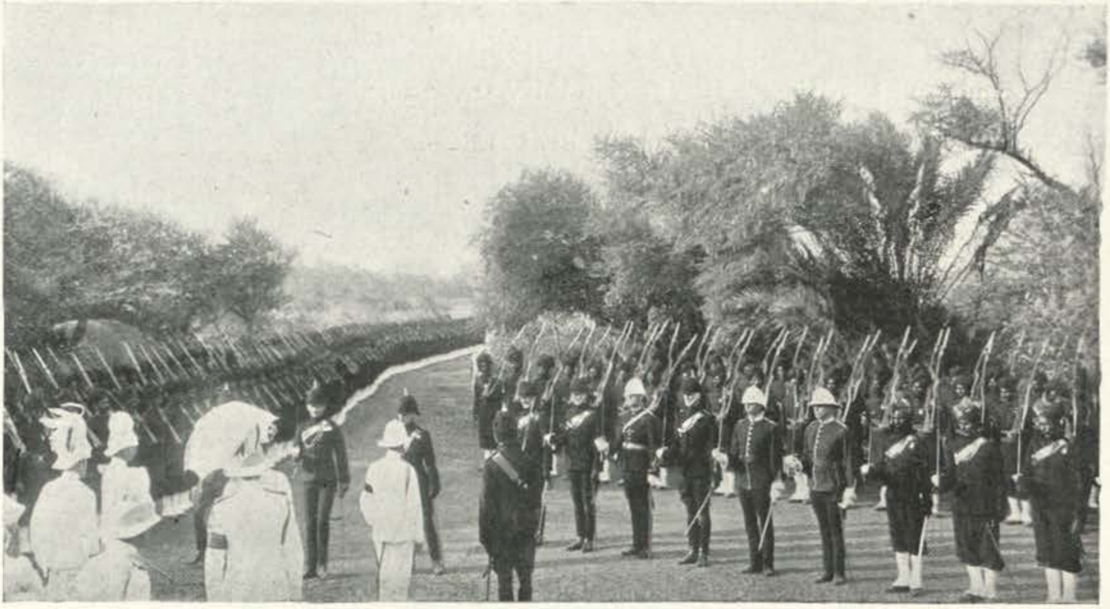
TO BE M.V.O., 4TH CLASS.

Mr. H. C. Mules, Collector, Karachi.
Munshi Azizuddin, Deputy Commissioner, Berar.
Major H. L. Roberts,
Captain L. F. Ashburner,
Captain H. Hill,
Captain G. Makins,
Captain the Hon'ble W. Cadogan,
Honorary Aides-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales in India.

TO BE M.V.O., 5TH CLASS.

Mr. Herbert Kelway Bamber, East Indian Railway.
Sardar Bahadur Ressaidar Mirza Karim Beg, of the Bhopal Victoria Lancers.

The Investiture was one of those semi-private ceremonies which help us to understand the sources of the immense popularity of the Royal Family. The Prince and Princess were splendidly served on the tour; but they are of those whom it is a joy to serve. Behind the natural devotion to duty which governed the picked men constituting their Staff lay the stimulus that the Prince and Princess were ever appreciative of service, ever considerate of those by whom they were surrounded, and ever ready to accept the little rubs which must occur in the best regulated of tours. Assuredly not less than the outward marks of recognition did every member of the Staff value the generous spoken acknowledgment which came to each one. Upon Sir Walter Lawrence devolved the main burden both of arranging and executing the broad outline of the tour. As Chief-of-the-Staff he evidenced, in even greater degree, those qualities of tact, sympathy and knowledge that made him the finest Private Secretary any Viceroy has been able to command. The wisdom with which the tour was planned, the perfect smoothness with which every detail was fulfilled, and the wide and intimate acquaintance Their Royal Highnesses were able to acquire of India, its peoples and its services, were in no small measure due to his knowledge, sagacity and discretion. The G.C.I.E. is an honour rarely conferred upon an Indian Civilian, but in no informed quarter will there be any disposition to doubt that it has been entirely wisely and appropriately bestowed.

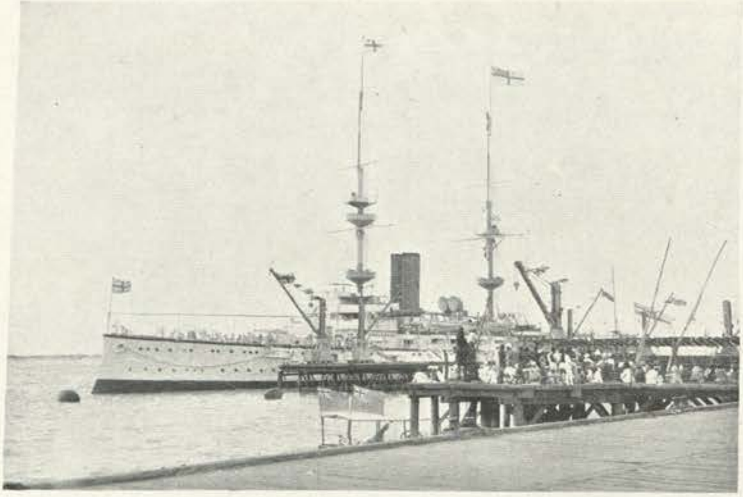


Reviewing the 130th Baluchis, Karachi.

Honours have come thickly upon Sir Arthur Bigge, and his K.C.S.I. can only be regarded as a means of still further marking His Royal Highness' appreciation of quiet, able and most devoted service. Major-General Stuart Beatson was indefatigable in the truest sense of the word, and never spared himself, or his Staff, in making the best arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses' pleasure and comfort. Vice-Admiral Poe's Naval escort, from the moment H.M.S. *Renown* entered the limits of his command, always bore testimony to his seaman-like qualities. In knighting Mr. Upcott, the Chairman of the Railway Board, the Prince of Wales expressed his sense of the facility with which the Royal party were borne the many thousands of miles they travelled over the Indian Railways—facilities that evidenced in a remarkable degree the improvements made in the amenities of travel in this country. Of Major-General Duff's abilities as Adjutant-General there could be no better proof than the great armed host assembled at Rawal Pindi. The precision with which those sixty thousand men were marshalled, manœuvred, and then marched in faultless array before Their Royal Highnesses stands out as an amazing instance of organising capacity. That was General Duff's work and it set his mark upon the office of Adjutant-General before he leaves that coveted appointment to take up the duties of Chief-of-the-Staff.

Alligator Pier, near Karachi.

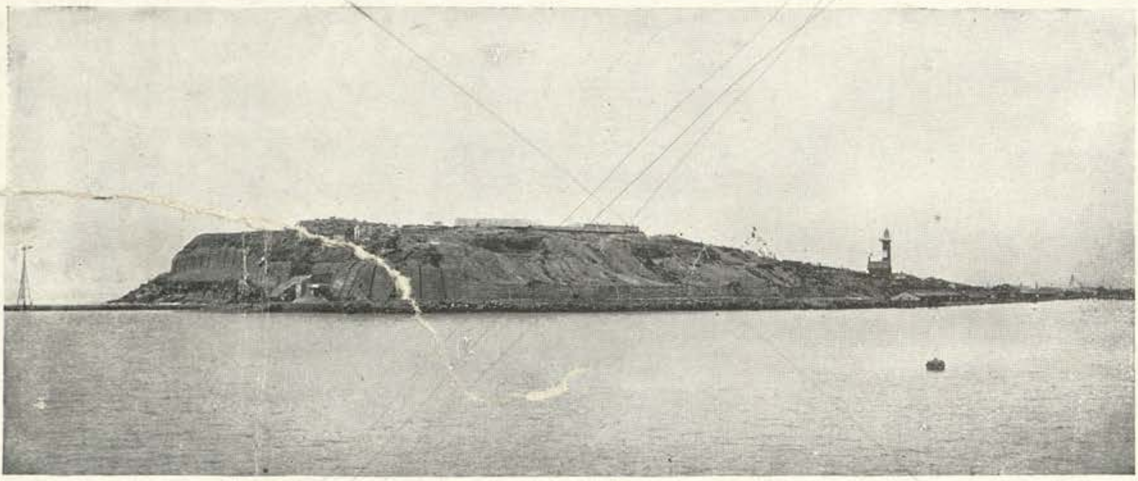
On Mr. Harold Stuart, as Director of Criminal Investigation in India, devolved the onerous task of safeguarding Their Royal Highnesses' progress from criminal interruption. Of the manner in which he performed it, an opinion may be gained from this—that from the moment Their Royal Highnesses stepped ashore in Bombay, until they left Karachi, not a single overt act occurred. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles, I.M.S., watched over Their Royal Highnesses' health with an unremitting care and skill that few understood; but there is a tinge of regret in the satisfaction with which his Knighthood will be received, because the tour marks the severance of his active and successful work in India. Sir S. H. C. Hutchinson's strenuous improvement of the Telegraph Department has benefited the whole community, and the great efficiency of the special arrangements made to meet the heavy press of traffic arising from the Royal progress has been almost beyond praise. Only those behind the scenes can appreciate how much Majors Grimston, Campbell, and Watson did to facilitate the smooth running of the detailed arrangements, and Major Watson and Captain Makins directed the handling of the masses of baggage with unvarying dexterity. Mr. H. C. Mules was tireless in making the necessary arrangements for the reception of Their Royal Highnesses in Karachi, and his honour is the more welcome, as it is rarely that distinctions fall to the uncovenanted members of the Service; whilst in Munshi Azizuddin, Sir Harold Stuart had a zealous assistant. Of Major Roberts and Captains Ashburner, Hill, Makins and Cadogan it must be repeated that only those intimately associated with the Royal tour can understand how well they performed their duties. Mr. Kelway Bamber is the designer of the train in which Their Royal Highnesses travelled so luxuriously. The name of Captain Wigram, who was Sir Walter Lawrence's right-hand man throughout the tour, does not appear in the list of honours, but he has received a Brevet-Majority.



H. M. S. "Renown" at Kiamari.

A quiet hour or two remained in which to complete the arrangements for departure; the sun was declining, and a soft, cool breeze was blowing from the sea, when the Prince and Princess set out on their last state drive in India. The *Renown* was lying off the wharf at Kiamari, and those keenly interested in the welfare of the port derived no little satisfaction from the fact that this was the first time since her keel furrowed Indian waters that the battleship-yacht was brought up alongside the quay. There were gathered all the principal residents of Sind and those who were specially deputed to bid farewell to the Royal visitors, amongst whom one noticed the tall figure of Lord Lamington; Sir Archibald Hunter; General Duff, to represent the Indian Army; Sir Arthur Fanshawe came on behalf of the Civil Service; Major-General Smith Dorrien as Commanding the Quetta Division; Mr. Younghusband as Commissioner in Sind and Mr. Gabriel, C.V.O., who had come from the Foreign Office in Calcutta to receive the personal thanks of His Royal Highness for his unremitting labours.

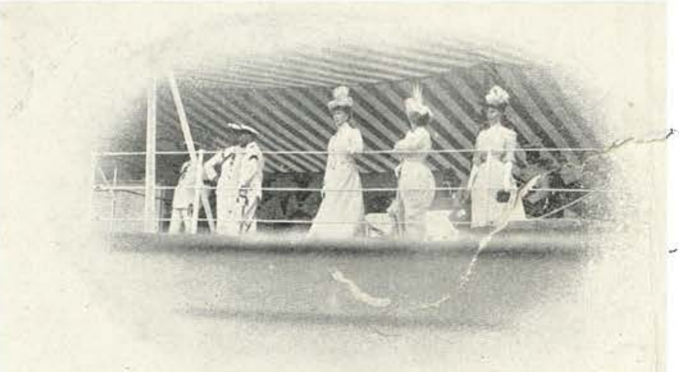
Escorted by a smart detachment of Jacob's Horse and through roads lined by the soldierly troops in the Karachi garrison, Their Royal Highnesses drove the four miles to Kiamari. There they bade a cordial farewell to all assembled to speed them. They shook hands with the Port Commissioners, and bowing to the right and to the left passed through a lane of people to the *Renown*. There was a delay of half an hour whilst farewells were said to the immediate entourage, amongst whom was gallant Sir Pertab Singh, Maharaja of Idar, who had left his State to accompany the Royal guests through India. Then the boatswain's pipes sibilated, the moorings were cast off and with the Prince of Wales' flag as Master of Trinity House at the fore, and his own standard at the main, the white-hulled battleship began to move through the water. The band struck up the National Anthem and cheer after cheer went up from the quay. The last glimpse India had of the Prince and Princess of Wales was of His Royal Highness in undress naval uniform, with a telescope tucked under his arm, saluting; Her Royal Highness in white serge, and holding binoculars, bowing her adieux. Lord Lamington put the prevailing thought



The Island of Manora, Karachi Harbour.

in words when, from the R.I.M.S. *Dufferin*, which followed the *Renown* to sea, he signalled this farewell message :—

"On behalf of Bombay Presidency I beg to express regret at the termination of a visit which will ever live in the recollections of the people as a joyous memory, and which, marked by Your Royal Highnesses' kindly interest and graciousness, will have attached them more than ever to the Throne of His Majesty the King-Emperor. I respectfully wish Your Royal Highnesses a good voyage, and a most happy return home."



Good-bye to India.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

L'Envoi.

THE CLOSE OF THE TOUR—THE ROYAL PROGRESS REVIEWED—ITS PRINCIPAL FRUITS—VENERATION FOR THE ROYAL HOUSE—SIDELIGHTS ON INDIAN LOYALTY—PERSONALITY OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS—THEIR TACT AND READY SYMPATHY—CATHOLICITY OF THEIR INTERESTS—THE DYNASTIC LINK—THE ROYAL HOUSE AND THE INDIAN PRINCES—RELATIONS WITH ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIALS—SIR WALTER LAWRENCE'S WORK—FINAL REFLECTIONS—THE REVIVAL OF KINGSHIP—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS' PART IN THIS MOVEMENT.

ON March 19th Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales passed for the last time through streets lined with the varied and striking peoples who compose the cosmopolitan population of an Indian city that owes its prosperity to the *Pax Britannica* and Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Escorted and guarded by representative units of the Indian Army—the elect of the British fighting stock and the cream of the warrior races of Asia—they drove through the streets of Karachi to Kiamari, where they embarked on board H.M.S. *Renown*. The guns boomed out the Royal salute, the stately, white-hulled warship, slipping slowly from her moorings, headed under escort for the West, and soon sank out of sight in the Hesperian sky. Their Royal Highnesses' first sight of India was Bombay, their last Karachi—cities which owe their existence entirely to the fertility of British rule, and are emblems of the stability and prosperity it has brought to Hindustan.

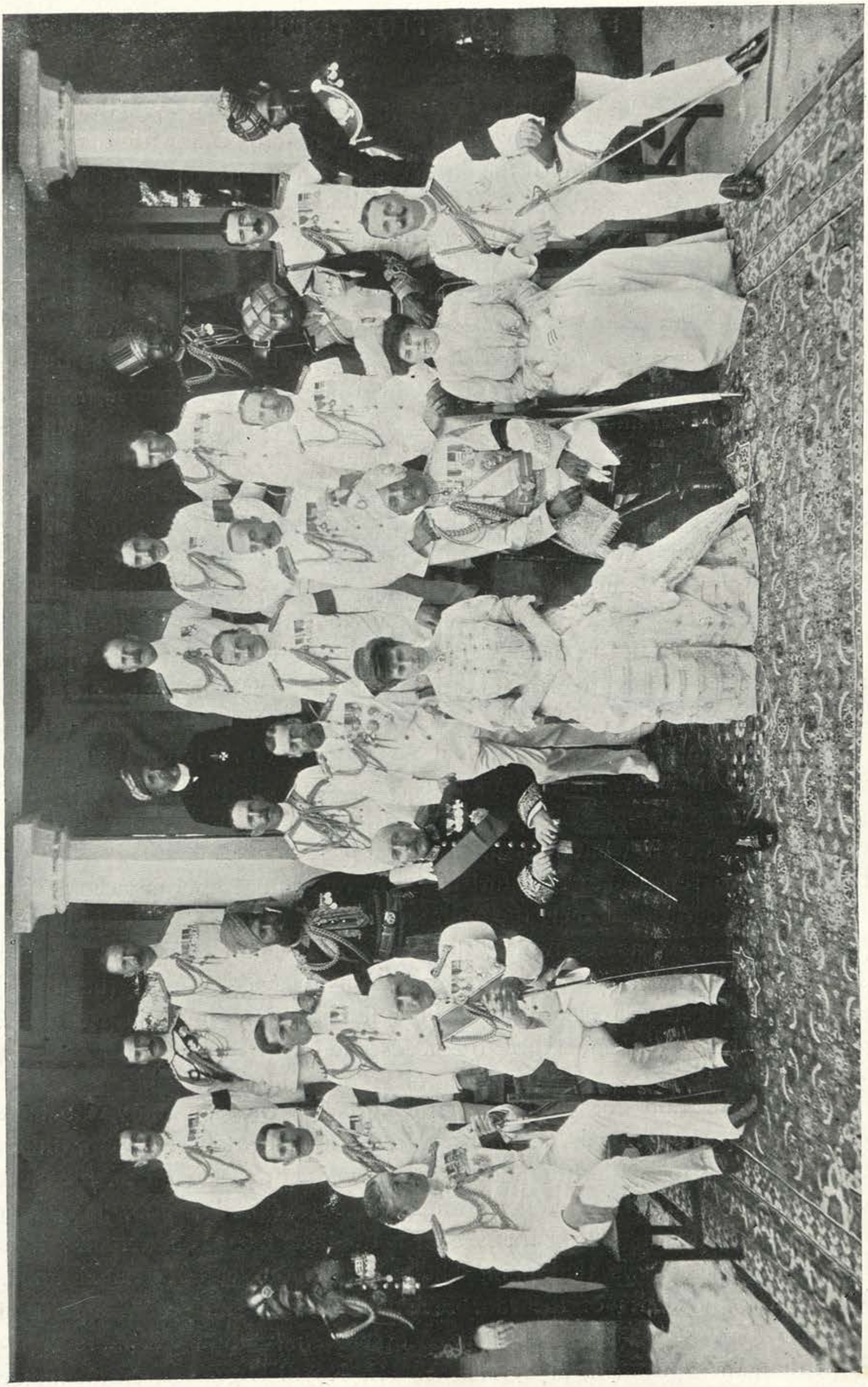
In the luxuriant history of Royal travel there are no pages more suggestive than those written in these prolific months. Since the *Renown* and her consorts steamed into Bombay, nearly half a year ago, Their Royal Highnesses have been the centre of scenes richer in life and colour, in historic and dramatic interest, in ethnological and sociological lessons, than any the world can show. From the solid magnificence and warm life of the Second City of the Empire they passed to the stirring Highlands of Central

India, and to the romantic land of the brave and chivalrous Rajputs. At Lahore they met the heads of the stout Sikh Houses whose names are synonymous with courage and loyalty, and thence passed to stormy Peshawar, where Mehtar, Khan, Nawab and Malik buried their blood feuds to pay common allegiance to the Emperor's Heir, and the Wardens of the Marches conducted them, with entire confidence, through the gloomy Khyber to the watch-tower looking out on Afghanistan. For three days in the manœuvre field, and during a long morning in the saddle at Rawal Pindi, when the mightiest armed host ever assembled in Hindustan swept by, in faultless order, with all the pomp and panoply of military display, His Royal Highness came into the closest contact with the Indian Army, and recorded his appreciation of its splendid qualities in generous terms that will long be remembered in every mess and round every camp fire.

Under the shadow of the Himalayas, overhung by wintry skies that recalled an English December, Their Royal Highnesses learnt of the important frontier responsibilities at Gilgit and Ladak associated with the Chiefship of Kashmir. At Amritsar they lent their presence to support the movement preserving the militant faith of the Indian Covenanters, and at Delhi and Agra revelled in the beauty of the unsurpassed monuments to the artistic magnificence of the Mughal Emperors. With the most gorgeous pageantry of the East, the high-minded and ardent Scindia greeted them at the base of the fortress-crowned hill which marks his State out for an influential part in the affairs of Central India, and displayed before his Royal guests the splendour of the opportunity the Fates lay before each Indian Prince when he ascends the *gadi*. The rich associations with the great epic of the Mutiny, introduced at Delhi, were renewed at Lucknow—associations which leave no bitterness, because on the Ridge at Delhi, as in the verdant grounds of the Residency, none can forget those who were true to their salt even in the darkest hour. In one sense the progress may be said to have culminated at Calcutta, where the presence of the Prince and Princess stilled all strife, where they were so directly associated with the beautiful memorial of the Indian peoples to the Queen-Empress who loved them. If so, there were glorious colours in the afterglow. There were the joyous days amongst the prosperous and happy Burmans, and the cheery, strong-featured Southern races of Madras and Mysore; the hospitality of the Nizam in his heterogeneous capital, and the exquisite beauties of the river front at Benares. Then after the productive shoot in Gwalior, which filled the gap caused by the enforced abandonment of the excursion to Nepal, wintry days amongst the snow-clothed mountains of Quetta, and a glimpse of those avenues of advance on India that the lofty position commands. In the last stage at Karachi, whose wharves are soon to be crowded with the wheat raised on what was desert until the engineer chafed it with his Philosopher's Stone, the familiar experience was repeated—the knowledge of the wealth and fertility the rule of their House has brought to the Indian peoples.

Now the Captains and the Kings have departed, the banners have been lowered, the last official ceremony is a pleasant memory. The Prince and Princess of Wales have bidden a farewell to these shores that in all human probability will be final. What fruits will be garnered from the anxious preparation and careful toil of these exuberant months? Well, the most vivid and penetrating impression left on the minds of thoughtful observers is the tremendous, the almost idolatrous, veneration in which the Indian peoples hold the Royal House of England. The craving of the oriental mind for some concrete form of personal headship is one of the commonplaces of eastern study. But the gradual absorption of this sentiment of substantive loyalty by the late Queen-Empress was a phenomenon that escaped the notice of those well versed in the trend of Indian opinion. It was a plant of slow growth, and not until the grief all India felt at the news of her demise poured forth in heartfelt expressions of love and devotion, did anyone realise how deeply it had struck its roots. Even then it was hard to say how far this spontaneous homage was paid to the Queen-Empress, whose ever-present sympathy for her eastern subjects was revealed in divers ways, or in what measure it would pass to her successors. Those dubieties were resolved at the Durbar. The reverential honour accorded to the King-Emperor's brother, the profound respect with which His Majesty's gracious message was received by that historic assembly, taught this—that although Indian loyalty to the Royal Family was created by the loving kindness of Queen Victoria, it formed an integral and splendid part of the glorious heritage she bequeathed to her descendants.

This devotion does not lie on the surface. Indeed, many who have watched the patient crowds, as after awaiting the Royal carriage for hours they allowed it to pass with an occasional *salaam* or cheer, but for the most part with silent concentrated gaze, might have been pardoned for imagining that it did not exist. But in the East it is the little things that count; it is the way of the straws that points the current of the secretive Indian mind. So the little incidents of the tour reveal far more clearly than superficial demonstration the true attitude of the people. And nothing is more significant than the episode at Mysore, when His Royal Highness, on the motor



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AND STAFF AFTER THE INVESTITURE, KARACHI.

ride to Seringapatam, stopped the car by the roadside to make sure that an injured sepoy was properly attended. "How fortunate is our brother that the Shahzada should have deigned to notice him!"—that was the exclamation of the bystanders. The fractured limb, the shock and loss—they were as nothing in comparison with the kindly notice of the King-Emperor's son. To some the raising of a regiment to the status of the Prince of Wales' Own may seem no more than a graceful compliment. "Now," said a wise British officer, when he heard of the distinction conferred on his smart corps, "I have a double grip over every man. When the recruit is enlisted I shall say to him 'This is the Shahzada's Regiment; your Colonel is your future Emperor.' He will never forget it." So when the distressed mother learnt who was the regal lady who was passing quietly through her village, she prostrated herself in the full confidence that the Rani could, if she would, order the release of her convict son. The private visit of Their Royal Highnesses to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda created a deeper impression in Burma than anything since the Annexation. Only by analysing the mental attitude revealed in these episodes can any conception be formed of the Indian view of the Royal tour.

Into this atmosphere of shy, reverential loyalty came Their Royal Highnesses. The Prince of Wales with the frank, unaffected, breezy manner of the English gentleman, cordial, warm-hearted, with the ready sympathy and kindly tact that are the heritage of his House. The Princess of Wales, a stately regal figure, gracing each ceremonial with her queenly dignity and charm, yet never entirely disguising that sweet womanly spell, which overflowed whenever she was able to cast state aside, as when she gathered the little ones round her Christmas tree at Gwalior. Surely the most splendid manifestation of the power and beauty and influence of womanhood that has ever dawned on the East, penetrating even the gloom of the purdah and bringing a ray of hope to the poor, prisoned souls behind it! Genuinely interested in everything throwing light upon the peculiar conditions of the Dependency, they have borne their high part in the long and often wearying round of ceremonial with unwavering constancy. Whenever it has been possible to get into touch with the real India that lay behind the banners and bunting, the salutes and the guards of honour, they have seized it. These incidents belong to the unwritten history of their progress. None learnt, except by accident, that the Prince and Princess drove, almost unobserved, to view Shah Jehan's dream in marble by moonlight; that the Princess spent a quiet hour in an Indian village; or that His Royal Highness walked, with a single Equerry, through the fascinating streets of Benares.

As for the character of these visits, no one knowing of the Princess of Wales' acquaintance with Indian history would envy the cicerone who was not amply equipped.

At every stage in a progress made under these conditions Their Royal Highnesses have emphasized the sympathy, insight, tolerance and appreciation that have guided their House in its relations with India since it became directly responsible for its welfare. It is, we may be sure, with no ordinary feelings that Indians of all classes have seen the Heir-apparent as ready to discuss their affairs with publicists like Sir Pherozeshah Mehta and Mr. Gokhale as with the Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors, or with a patriot in the truest sense of the term like the Maharaja Scindia. Or that whilst their unostentatious devotion to their own faith has been so quietly marked, they had interest in and sympathy for the religions typified in the Jama Masjid, the Golden Temple, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and the Bathing Ghats of Benares, to all of which they were generous supporters. The pleasure with which the Prince presented a standard to the Carabiniers was not less than that he evidenced when he committed the three colours they carry as the reward of valour to the Second Rajputs; the pride with which Their Royal Highnesses visited those memorials to British constancy and courage at Delhi and Lucknow was equalled when, by the graceful marble cenotaph at Amritsar, they heard again the story of Saragheri. Round the camp fire and in the villages of the Punjab it will long be told how, when he saw the grizzled veterans who represented the Sikh Regiments at the Khalsa College, the Shahzada examined their medals and told them that their staunchness and devotion would never be forgotten by his House or his countrymen. Nor will educated Indians of all classes forget that the interest which Their Royal Highnesses betrayed in Government foundations like the Calcutta University and the Queen's College, they readily extended to the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental and the Hindu Central Colleges. Or that when the Maharaja of Darbhanga presented a handsome *nazar* to the Prince of Wales, he devoted it to the furtherance of the greatest boon the West has conferred upon the East—the gift of healing.

In ground so ready to receive it Their Royal Highnesses planted this fruitful seed. No one who knows the East doubts that the harvest will be abundant. But it is useless constantly pulling up the roots to see how the plant is growing, or to expect the yield to be of such a character that it will arrest the unobservant eye. In India it is the things below the surface that are important; the true results of the tour are not to be learnt from the talk of the market place but from the converse in the chaoras* from Mysore to Chitral. That the tour has deepened and intensified the attachment of India to the British Crown is beyond question; but it has done much more than that: it has renewed the personal tie that means so much to an eastern people. Although few of them gazed upon her face, Queen Victoria was a personality far more real than Shah Jehan or Aurungzeb to her Indian subjects. So is His Majesty the King-Emperor, not only because he is her son, but him many of them know and have seen. Thanks to the improvement in communications, the Prince and Princess of Wales have been able to penetrate places of great political importance far beyond the scope of King Edward's progress, nor, with the solitary exception of the shooting expedition to Nepal, have their plans been disarranged by epidemic or accident. Greater facilities for travel and the collapse of those barriers which formerly isolated whole communities, as well as the rapid growth of the urban populations, have enabled a much larger proportion of the community to see the Shahzada and his consort. All this secures that for another generation at least the King-Emperor shall be one who not only inherits the wise and sympathetic traditions of the revered Queen-Empress, but who knows very much of his Indian subjects, their conditions of life and hopes and fears; whom vast numbers of them have seen and heard; whose sympathy with their institutions has been constantly evidenced in word and deed; who by his kindly acts and ready sympathy has taught a lesson that the grey-beards will repeat to their grandchildren: and that by his side there will stand a Queen who gave India her first glimpse of Imperial womanhood and whose ardent desire to leave nothing ungleaned that India could impart vitalised every stage of the Royal progress.

Again, the least satisfactory feature of British rule in India is its atmosphere of change. From the Viceroy to the District Officer the faces come and go with such bewildering frequency that no sooner does one become familiar than it is spirited elsewhere. This is one of the disagreeable necessities of the British connection, and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is in a measure because of that change that the administration is as good as it is. Still it is very unsettling, more especially as behind this incessant mutation is the ebb and flow of political life in Great Britain, with the periodic substitution of different sets of principles. True, the effects of these changes do not go as deep as they may seem; there are the honourable traditions of continuity of policy in administration no less than in foreign affairs. Still, this is a subtlety beyond the grasp of the Indian, with his craving for the personal touch and not an unvarying routine. It is here that the influence of the Royal Family is of supreme value. The direct association of the Crown with this country already extends to the third generation. That is a long time in the history of India, when we remember that the magnificent Mughal Empire really died with the sixth occupant of the Imperial Throne. This strong, virile dynastic link is the guarantee to India not only of the permanence of British rule, but of the unchangeability of the principles of sympathy and justice Queen Victoria wove into it. Her spirit has breathed in her grandson's words and deeds as strongly as her blood runs in his veins. This is a guarantee the humblest Indian can understand.

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* Chaoras: The village meeting places.

Whilst this is true of India as a whole, is it not especially true of the Native Princes who have so great a stake in the governance of the country? Out of the gropings of three-quarters of a century has grown the profitable partnership between them and the *Raj* so conspicuously illustrated in the course of this tour. Confident in the knowledge that their territories are secure and the succession certain, that nothing but the grossest misgovernment will commit the Viceroy to the repugnant task of direct interference with their affairs—a contingency that with the spread of education and higher ideals becomes each year remote—they turned with eager joy to welcome the Prince whose presence in India was the gage for the maintenance of their privileges. How they vied with each other in offering to the Prince and Princess unusual marks of honour has already been told; how they proudly pledged their whole resources to the service of the *Raj* is known from their own earnest words. Them His Royal Highness met not as the head of an Administration some of whose acts are perforce unpopular, but as the Heir-apparent. His frank and happy manner, his appreciation of their position and his ardent love of field sports, added a personal link, intangible, but none the less powerful, to the strong chain that previously bound them to the Imperial Throne. It is re-stating an established fact to say that the Native States are most important factors in the Indian Empire, because they break the prevailing greyness of British rule, and afford an outlet for native enterprise and a field for social and political experiment far more suitable than the vast bulk of British India. They are also an element of strength. It would be unreasonable to expect the same active loyalty from the mass of the people as burst from Their Royal Highnesses' hosts. But if the day ever comes, the swords laid at the Prince and Princess' feet will as promptly leap from their scabbards to uphold the cause embodied in their House as they were gladly pledged to their service, and the whole resources of the Native Prince will answer their Sovereign's call.

Nor is it light consideration that those who are doing their country's work in India should have had this unusual opportunity of personal contact with their future King and Queen. The loyalty of Britons is not a sentiment; it is a creed based on reason and affection. They know that a monarchy is best suited to the genius of the race and its Imperial responsibilities; and with this conviction they admire and esteem the members of the Reigning House, for their public spirit as well as for their private virtues. Although Anglo-Indians labour in a theatre remote from the Court, and are beyond the reach of the influences that act as stimuli to loyalty, they yield to none in their devotion and attachment to the Throne. Yet it is inevitable, from the nature of their service, that they should feel themselves to be outside the warm currents of Imperial life flowing towards the Throne; that they should suffer under the irritating knowledge that few know of their work and fewer care; and that they are more consistently misrepresented than most public servants. The Prince and Princess of Wales removed this slight soreness. They were as anxious to hear the Commissioner and the Collector, the Engineer, the Policeman and the Forest Officer, discuss their administrative enthusiasms, as to consider high politics with the Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors. Everywhere the local official was privileged personally to present the various phases of his charge to the Prince and Princess; he was not constantly overshadowed by his Chief, whether civil or military. In this way a new bond was mortised between the Englishmen in India and the Crown. Anglo-Indians realise, of course, that it was impossible for Their Royal Highnesses quite to appreciate the conditions of their service. That is given only to those who have borne the strain of hard work throughout the searing hot weather of the plains; the struggle against ill-health, privations and discouragement; the dull pain of a broken family life and the severance of the dearest ties. But they know that the Prince and Princess understand much of the work that is being done here, and of the manner of men who are doing it; that they will clothe the dry reports of eastern affairs that reach them from the rich memories of their Indian tour; and that knowledge will hearten many a man when those enthusiasms that are essential to good labour in this country are chilled by depression and neglect.

This is not the occasion on which to acknowledge the services of that large band of officers of all grades to whose energy and skill was due the perfect organisation of the Royal tour. But amongst every numerous body of successful workers there is inevitably one to whom all look for advice and aid in their difficulties, and so it was during these active months of Indian travel. When the Indian Princes sought some buffer to break the reserve and embarrassment of their presentation to the Prince and Princess, they turned with perfect confidence to Sir Walter Lawrence. When Governors and Secretaries, Residents and Political Officers, were harassed by points of etiquette and precedence, there was one unfailing point of knowledge—Sir Walter Lawrence. If the Staff were in any difficulty, from the timing of the Royal train to the re-mapping of a fortnight, they bent their footsteps towards Sir Walter Lawrence. In the Chief of the Staff Their Royal Highnesses also had ever at hand one who knows his India in a manner given to few men, and who loves it; who is as authoritative a guide to the greatest questions of State policy as to the folklore of the Kashmiris and the daily life of the village community; whose sympathies are with all who are doing honest service in whatsoever capacity and whose ideal is India's good; and whose patience, tact and sagacity never flagged. Not even the distinguished services Sir Walter Lawrence rendered this country during his career as a Civil Servant, during the eventful first quinquennium of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty, or during the busy years of his nominal retirement, surpassed those of the past twelve months.

Sir Walter Lawrence, Chief of the Staff.

The Royal progress is at an end. It will soon be a memory—the richest recollection of this generation. To the thoughts it has inspired, and to which halting expression has been given here, must be added this. We witnessed of late the most remarkable development in modern constitutional history—the decline of parliaments and the rise of kingship. Nor is this movement confined to Europe; it is as strongly marked, under another name, in the most democratic State in the world. It is not necessary now to examine the causes that gave rise to this phenomenon, which is the more amazing as was totally unexpected, and interrupted the placidly-assumed growth of popular assemblies into the sole exponents of the national will. None have watched with greater pride and joy than his eastern subjects the foremost position of His Majesty King Edward in this development. How, without departing one jot from his constitutional position, he has drawn towards his person the strongest streams of Imperial life, composed the ancient animosities that divided Great Britain from Continental States with common interests, and has become the first personage in Europe. The Prince and Princess of Wales have accomplished the same splendid purpose in India. They came, the third generation of the strange power from over-sea, the embodiment of the personal rule that the Oriental understands. By their unfaltering sympathy and appreciation they deepened in every Indian mind the conviction that the beneficent principles embodied in the reign of Victoria The Good, pass with her sceptre to successors. By the vivid presentment of the dynastic link between Great Britain and India they confirmed the belief in the permanence of the existing institutions. By the swelling wave of enthusiasm their presence everywhere evoked, they demonstrated to the world that whilst administrative reforms may excite friction and natural calamities disturb, India is loyal to the core to the Royal House and the British connection. It is with a tenser voice that we have learnt to pray "God save the King." With a sense of personal gratitude all classes in India will add to that prayer "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales."

The Prince of Wales' Guildhall Speech.

On their return to England, Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained at luncheon on the 17th May in the Guildhall by the Corporation of the City of London. Responding to the toast of "The Health of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales, and the other Members of the Royal Family," His Royal Highness, in a speech which created a deep impression in England and in India, said :—

My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I wish to thank you, my Lord Mayor, with all my heart for the kind words in which you have proposed this toast, and I am much touched by the very kind and hearty reception which this distinguished company has given to it. My Lord Mayor, your feeling allusions to the Queen remind me how the recent sorrow of my dear mother was the one cloud which for a time overcast the brightness of our stay in India. On the other hand, one of our happiest experiences has been the glad and unexpected meeting with the King and Queen on our homeward voyage in the Mediterranean. With reference to your kind allusions to the other members of my family, I should like to say what a great pleasure it was to us that by a curious coincidence we met the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their way to England after their very successful visit to South Africa. As the Lord Mayor has reminded us, we are all looking forward to the return of my cousin Prince Arthur, who, I believe, is expected to arrive at Liverpool to-morrow. I know that the country has followed with interest the incidents connected with his special mission to Japan and his subsequent visit to Canada. It must be very gratifying to his parents, as it is to us all, to hear that he has everywhere won golden opinions in carrying out his important duties. The Princess of Wales and I wish to express our deep appreciation of the hearty welcome we received on our arrival in England last week and again to-day here in the City of London. The seven months' absence has been to us a happy and interesting experience. Still, we rejoice to be home again, and are thankful to God that he has spared us to return to our children and to those that are dear to us.

It is nearly five years ago that the Princess of Wales and I were entertained by the Lord Mayor and the City of London in this ancient hall on the termination of our memorable tour to our sister nations beyond the seas. We are met here to-day under similar circumstances and the conclusion of our visit to the great Indian Empire may, I think, be regarded as the completion of the mission originally entrusted to us by the King. It is a great satisfaction to us that we have been privileged to visit nearly every part of the British Empire. In thus accomplishing what has been the ambition of our lives, the Princess and I desire to express our sincere gratitude to the country for having enabled us to make this long voyage in such a fine vessel as the *Renown*. No less warmly do we thank the Government of India for the admirable arrangements for our railway journeys of nearly nine thousand miles, which were made with every possible consideration for our convenience and safety. It may perhaps interest you to know that we spent twenty-eight nights in our comfortable train. From the 9th of November, the day of our brilliant reception on landing at Bombay, until the moment of our departure from Karàchi on the 19th of March, we were welcomed everywhere with a display of enthusiasm and affection which profoundly touched us, and the memory of which will never fade from our minds. We were still more impressed by the unmistakable proofs of genuine devotion and personal attachment to the King-Emperor. At every place we visited, where my dear father had been thirty years ago, the event was spoken of with the keenest interest and pride, not only by those who remembered seeing him, but also by the younger generation. Although we were welcomed everywhere by happy, holiday-making crowds which thronged the gaily-decorated streets, we did not forget the misery and poverty which, alas! existed in certain districts afflicted by famines through which we passed. When at Gwalior I had an opportunity of inspecting a famine camp, and saw with sad interest, but with satisfaction, the excellent arrangements effectively carried out for mitigating the sufferings of upwards of 6,000 men, women, and children who were there employed, fed, and cared for.

Our visits to several of the great Feudatory States will always be reckoned among the happiest and most interesting of our experiences. We were received by the respective rulers and their peoples with the warmest enthusiasm, with all the gorgeousness and circumstance of old Indian customs, and by them entertained with magnificent hospitality. I enjoyed social intercourse with many of these great Princes, and I was impressed with their loyalty and personal allegiance to the Crown, their nobility of mind, their chivalrous nature, and the great powers which they possess for doing good. I might mention that in several of these States the Imperial Service Troops are an important feature. They are raised, equipped, and maintained by the Princes themselves, to be placed at our disposal in case of war. Though these States supply their own officers, these regiments are under the guidance and inspection of British Officers, and it is to be hoped that this excellent movement may be extended throughout all the Feudatory States. No one could possibly fail to be struck with the wonderful administration of India. Time did not permit of our leaving the beaten track for the interior of the country, and thereby gaining an insight into the machinery of that most efficient organisation, the government of a district. But we had opportunities of seeing at the head-quarters of the Presidencies and of the different Provinces the general and admirable working of the Civil Service. At the same time we realised that it is a mere handful of highly educated British officials, often living a hard and strenuous life, frequently separated from their fellow countrymen, and subject to the trials and discomforts of the plains, who are working hand in hand with representatives of the different races in the administration of enormous areas and in the government of millions of people. During the month of December, in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi, I had the pleasure of staying with Lord Kitchener in his camp of manœuvres, and witnessed operations on an extended scale between two Armies, numbering in all over 55,000 men, terminating in a review and march past of the largest force ever brought together in India in time of peace. I was struck with the general fitness and the splendid appearance of the British troops, with the physique and power of endurance of the Native Army and the dash of its

Cavalry, while throughout the Army I found an earnest desire for increased efficiency and for readiness to take the field. I was specially glad to have this opportunity of being associated with our magnificent Army in India under such practical conditions. I am proud to say that during my tour I was able to inspect 143,000 troops. Having seen several colleges and other educational institutions in different parts of India, I gained some slight idea of the efforts that are being made to place within the reach of all classes a liberal education. Let me take as an example the great Mahomedan college and school at Aligarh, which is supported and controlled by the private enterprize of Mahomedan gentlemen from all parts of India. A residential system similar to that at Oxford and Cambridge has been adopted. At the same time athletics are not neglected, and in all schools and colleges there is much emulation in cricket and football. Undoubtedly, such institutions must materially affect the formation of character in future generations.

If I were asked to name any general impressions which I have formed during this exceptional but all too short experience, they would be that I have learnt to appreciate the fact that India cannot be regarded as one country. We talk casually of going to India. But the majority of us perhaps do not realise that it is a continent with an area equal to the whole of Europe, without Russia, containing a population of 300,000,000 of diverse races, languages, and creeds, and many different grades of civilisation. I was struck with its immense size, its splendour, its numerous races, its varied climate, its snow-capped mountains, its boundless deserts, its mighty rivers, its architectural monuments, and its ancient traditions. I have realised the patience, the simplicity of life, the loyal devotion, and the religious spirit which characterise the Indian peoples. I know also their faith in the absolute justice and integrity of our rule. I cannot help thinking from all I have heard and seen that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever abundant and genuine response. May we not also hope for a still fuller measure of trust and confidence in our earnest desire and efforts to promote the well-being and to further the best interests of every class? In speaking of my impressions I should like very briefly to record a few of those scenes and incidents which will be to us of lasting value.

Would that I were able in any way to picture our arrival in Bombay amid the greetings and hearty acclamations of its cosmopolitan population, dressed in every conceivable colour, and all beneath the clearest blue of an Eastern sky. Quitting Bombay in tropical heat, my thoughts carry me from there over hundreds of miles almost as far as from London to Constantinople, to the rigorous climate of the Khyber Pass. The Union Jack, floating over the fortress of Jamrud, reminds us that British protection is guaranteed to the caravans that pass twice a week to and from Afghanistan throughout this twenty-five miles of neutral territory. At Landi Kotal, the further entrance of the Pass, five British officers and a regiment of Afridis—that tribe which only a few years ago was fighting against us—now garrison this lonely outpost of our Indian Empire. To the historic stronghold of Ali Masjid came the leading Khans, each bringing offerings of good-will in the shape of the pick of their flocks of sheep and the finest specimens of their honey. Contrast such wild and semi-civilised scenes with Delhi and Agra, those centres of artistic wealth and of priceless architectural monuments, for the preservation of which and the great care bestowed upon them universal thanks are due to the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Imagine us next at Gwalior, and later on at Benares, making our public entry under conditions impossible in any other part of the world, mounted as we were on elephants gorgeously caparisoned and passing amid escorts and troops clothed and equipped in all the picturesqueness of mediæval pageantry. But among all these varied and striking impressions none have stirred our hearts as did the Ridge at Delhi and the grounds and ruins of the Lucknow Residency. They recalled with vivid reality those glorious heroes and those thrilling deeds which will for ever make sacred the story of the Indian Mutiny. I think you will all be interested to know that Colonel Bonham, one of the few survivors of the siege of Lucknow, is present here among us to-day. Although he was wounded three times during the siege, I am glad to say he is still fit and well, and was good enough to act as our guide when we were at Lucknow in December last. The new year saw us in Calcutta, the capital of India, and the second largest city of the British Empire, where our reception was most cordial and sympathetic. Here I had the satisfaction of laying the foundation stone of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall, a great and national memorial—the inception of which is chiefly due to Lord Curzon—to be a treasure house of relics and records of the life and reign of our late beloved Sovereign, whose memory is held in loving veneration by every race throughout the Continent of India.

If time permitted I should like to dwell upon Burma, so different as it is from India in the nature of its people and in its social characteristics, to speak of the famous golden pagoda at Rangoon, of the interesting sights at Mandalay, and of three delightful days spent on the great River Irrawaddi. Let us change the scene to Madras and its historic associations, so closely connected with the foundation of our Indian Empire. Let us pass thence through the hot plains of Southern India, journeying northwards through Benares, the metropolis of Hinduism, with its sacred river and famous shrines, until at length we re-enter the region of frost and snows at Quetta, with its outpost at Chaman, another gateway in that wild and mountainous district which constitutes our North-West Frontier of India. Leaving Quetta we retrace our steps through that triumph of engineering skill, the railroad through the Bolan Pass, and descending from an altitude of 5,500ft., we pass through the burning plains of Sind and reach Karachi, the rapidly-growing port of that province. And here we bid farewell to the country where for many months we had found a second home and for whose people we shall preserve a lasting affection. But these are mere first impressions. I am fully aware how impossible it is to gain accurate and intimate knowledge of so vast a country by a visit of only four and a half months. Yet I would strongly suggest to those who are interested in the great questions which surround the India of to-day to go there and learn as much as is possible by personal observation on the spot. I cannot but think that every Briton who treads the soil of India is assisting towards a better understanding with the Mother Country, helping to break down prejudice, to dispel misapprehension and to foster sympathy and brotherhood. Thus he will not only strengthen the old ties but create new ones and so, please God ! secure a better understanding and a closer union of hearts between the Mother Country and her Indian Empire.

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APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SPEECHES IN INDIA.

BOMBAY.

The address of welcome presented when Their Royal Highnesses landed in Bombay by the Bombay Municipal Corporation, and the Prince of Wales' reply thereto, are published in the text of Chapter I.

At the foundation stone laying of the Prince of Wales' Museum, in Bombay, Sir Lawrence Jenkins read the following address :—

> May it please Your Royal Highness,—When it was definitely announced that Your Royal Highnesses proposed to pay the City of Bombay the great honour of visiting it, the loyal inhabitants in public assembly decided to raise a worthy and permanent memorial of so memorable an occasion. They are anxious to mark, in a fitting manner, their sense of the joy it has given them to welcome Your Royal Highnesses to this city, and their recognition of the auspicious character of an event which will always be happily remembered here and cannot fail to weld more closely the links that bind India to the rest of the British Empire. They wish to rear a noble and enduring monument which shall, alike by its proportions and its design and the objects to which it is devoted, be for ever a symbol of their abounding loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor, and a token to posterity of your welcome and valued stay in their midst. They seek, therefore, to create upon this spot a group of buildings that shall be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of the City, and which, as a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, will be fitly flanked by the equestrian statue of your illustrious father and the statue of Your Royal Highness about to be presented to the city by our well-known citizen and Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David. These buildings will recall to future generations the privilege now enjoyed by us of being the first in India to tender humble and loyal greetings to Your Royal Highnesses upon your arrival in this country, and will further serve to spread among the citizens a greater regard for those ideals of educational and artistic progress which your august House has done so much to foster.
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> Led by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, who has taken a warm and sympathetic interest in the project, the City has resolved to promote the erection upon this unique and valuable site, generously presented by the Government for the purpose, a museum, a library, an art gallery, and such other adjuncts of popular recreation and instruction as the funds available will permit. These will stand in the midst of ornamental gardens, and will, it is hoped, be at once a handsome and imposing addition to the attractions of Bombay, and a pleasurable reminiscence of an occasion, the memory of which will be ever treasured by all who have been fortunate enough to witness it. Funds towards the erection of this memorial have been subscribed with cheerful alacrity by the inhabitants, aided by handsome contributions from the Bombay Government, and also from the Corporation, and we are glad to inform Your Royal Highnesses that the subscriptions have included a munificent donation of three lakhs of rupees from one of our number, Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim.

In the belief that this memorial will be both an appropriate embodiment of our spirit of devoted loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor and an acceptable testimony of our deep and heartfelt joy in the visit of Your Royal Highnesses to Bombay, we ask Your Royal Highnesses now to lay the foundation-stone of the first of the buildings we propose to construct.

The Prince, in reply, said :—

Sir Lawrence Jenkins,—I wish to thank all of you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the compliment which you have paid us by commemorating our visit in a manner so useful and so lasting. If we had been asked to suggest an object for your warm-hearted and generous efforts, we should have chosen an institution such as you contemplate, for we have heard of the pleasure which museums in other parts of India afford to the people. You have with justice alluded to the sympathy shown by my dear father, the King-Emperor, in the educational and artistic progress of our people. It interests me to find that in this land, so strange at present to me, you are following ideas which are very familiar to us in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. Day by day we are grasping the importance of education by object lessons, and I anticipate the happiest results from the museum, library and art gallery which will one day stand upon this spot. If, as you assure us, the buildings of which I am proud to lay the foundation-stone to-day are to be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of this beautiful city, then we shall feel that our visit has not only brought pleasure to ourselves, but permanent advantage and happiness to the citizens of Bombay and to the thousands of strangers who visit this busy centre of commerce and Government.

To-day's ceremony is a practical proof of that public spirit of the people of Bombay about which we have so often heard. At the same time, you were fortunate to have in Lord Lamington a Governor quick to see a local want. I must also congratulate you on your Corporation, wise to recognise that a great capital like this has its intellectual as well as its material requirements ; and last but by no means least, on having in your midst such citizens as your Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David, and Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim. I hope that they and all of you who have helped to bring this public-spirited idea to fulfilment will live long to see and enjoy what, under wise and experienced direction, may prove to be one of the most important and beneficial institutions of Bombay.

At the laying of the foundation of the Alexandra Dock in Bombay the Trustees presented an address. The Prince replied in the following terms :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and I are much pleased to be present here to lay the foundation-stone of this new Dock, which I understand is to be one of the largest in the world, and we heartily wish all success to the great enterprise with which we are now associated. It is a further development of the scheme so wisely initiated by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald and Lord Mayo in the constitution of a Port Trust, more than 36 years ago.

There is to us an additional satisfaction in performing this ceremony, when we remember that the King-Emperor, on the occasion of his visit to Bombay in 1875, laid the foundation-stone of your first great Dock, which has since been known as the "Prince's Dock." I congratulate the City of Bombay upon the almost unprecedented increase in her sea-borne trade since that time.

As a sailor I am especially interested to hear that this new Dock is designed to meet, not only the requirements of the Mercantile Marine, but also of the Royal Navy, and will be able to accommodate the largest of our modern battleships. You, Mr. Chairman, and your co-Trustees, are to be complemented on your far-seeing policy. For, profiting by past experiences, you have determined that the work which we now inaugurate shall not be calculated for present demands alone, but be sufficient to meet all possible needs and development of commerce for many years to come. The fact that the suggestion of the Board of Admiralty to increase the width of the entrance of the new Wet and Dry Docks from 90 to 100 feet was readily complied with is, indeed, a proof that a spirit of patriotism inspires the administration of the Trust.

I am glad to know that your resources are such that there is no anticipation of this enlargement of the Port facilities increasing the charges levied upon Trade.

The decision that the name of this extension to the Prince's and Victoria Docks shall be the "Alexandra Dock" will, I am sure, be most gratifying to my dear mother.

I thank you sincerely for the cordial reception which you have given to the Princess and myself, and for the beautiful and artistic casket containing the address, which we shall greatly value as a specimen of the work of the School of Art of your City.

In Bombay the Indian Ladies entertained the Princess at the Town Hall. The following address of the ladies of Western India was read in Urdu, Marathi and English by H. H. the Begam of Janjira, Lady Balchandra Krishna and Lady Jamsitji Jijibhai respectively :—

May it please Your Royal Highness,—On this great occasion of Your Royal Highness' ardently expected and most welcome visit to India—an occasion that will ever remain memorable in the annals of this great country—we, the ladies belonging to all the Indian communities that people the city, consider it our great good fortune and our proud privilege to be permitted to greet and welcome Your Royal Highness to our shores, and we beg to assure you that we do so, on our own behalf and on behalf of our sister residents in Bombay, with feelings of the deepest respect, loyalty and affection. As Bombay is the chief gateway and the very threshold of the vast and most important Indian possessions of the British Crown, we are persuaded that we shall not be gainsaid if we bid Your Royal Highness a thousand most cordial and loving welcomes on behalf also of our country-women all over India, whose hearts cannot but beat in complete harmony with our own on this most auspicious occasion.

Bombay's happy connection with England, as Your Royal Highness is aware, dates back to the early days of King Charles II. Once the despised habitation of fisher folks and the chance refuge of storm-driven pirates, it now stands pre-eminent as the second City of the British Empire. Among the many epoch-making events which go to make the history of Bombay and mark its steady rise and growth towards greatness and prosperity under the ægis of British rule, there are few that have made so deep an impression on the minds of the people, and the remembrance of which is so gratefully cherished, as the visit to this country, just thirty years ago, of our beloved Sovereign, Edward the Peacemaker, then His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The happy effect of that great event of a Prince of Wales first visiting this Orient Dominion shall now be a hundredfold enhanced by the present Royal visit, in consequence of the special and additional lustre that Your Royal Highness, so graciously accompanying the Prince of Wales, attaches to it.

Bombay in her palmiest days cannot but be highly honoured by the advent of a second Prince of Wales, who has already won his golden spurs as the worthy descendant of the great Queen ; but coming as he does accompanied by Your Royal Highness lends the present Royal progress in this country its most exceptional *éclat*, and renders it historically unique and invests it with the happiest augury for the whole of this ancient land of India.

The fact that Your Royal Highness so happily accompanies His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, betokening as it does not only on your part, but also on the part of Their Majesties the King-Emperor and Queen Alexandra, the most kindly interest in, and sympathetic consideration for, the people, and especially for the women of this country, evokes in us the liveliest feelings of joy, gratitude and gratification, and it is to give expression to these feelings that we beg to approach Your Royal Highness and to ask your gracious acceptance of this our national and grateful address of welcome.

Your Royal Highness will be pleased, we think, to observe the marked progress that female education has made in our midst of recent years, from this novel and unique spectacle befitting the uniqueness of this historic event, which brings Your Royal Highness among your Indian sisters of the Parsi, Mussalman and Hindu communities, many of them members of the most ancient and most wealthy families in this City, unanimously and of their own initiative associating themselves most cordially and in true Indian fashion to bid Your Royal Highness welcome to these shores.

We earnestly trust that Your Royal Highnesses' sojourn in India will be as enjoyable to yourselves as it is bound to be propitious to our people, and that you will be able to carry home with you such agreeable memories and such favourable impressions of this country and its inhabitants as must tend to bring Great Britain and India into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will, both now and in days to come.

In conclusion, we fervently pray that the Almighty Giver of all good will ever grant you and yours length of days, with perfect health and constant happiness to enjoy the same, and that He will in His own good time bring to a happy and fortunate accomplishment all that your heart may desire for the good of Your Royal House and for the greater glory of England.

The Princess spoke as follows :—

Lady Jamsetji and Ladies,—I thank you all very warmly for your kind and graceful greetings. I know the feelings which have prompted you to present this address to me, and you certainly have succeeded in making my first impressions of the women of India bright, happy, and hopeful. One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters ; for I believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned.

If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then, to use the words of your address, I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will.

INDORE.

His Royal Highness' address to the Chiefs of Central India, at the Indore Durbar, is included in the text, Chapter IV.

Presenting colours to the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment, the Prince of Wales said :—

Colonel Mayne, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the First York and Lancaster,—I am much pleased to have had this opportunity of presenting you with your new colours. It is just fifteen years ago that I performed a similar ceremony for your 2nd Battalion at Barbados. I am proud to think that the colours now carried by both battalions of your regiment have been presented by me.

Remember that colours are the emblems of past achievements. That spirit of loyalty and devotion which they inspire is an incentive to brave deeds, and I feel sure that the gallantry displayed by your Battalion in the campaigns recorded on these colours will be maintained whenever you may be called upon to fight for King and Country.

I now commit these colours to your keeping. They will I know remain safe and untarnished in your hands.

The Maharaja of Indore, reading his address at the opening of the King Edward Hall, Indore, said :—

Your Royal Highness,—The honour which Your Royal Highness has conferred on me and my State by your presence here makes this day the most memorable in my life. My grandfather was similarly honoured by His Most Gracious Majesty, our present Emperor, when he was Prince of Wales, and my father, who took part in those rejoicings of thirty years ago, cherishes their memory undimmed. It was he who designed this building to commemorate His Majesty's accession, and I owe him a debt of gratitude for having bequeathed to me the privilege of sharing in this token of loyal service to His Majesty and the great distinction of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to crown our undertaking with this gracious mark of Your Royal approval in the presence of my brother Chiefs assembled to do honour to Your Royal Highnesses. In Bombay countless thousands of His Majesty's subjects assembled to greet Your Royal Highnesses' arrival on these shores. Their ovation was but the prelude to the welcome from the many millions who watch for Your Royal Highnesses' progress through the land. We count ourselves most fortunate that Central India has been the first stage in Your Royal Highnesses' tour, and that we Chiefs have been enabled to express to Your Royal Highnesses in person, for ourselves and on behalf of our people, our enthusiastic loyalty towards our gracious Suzerain and your illustrious House. In asking Your Royal Highness to be pleased to open the King Edward Hall, I have one more favour to ask. We wish that there should be in Indore a special memento of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, and subject to Your Royal Highnesses' approval, we propose that it should take the symbolic form of new Courts of Justice.

UDAIPUR.

At the State Banquet, Udaipur, Major Pinhey, the Political Agent, read the Maharana's speech proposing the health of Their Royal Highnesses as follows :—

I am very pleased that Their Royal Highnesses have taken so much trouble as to visit my capital. I cannot express the pleasure it has given me to meet Their Royal Highnesses. Though this is not the first occasion on which a member of the Royal family has visited the place, yet it is certainly the first time that a Prince of Wales, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has come here. What has afforded me greater pleasure than ever is this—that while on the last occasion when His Imperial Majesty, then Prince of Wales, visited India, he was unable to visit my capital owing to there being no railway to it, which was a matter of great regret, on this occasion Udaipur being connected by railway, Their Royal Highnesses have arrived here without difficulty, and removed the regret that was left on the last occasion. The British Government has always shown great consideration to this State, and taken great interest in its well-being and prosperity. Colonel Tod's coming to Mewar in 1808 A.D., bringing peace, safety, and prosperity with him, and the everlasting treaty entered into with the British Government, which led to the prosperity of Mewar, will never be forgotten by me and the State. This State has always been loyal to Government, and will always remain so. I assure Your Royal Highness, and through Your Royal Highness, His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, of my everlasting friendship and loyalty. I now request you all to drink to the health, long life, and prosperity of our Royal guests, and to pray to God that our Royal guests may return to their home safely after a pleasant tour in India.

His Royal Highness' reply was :—

Maharana Sahib,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself I thank you with all my heart for the charming manner in which you have proposed our healths. We are both delighted that our first visit as the guests of an Indian prince should have been to your beautiful capital. All India is still somewhat strange to us, but in Mewar we are truly in a new world, and from the moment when we arrived in your State this morning to this hour one charming impression has been quickly followed by another.

We have heard much of the Rajputs, and have had the pleasure of meeting those of your class in England, but to realise the splendid traditions of chivalry, freedom, and courtesy, which are the proud possessions of the Rajput, one must see him in his own home, and for the Princess and myself, I say, in all sincerity, that all we have heard and read in the praise of Rajputana, is dwarfed by what we have seen in one short day.

It would be almost superfluous to speak to those present this evening about the noble reputation which Your Highness has won for yourself in Rajputana and in India, for they have all enjoyed the pleasure and the privilege, experienced by the Princess and myself to-day, of seeing and conversing with the famous Chief of the Sesodias. Great traditions have been greatly maintained, from what we see here in our host.

In conclusion I must convey to you the King-Emperor's message of kindness and goodwill. He could not come to Udaipur. The Princess and I, as Your Highness has pointed out, are more fortunate, and thanks to the railway enterprise of the Maharana, we have been able to reach this old-world city in ease and comfort. I now ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to drink to the long life and happiness of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur.

JAIPUR.

The Royal visit to Ajmere was abandoned, but the Municipality presented His Royal Highness with an address, outlining the history of the town. To this address His Royal Highness replied in the following terms :—

Gentlemen,—In the name of the Princess of Wales and on my own behalf I thank you for the expression of hearty greeting and goodwill which are contained in your address. You have already received from me the message of sympathy which I sent to you from England ; and if anything could add to our sincere regret it is that we should be receiving you here in Jaipur and not in your own city. It is a very charming description which you have given of Ajmer's history and attractions. We both feel strongly for you in your troubles, and after the long series of your misfortunes, we hope that a happy period of prosperity is in store for Ajmer and Rajputana.

The design on the casket will serve as an imperishable record of the beautiful architecture of Ajmer, and I am glad to read of the restoration of Shah Jehan's pavilion. I am equally interested to hear of the Mayo College ; you may well be proud to have such an institution in your midst. Both of these will be for all time associated with the name and the energies of your late Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

Your historical sketch is one from which both you and I may draw satisfaction, and I shall be very glad to acquaint the King-Emperor with your loyal expressions. It will be a pleasure to him, as it is to us, to know that you regard his house as the symbol of peace, justice and prosperity.

His Highness the Maharaja of Jaipur, in proposing the health of his Royal visitors, said :—

Nearly thirty years have passed and gone since your Royal father, His Majesty the King-Emperor—then the Prince of Wales—paid a visit to Jaipur. My predecessor, Maharaja Ram Singh, was then Maharaja of Jaipur. Now it is my good fortune to have the distinguished honour of welcoming Your Royal Highness to this city, the home of my ancestors, where I trust the strenuous efforts made to render Your Royal Highness' stay memorable will be successful. A most felicitous circumstance in connection with this occasion is the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, whom we most cordially greet. We meet here not as strangers but as friends, for when I made, what to me was that most memorable voyage across the ocean to be present at the Coronation of His Majesty the King-Emperor, I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I can assure Your Royal Highness that, remembering the kindness and courtesy you showed me on that occasion when I was far away from my native land, I do most heartily, and with the warmest feelings I am capable of, welcome you here.

I am sorry to say that, owing to the failure of the rains this year, there is distress in Jaipur, so that, much to my regret, Your Royal Highness' reception has not been on such a scale as I most earnestly desired it should be, and such as I deemed worthy of the occasion. However, I am confident Your Royal Highness understands the circumstances, and believes that my loyalty and ardent devotion to the Throne are not to be measured by any outward display. When His Majesty the King-Emperor was here nearly thirty years ago, he laid the foundation-stone of what is now the Albert Hall, built in memory of that visit. I am extremely desirous that in like manner there should be a fitting record of Your Royal Highness' visit on this occasion. In pondering over the matter, I came to the conclusion that no more fitting record of Your Royal Highness' visit, or one more pleasing to yourself, could be made than that which I now venture to propose. I doubt not Your Royal Highness is aware that in 1899 a fund, named the Indian People's Famine Trust, was established; the interest of this fund is available for the relief of those who may be suffering from famine in any part of India.

I intend, with the gracious permission of Your Royal Highness, to add to that fund the sum of three lakhs of rupees, and the Maharani, in memory of this visit of Her Royal Highness, who is the first Princess of Wales who ever came to India, begs permission to supplement this by giving a sum equal to that which she gave to this fund at the time of the Coronation ceremonies at Delhi, *viz.*, one lakh of rupees. These four lakhs of rupees, we intend, shall be a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit to Jaipur. I am glad that the arrangements made for the tiger-shoot have been successful, and that Your Royal Highness has bagged one tiger, which will remain a trophy of the event. His Majesty the King, when he came to Jaipur, killed his first tiger here, and I consider it a most happy coincidence that Your Royal Highness has this day also killed your first tiger since coming to India. I do not wish to detain you longer, but may I be allowed, before closing, to wish Your Royal Highness much pleasure and enjoyment on this Indian tour. I am sure your presence amongst us will knit us more closely to the Throne, if that were possible, and I am sure your interest in this important part of the Empire will greatly be enhanced. Ladies and Gentlemen, I invite you to drink to the health of my illustrious guests, Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

His Royal Highness made the following reply :—

The Princess of Wales and I are sincerely touched by the feeling words in which Your Highness has proposed our healths, and we are grateful to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the manner in which you have responded to this toast. Happily we can claim Your Highness as an old friend, for in all the brilliant company which assembled in London to take part in the Coronation of the King-Emperor there was no more striking or respected personality than that of the Maharaja of Jaipur. His retinue on that occasion—for His Highness travelled to England with all the circumstance of a Rajput Chief and the observances of a great Hindu—prepared us in some measure for the feudal splendours which we see around us in this exquisite capital. But we had no idea of Jaipur itself—its perfect city and the well ordered administration of the State.

We have most unfortunately arrived in Your Highness' country at a time when your people are threatened with scarcity. But the Chief who with noble munificence founded the Indian People's Famine Fund may well be trusted to see that every measure shall be taken to alleviate the wants of his own subjects, and we have listened with feelings of the deepest satisfaction to Your Highness' announcement that you and the Maharani intend to commemorate our visit to Jaipur by respectively presenting three lakhs and one lakh of rupees to the Indian People's Famine Fund. We are greatly touched by this fresh proof of Your Highness' generosity and of your sympathy with those in distress. Believe me that no building—indeed no form of memorial of our visit—could be more acceptable to us than this addition to the funds of the great national work of mercy of which you yourself were the founder.

I was much interested yesterday in seeing the Imperial Service Transport Corps which is maintained by you in so efficient a condition, primarily for the defence of India. I rejoice to think that the Corps has been able to win laurels, not only in military campaigns, but also in the strenuous war which His Highness wages against famine. The hospitality of the Rajputs is proverbial, and we shall carry away with us the happiest recollections of our stay in Jaipur, and I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure that I shot my first tiger in your forest.

In conclusion I wish to convey to Your Highness the message entrusted to me by the King-Emperor, who desires me to express his fervent hope that you and your State may in the future enjoy all possible blessings and prosperity. I call upon you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join with us in drinking the health of our friend the Maharaja of Jaipur and in wishing that he may long be spared to his subjects and to India.

BIKANIR.

Proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, the Maharaja of Bikanir said :—

Your Royal Highnesses, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There is nothing in this world that could possibly have given me greater pleasure than Your Royal Highnesses' visit to my State. Therefore, when I saw the Royal train steaming into the railway station at Bikanir, I felt that my highest ambition had been realised. I am deeply sensible of this very great honour which Your Royal Highnesses have conferred upon me, and it has not only been very much appreciated by myself and my family, but also by all my people. This honour and pleasure has further been greatly enhanced by the gracious presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Your Royal Highness already knows how proud and pleased I felt when you were kind enough to tell me, after the reception at the India Office in London, that you proposed to do me the great honour of appointing me your A.-D.-C., and I have most pleasant and grateful recollections of my visit to England, and of the great courtesy and kindness which I received at the hands of Your Royal Highnesses and the other members of the Royal family, as well as the nobility and gentry of England. If by good fortune Your Royal Highnesses are pleased with your visit to Bikanir and have not been put to any serious inconvenience during your stay here, I shall indeed feel gratified that I have done something, however little, to show my gratitude in return.

I have been considering as to what would be a suitable, and at the same time a useful way of commemorating the Royal visit. We have long felt the necessity of a building on the lines of a Town Hall, which will be open to the public for meetings, lectures, &c. If this meets with Your Royal Highness' approval I propose to add a wing on either side of this hall, into which we shall remove our armoury and Sanskrit library, now hidden away in the fort, which would thus be thrown open to the public.

Also, we have, in anticipation, already started this building, which at the present moment is some 11 or 12 feet above the ground, and I now beg Your Royal Highness' permission to name it after you. It has been designed by that eminent architect, Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, and is situated in the new Curzon Gardens that are being laid out, and in close proximity to the Victoria Memorial Club, which Your Royal Highnesses inspected this evening.

I do not propose to take up much of your valuable time, but before proceeding further I would like to take this opportunity of assuring Your Royal Highness of the steadfast and staunch loyalty of myself and my State to the British Throne. It is not for me to dwell upon the past services rendered by the House of Bikanir to our Sovereign in the Mutiny and in the Afghan and Sikh wars. I consider it a great privilege to have gone at the head of my regiment to China in 1900 and feel specially pleased at the thought that I was perhaps the first Chief in India to have gone across the seas on active service under the British rule. Although to my great regret I was prevented from personally going out, my troops have also had the distinction of fighting for the King in Somaliland.

I greatly regret that circumstances have prevented the carrying out of the review of my troops which was to have taken place this afternoon, and I would pray that on your return to England you will tell His Majesty not only of our unfailing loyalty and devotion, but that you will also be pleased to assure His Majesty from us that not only I and my troops but every man in Bikanir is ready to lay his life down for His Majesty at his command.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to mention here that I have offered to further supplement our contribution to the Imperial Service Troops by the addition of half of my regiment of infantry, and for which we are awaiting sanction.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I now ask you to join me in drinking to the health of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and wishing them long life and every happiness and a most enjoyable tour in India.

The reply of His Royal Highness was, in his absence through indisposition, read by the Honourable Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General, and ran as follows :—

I thank Your Highness most sincerely for the kind words in which you have proposed the healths of the Princess of Wales and myself. It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to us that we have been able to avail ourselves of your kind invitation to visit you at Bikanir. Thanks to your friendly welcome and

> generous hospitality, you have made us feel as if we were at home. In any case the Maharaja's face is very familiar to us and our children, for, besides having had the pleasure of seeing him in England two years ago, there hangs at Marlborough House an excellent portrait of His Highness, his gift to me, in the uniform of the Bikaner Camel Corps.
>
> I have been much struck by the fine soldierlike appearance of that force. We know what they have done on active service. It will give me much pleasure to tell the King-Emperor of the smart appearance of the men, most of whom wear the medals for China and Somaliland, and of the excellent condition of the camels. I shall assure His Majesty that he has every reason to be proud of Your Highness' contribution to the Imperial Service Troops, and also inform him of your further generous offer to augment it by the addition of half of your Infantry regiment.
>
> We have always heard of your interesting city and how your great ancestors in times past won for themselves the proud and appropriate title of Lords of the Desert, but, coming here, we realise how, through your enterprise and artistic knowledge, you have, as it were, raised from the desert a palace beautiful in its architectural design and construction and replete with every comfort, which you have so hospitably placed at our disposal. The Princess and I are much gratified to learn that Your Highness proposes to commemorate our visit by erecting a building for a library, which will also contain the beautiful and historic armoury of Bikanir. We heartily approve of Your Highness' suggestion and I am proud to think that it is your wish to call it after me.
>
> You have also permitted me to see and enjoy what may fairly be described as one of the wonders of Bikanir—its sport. My experience of two delightful mornings' shooting at Gujner will never be forgotten.
>
> In conclusion, I wish to deliver the message of friendship and good wishes to yourself and your State from the King-Emperor, to whom I shall gladly communicate your assurances of loyalty and devotion to his Throne and Person, and I ask all present to join in drinking long health and happiness to the Maharaja of Bikanir. I did not say good-bye to him this evening, for I am glad to think that he will join my staff as my Aide-de-Camp at the coming manœuvres in the north, and if anything could further add to my debt of gratitude for all His Highness' hospitality, it is the ready and considerate manner in which he has excused my attendance at this banquet in accordance with the recommendations of my medical adviser, which decision I deeply regret.

Eleven Chiefs in all, representatives of the leading families of Rajputana, were forced by the imminent prospect of famine to forego the pleasure of receiving and honouring the King-Emperor's Heir. Their names run as follows :—H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur, H.H. the Maharao Raja of Bundi, H.H. the Maharao of Kotah, H.H. the Maharaja of Karauli, H.H. the Maharawal of Jaisalmer, H.H. the Maharaja of Alwar, H.H. the Nawab of Tonk, H.H. the Maharao of Sirohi, H.H. the Maharawal of Dungapur, H.H. the Raj Rana of Jhalawar, The Raja Dhiraj of Shahpura. These eleven Chiefs and others gave open expression to their regret in the following letter of the Honourable Mr. Colvin to Sir Walter Lawrence, dated November the 26th, 1905 :—

> Dear Sir Walter Lawrence,—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have now visited three of the States of Rajputana, *viz.*, Udaipur, Bikanir and Jaipur, and the Chiefs of these States are the only ones that have had the honour of meeting Their Royal Highnesses during their tour in Rajputana. It was, as you know, arranged that the Chiefs of a number of other States should come into Ajmer to be present there during Their Royal

Highnesses' visit, but the partial failure of the monsoon and the consequent distress, which has specially affected the central and eastern portions of Rajputana, made a revision of the programme obligatory. His Royal Highness accordingly directed, on the advice of the Government of India, that Ajmer and Bhurtpur should be omitted from the programme of the Royal Tour. The communication of this decision was accompanied by a gracious message of regret and sympathy to the afflicted States and districts, which did much to soften the blow. But it was nevertheless inevitable that much disappointment should be occasioned. I have received so many proofs of this from every possible direction that I feel it is my obvious duty to bring them to your notice, especially those which have reached me from the Chiefs of Rajputana who were to have come into Ajmer. The citizens of Ajmer have been graciously afforded an opportunity of expressing their loyalty and sense of loss when His Royal Highness received the deputation of the Ajmer Municipality at Jaipur; the Mayo College at Ajmer, which was to have been the scene of a special ceremony, has been granted the consolation of sending its Cadet Corps to Jaipur to provide part of the escort for Their Royal Highnesses at that place.

But the Chiefs who were to have come into Ajmer will now, I fear, have no opportunity of being presented to Their Royal Highnesses. It was, as you know, suggested that they should be invited to come for this purpose to some other convenient place in the programme of the Royal Tour, such as Agra, but, after the most careful consideration, this alternative also has, of necessity, been abandoned. In reply to my letters informing them of this decision, the Chiefs have sent me messages, and in some cases *kharitas*, to the address of His Royal Highness, in which they give expression to their great sorrow and disappointment at not having been able to testify their loyalty and devotion in person. These messages and *kharitas* I now beg to forward to you with this letter. No one can regret more than myself the misfortune which has deprived them of the honour to which they had looked forward with such joyful anticipation; and I feel that the least I can do is to forward these messages in the hope that they will be accepted by His Royal Highness.

I venture also to mention the case of the Tazimi Istimrardars of Ajmer, who would have been presented to His Royal Highness at Ajmer, had the visit to that place not been abandoned.

I attach a list showing the names of the Chiefs in question. His Highness the (minor) Maharaja of Bhurtpur is not included, as he was to have been visited in his own State; nor does the list include His Highness the Maharaja of Kishangarh nor His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, since it was arranged that these two Chiefs, instead of coming to Ajmer, should be present with the Imperial Cadet Corps during His Royal Highness' visit to Calcutta next month; and it is hoped that this plan will be duly carried out.

To this letter, which was accompanied by the *kharitas* of each Chief, His Royal Highness despatched the following reply on the 27th November:—

Dear Mr. Colvin,—Sir Walter Lawrence has made known to me the contents of your letter of the 26th instant, and has handed me the *kharitas* and other communications which you have received from the eleven Chiefs of Rajputana, with whom, unfortunately, owing to the circumstances recounted in your letter, I have been unable to exchange visits.

Pray assure them how greatly the Princess and I regret that we could not carry out our original wish to see them at Ajmer, and, failing that, at Agra. Tell them how heartily we reciprocate the feeling in their message. At the same time I will ask you to send them the portraits of myself which I had hoped to hand to them personally. We were equally sorry that our visit to Bhartpur had to be abandoned.

Will you also take the earliest opportunity of expressing to the Tazimi Istimrardars of Ajmer how disappointed I am to have been unable to make their acquaintance. I am glad that we shall have the pleasure of seeing the Chiefs of Dholpur and Kishangarh at Calcutta.

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
GEORGE P.

LAHORE.

On arriving at Lahore, the Prince was presented with an address by the Municipality. His Royal Highness replied as follows :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess and myself thank you most sincerely for the frank and generous welcome that you have given us in this famous capital of the Punjab. Your allusion to the calamities which have befallen you is typical of a country of brave, strong men, and grieved as the Princess and I are that the Punjab should be afflicted by earthquakes and scarcity, it is some consolation to think that these disasters do tend to bring the people and the official classes closer together.

It interests me everywhere to realise the great changes which have taken place since my dear father visited India. Perhaps in no part of the Empire are these changes more marked than in the Punjab. Railways have greatly altered the conditions of your Province, but you have justly selected irrigation as the most noteworthy of the agencies of change. Until quite recently we had no idea of the boldness and magnitude of the great schemes which are rapidly adding new districts to the Punjab. All honour to the Engineers of the Irrigation Department who have devised these splendid works ! But we may be thankful, too, that in this fine country the people are ready to move their homes to the new lands.

I am glad that your town shares in the general prosperity of the Province. I trust it will continue and increase. We shall, in a short time, have an opportunity of seeing the men who have won for the Punjab the name of The Sword Hand of India. Lahore has reason to be proud of being the capital of such a nursery of devoted and loyal soldiers. We are both of us profoundly conscious of the importance of the concluding sentence of your address. The King-Emperor, to whom it will be my pleasing duty to communicate your loyal assurances, will rejoice to receive your testimony that the people are happy and contented, and will be touched by your eloquent expressions of love and attachment to His Majesty and to the late Queen-Empress.

PESHAWAR.

In response to the address presented at Peshawar, on behalf of the North-West Provinces, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the sincere, frank words with which you welcome us to the North-West Frontier Province. I shall communicate your loyal and grateful assurances to my dear father the King-Emperor. It was one of the regrets of his Indian visit that he was unable to see Peshawar, but thirty years ago there was no railway to your interesting and important city. There have been many other changes in the country across the Indus since my father visited India, and I am rejoiced to learn that those changes have tended towards your happiness and prosperity. Security and order are blessings for which we may all be thankful, and I have little fear that in this free, hardy country "tranquillity and rest" will impair the manly qualities of the Pathan. The Princess and I fervently pray that the peace which you now enjoy may long continue. You are the wardens of the Passes, and from far across the seas the British people watch you with sympathy and confidence.

JAMMU.

The speech of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, was read by the Resident, Colonel Pears. It was in these terms :—

Blessed is the land which feels the tread of Royalty and fortunate the happy possessor of that land who is permitted to enjoy a glimpse of the Royal countenance. Such is the belief of a Hindu. No wonder then that I should be transported with joy to-day when I am granted the privilege of standing in the presence of Your Royal Highnesses and offering you a most hearty welcome on your arrival at the ancient capital of my State. Happy indeed am I to-day for the honour that is bestowed on my State now for the second time, for it is just thirty years since I was commissioned by my late lamented father to meet His Majesty the King-Emperor, then Prince of Wales, on the border of Jammu and to render personal homage. It was my good fortune on that occasion to be entrusted with the charge of all the arrangements connected with His Majesty's reception at Jammu and thus to enjoy opportunities of receiving marks of Royal favour and kindly consideration which have left a deep and enduring impression upon my mind. His Majesty's gracious interest in Jammu and Kashmir State since the occasion of his coming into personal contact with my father has ever remained fresh and undiminished, and it is to this that I ascribe the high honour that has been conferred on me by the inclusion of a visit to Jammu in the programme of Your Royal Highnesses' tour in India. What is it, I ask myself, at this moment that I can offer in return for all this sympathy and regard, this condescension and favour? I am fully conscious of my own insignificance, standing as I do in the presence of the heir to a monarch over whose dominions the sun never sets, but whatever may be my imperfections in other respects, I am rich in possession of a heart that is firmly attached to the British Throne and is inspired with unflinching loyalty to the person of His Majesty the King-Emperor, and it is this loyalty and devotion that I venture in all humility to offer in return for the manifold marks of favour that I have received.

I would beg of Your Royal Highness to assure His Majesty the King-Emperor that the ruling family of the State of Jammu and Kashmir is, and ever will be, ready to place its resources at the disposal of the British Crown to be utilised in whatever manner is considered necessary for the welfare of the Empire. It was my earnest hope and ambition that it might be found possible for Your Royal Highnesses to pay a visit to the Valley of Kashmir during the course of your tour in India, for in that case the trouble and inconvenience caused to Your Royal Highnesses by honouring my State with your gracious presence would in some measure have been compensated by the charm of Kashmir's scenery and climate. I can, however, only express my sincere hope that I may yet have the honour on some future occasion of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to my summer capital.

During the thirty years that have elapsed since the visit of His Majesty the King-Emperor my State has, thanks to the kindly interest and attention bestowed on its affairs by the Government of India, made great strides in material prosperity, and a marked improvement is discernible in the administration in all its departments.

The resources of the State are expanding from year to year.· Railway communication has already been extended to Jammu, and Kashmir itself is on the eve of being connected with the railway system of Upper India, an important electric project for utilising the waters of Jhelum has been taken in hand, and altogether the prospects of industrial expansion and the opening out of the natural resources of the country are bright and hopeful. The people are happy and grateful for all that has been done to better their condition and promote their welfare.

Your Royal Highness' visit to the State therefore at such a juncture is most opportune, and I am desirous of commemorating the occasion, with Your Royal Highness' permission, by a memorial of a permanent nature. I accordingly propose to establish a State College in Jammu which will benefit all classes and creeds of my subjects by providing them the means of acquiring the higher education necessary to enable them to fit themselves for a more extensive and important share in the administration that they at present aspire to. I earnestly hope that this proposal will meet with Your Royal Highness' gracious approval, and that I shall be permitted to associate the founding of the proposed College at Jammu with Your Royal Highness' name and call it the Prince of Wales' College. In conclusion, I once more express my profound gratitude for the high honour done to me by Your Royal Highness' visit, which is rendered more gratifying by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

In reply His Royal Highness said :—

Maharaja Sahib,—I thank you most warmly for the charming manner in which you have proposed the healths of the Princess of Wales and myself. We are both of us delighted to be the guests of this famous State of Jammu and Kashmir. Thirty years ago my dear father enjoyed the hospitality of Maharaja Runbir Singh and he has never forgotten the splendid and loyal welcome which he received at the hands of the Chief of the Dogras.

In England we are perhaps more familiar with the beauty and fair fame of the Vale of Kashmir than we are with the less known, but not less honourable, record of Jammu. I wish that circumstances could have enabled us to accept the Maharaja's oft-repeated invitation to visit Kashmir, but His Highness knows how difficult it has been to do all that we wished to accomplish. We should, however, have been truly disappointed if we had been obliged to forego the pleasure of a visit to Jammu, for I wished to have an opportunity of doing honour to a Chief who has in a marked degree thrown in his lot with the fortunes of the Indian Empire. I wish on this occasion to record the appreciation which is felt by me and my fellow-countrymen of the brave and important services which His Highness and his Imperial Service Troops have rendered to our Empire on the distant frontiers of his State.

I am rejoiced to hear of the great public works which His Highness is so wisely undertaking. They will undoubtedly add to the prosperity of his State and his subjects, and are of a magnitude sufficient to make Kashmir famous even in this progressive age. I am glad, too, that the Maharaja is making efforts to give the advantages of higher education to his people and am delighted to think that our stay here is to be associated with a college to be called after me.

Our visit to Jammu happily coincides with a constitutional change in the Government of Jammu and Kashmir. Ladies and Gentlemen, in asking you to join the Princess and myself in drinking the health of His Highness the Maharaja, I feel sure that we shall all most fervently wish that the change to which I have alluded will bring to him honour and peace of mind, and to his people security and happiness.

AMRITSAR.

Replying to an address of welcome from the Amritsar Municipality, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the kind words in which you welcome us to this celebrated city. We were both most anxious to see as much as possible of the famous centres of India, and we could not leave the Punjab without alighting at the place which is so dear to those good soldiers—the Sikhs. If time had allowed we should gladly have prolonged our stay in Amritsar, but even our short visit here will add to those lasting impressions which we shall carry away with us. Here, as elsewhere, there has been great progress since my dear father visited you thirty years ago, and we rejoice to hear of the increase in your wealth, trade, education, and sanitation. It would seem to be most appropriate that the Khalsa College should have been instituted in this city, so sacred to the men of the Khalsa race. Renowned as is Amritsar for its commerce, it may be that some day it will be equally renowned as the great centre of Sikh education. It will please the King-Emperor, to whom I shall gladly tender your loyal expressions, to receive your acknowledgment of the peace and prosperity which you enjoy under his rule. We both of us hope that these blessings may long attend you and your city.

Speaking later at the Khalsa College, the Prince of Wales said :—

The Princess of Wales joins with me in sincerely thanking the Khalsa College Council, and the Managing Committee, for the kind sentiments to which their address gives expression. We are glad to have the opportunity to-day of visiting this College, which may indeed claim to be representative of the Sikhs, supported as it is by all classes of that community. I appreciate highly the manly qualities of the Sikhs, and their loyalty and devotion. It affords me sincere pleasure to find that they have realized the importance of education in the present age, and have taken steps to promote its spread among themselves. The future success of the movement depends on their steadfastly maintaining the effort they have initiated. With the continuing interest of the venerable Raja of Nabha, who has done so much for the Institution, and with all ranks co-operating, success should be ensured, and I earnestly trust that the hopes expressed in your address for the completion of the buildings may speedily be fulfilled.

DELHI.

In response to an address of welcome from the Delhi Municipality, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—Both the Princess of Wales and I have been looking forward with much pleasure to seeing your historic city, and we thank you heartily for the reception which you have given us and for the kind words of welcome which you have used in your address. The beautiful city which is in your keeping has been the scene of many stirring incidents and splendid pageants. She seems to have the power, inherent in some great capitals, of attracting and compelling attention, and to the Princess and myself this visit will be rich in reflections on the past and in thoughts of the future.

That the proud position of Delhi is still unshaken is proved by the very material and important fact of the many railways which now run to her walls. They do not come to your city for any other reasons than those of trade, and it seems to me that you are as fortunate in your great commercial future as you have been in your distinguished political past.

I shall gladly inform the King-Emperor of your gratitude for the advantages of peace, civilization and railway enterprise, and I have no doubt that you will make the best of these undoubted advantages. It is in the power of you and your successors to maintain that position which Delhi has always held in this great Indian Empire.

AGRA.

Replying to an address of welcome from the Agra Municipality, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself I thank you sincerely for the kind welcome which you have given to us. It is a privilege to anyone, whether from the West or from the East, to approach your beautiful and historical city. We look forward with keen interest to seeing its artistic and architectural beauties of which you are so justly proud ; and I am quite certain that, during our visit, we shall gain impressions of Agra which will never fade from our minds, and we shall always remember your friendly greeting and the pains which you have taken to make our stay here pleasant and successful.

I look forward to associating myself with you in the unveiling, on Monday, of the Statue which you have raised to the memory of our late beloved Queen-Empress. It is befitting that in this city, so rich in exquisite monuments of the great Emperors of the past, there should be a memorial of a ruler who yielded to none in her love and goodwill towards India. Nothing can rob you of the noble inheritance which you possess.

I notice with satisfaction that you are keeping pace with the times, so that you have a future, as well as a past, for I learn that your railway system is being further developed, and that your cotton industry is steadily increasing. Gentlemen, the Princess and I earnestly trust that the prosperity and welfare of Agra may thus continue. I shall have much pleasure in conveying to the King-Emperor those assurances of your undying devotion to His Majesty to which your address gives expression.

Unveiling the statue of the late Queen Victoria at Agra, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—When some months ago I accepted your invitation to unveil this statue of our late beloved Queen-Empress, my intention was to perform the ceremony in silence, for on occasions like this, when our hearts are full of hallowed memories, silence is often more eloquent than the sincerest words of praise and affection. But, Gentlemen, your address has greatly touched the Princess of Wales and myself, and we wish to join in this tribute of love and gratitude to her whom you simply, but truly call, a "Great and Noble Queen." No words of mine are needed to tell you that my revered grandmother loved the Indian people, and that she bequeathed to my dear father, and to me, her great regard for India. I unveil this statue, not only as a memorial of your first Queen-Empress, but also as a memorial to the fact that India knows how to be grateful for her love. It will be an enduring monument of the sympathy which existed between the Queen-Empress Victoria and her Indian people. May such feelings of attachment to our House grow stronger and stronger as time goes on.

GWALIOR.

Opening the new market and electrical installation at Lashkar, the capital of Gwalior, the Prince of Wales said :—

Your Highness and Members of the Municipal Committee of Lashkar,—It has given the Princess of Wales and myself great satisfaction to accept your interesting address, and to observe from it that in matters of local self-government the Gwalior State is adopting a wise and forward policy. I have much pleasure in acceding to your request that I should open the Victoria Memorial Market, and inaugurate the City's installation of electric lighting. I trust that for many years to come these undertakings will prove of benefit to the City of Lashkar, and bear testimony to the enterprise of its Municipality and the philanthropic zeal of His Highness the Maharaja.

His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, in proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, said :—

I know no words which will adequately convey an idea of the feelings which spring in my heart as I rise to say a word of welcome to Your Royal Highnesses on behalf of my people, my family, and myself. I shall therefore not attempt the impossible task of describing those feelings, but shall content myself with saying that the present is a unique occasion in my life, and that I shall never forget the honour done to me by Your Royal Highnesses' presence here to-night and by your gracious kindness in visiting my Capital. This house, which Your Royal Highnesses have graced by your presence, was designed by Sir Michael Filose, and built in the year 1874, under the direction of my late lamented father, and the first exalted guest who ever abode under its roof was His Most Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor, your revered father. With the lapse of time its interior has undergone considerable alteration, and in the natural fitness of things it seems only proper that in its modernised condition it should have conferred upon it the additional honour of a visit from Your Royal Highnesses. What adds so much more to the honour of the house, the distinction of the occasion, and the pleasure of us all, is the circumstance that, unlike the previous occasion, this is rendered even more felicitous by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

I had intended in the course of this speech to deal at some length with the ambitions that have governed me during the last 10 years of my career, as one whom Providence has called upon to rule over a State containing an area of 30,000 square miles, and a population of about 3,000,000, and to illustrate how each move made has been directed towards the accomplishing of these ambitions. But realising that the inevitable fatigue of long journeys already made, and the prospect of more still to be undertaken, together with the inappropriateness of the hour, cannot but make such a narrative rather tedious and protracted, I shall refrain from giving effect to my cherished idea. It will be enough for me to say that whatever useful work has been, or is being, undertaken in the various departments of my State, has but one ultimate goal, *viz.*, to help towards the stability of the British Empire, and with that end in view to ameliorate the condition of the people over whom I am called upon to rule.

Wherever Your Royal Highnesses travel in India, you will see on the triumphal arches, and in the addresses read to you, the words—"Loyalty and devotion to the Crown." If I say but little on this subject it is because I feel all the more deeply. My hope and ambition is that the day may come when my Army and I may, by our acts, show what is not only on our lips but in our hearts. Just now there is some distress in a few districts of the State owing to the failure of the monsoons, but I have no doubt that Your Royal Highnesses' visit to the capital will grant it an immunity against famine for many a long year. This remark may sound at best a pure sentiment, but it embodies a feeling which, to my knowledge, is implicitly relied upon by the simple-minded villagers of my State. During the short time Your Royal Highness is here I shall endeavour to bring to your Royal notice as much as I can of the administrative reforms which I have been attempting to introduce into the State. May I say that the interest that Your Royal Highness has already graciously shown in my Army and in the Municipality of my capital, has greatly encouraged me, and will be an incentive to fresh efforts on my part. I shall not now take up more of Your Royal Highnesses' time than to say that I hope this visit to Gwalior, which has no doubt entailed considerable personal inconvenience to yourselves, will afford an insight into the peace and prosperity we will enjoy under the benign rule of His Majesty's Government, and will also furnish some amusement and relaxation to make up for the trouble you have undergone. My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the healths of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In reply the Prince said :—

Maharaja Sahib,—In the name of the Princess of Wales and on my own behalf, I thank you sincerely for the eloquent and touching words in which you have proposed our healths. I recognise that we have listened to no mere complimentary speech, but that His Highness has taken this opportunity of telling us the guiding principles and motives of his life. We are, I am sure, grateful for his frankness, and highly appreciate his noble expressions; for whether we regard these principles from the point of view of the British Empire, the Maharaja himself, or the subjects of the Gwalior State, we cannot fail to recognise in them the highest ideals and aspirations. His goal is the stability of the British Empire, and to attain that goal, he sees that he must strive, and indeed, he is striving, with all his characteristic energy, to improve the condition of his people. I look forward with pleasure and interest to hearing from His Highness of his administrative reforms.

And while His Highness modestly refrained from telling us of his ambitions and intentions, we do not forget the hospital ship which he sent to China a few years ago. I should like also to remind you of the two regiments which the Maharaja has just added to the Imperial Service Troops; and, indeed, I believe that his ambition is to see his whole army attain to that excellence which characterises the troops which he gives so freely to the service of the Empire; and I should like to say how very much I am indebted to him for showing me his fine troops on parade this morning.

We all know of our host's reputation as a soldier, but his energies and his influence are just as conspicuous and effective in the Civil administration of his State. The Princess and I desire to express our deep sense of gratitude to Your Highness for the kindness and hospitality which you have shown to us and for all the trouble which you have taken to entertain us and our large party in your capital; nor can I refrain from alluding to the magnificent procession with which Your Highness honoured our arrival yesterday. It was the first time that we had taken part in a ceremony mounted on elephants, which is only possible in this wonderful country. I can assure you that we shall never forget that splendid scene with all its picturesque surroundings, and we shall also remember that every one of its details had been conceived and carried out so successfully by Your Highness. I am looking forward with great pleasure to enjoying the sport for which your State is so well renowned, and in which you are kind enough to allow me to join.

Before sitting down, I must convey to you, Maharaja, my dear father's warm messages of esteem and good will, and I am glad to have another message to deliver from the King-Emperor which I am sure will please Your Highness. You have been appointed Honorary Colonel of the Indian Regiment of which I am proud to be the Colonel-in-Chief; the 1st Lancers will be as delighted as I am to welcome you as one of us. I call upon you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join with me in drinking to the health and long life of His Highness the Maharaja Scindia, and pray that all possible blessings may be given to him and to his people.

LUCKNOW.

Addressing the Municipality of Lucknow, on his arrival, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and I are very grateful to you for the kind words of your address. It is, indeed, a great undertaking to travel through this vast Indian Empire. Time would not permit of our visiting all of the many places we wished to see, but we made a point of including in our programme a visit to your famous and interesting City. The name of Lucknow is very precious to us at Home. It is part of our history of which we are proud, and these sentiments of pride may be shared by the gallant Veterans whom I hope to see this afternoon at the Residency. None of us can forget the significant fact commemorated by the monument erected by Lord Northbrook to the brave Indians who fought by our side. I am told, and I believe it, that the same feelings which inspired them animate the people of Oudh to-day. We both hope to enjoy our stay in Lucknow, to study its historical landmarks, and to meet the great Talukdars of Oudh. I shall not fail to convey to the King-Emperor your loyal assurances. We thank you for your friendly welcome, and we wish you all the prosperity which should attend the capital of the Garden of India.

Laying the foundation-stone of the new Medical College, His Royal Highness said :—

Sir John Stanley and Gentlemen,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I thank you sincerely for the very kind sentiments to which your address gives expression ; we also thank you for affording us this opportunity of identifying ourselves with an institution which must have a marked influence on the health and happiness of the vast population of these provinces. I gather from papers which I have read, that for many years the need of a Medical College has been recognised. I rejoice to think that thanks to the noble liberality of the Maharaja of Bulrampur and of others whose names will be gratefully remembered by future generations, this great need will now be supplied. We deem ourselves fortunate that the year of our visit should have seen the fulfilment of this great idea, for I have inherited from my dear parents their keen interest and deep sympathy in all that concerns the noble art and profession of healing. I believe there are many special points connected with this Medical College on which I may congratulate you and your Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James La Touche. The movement is the spontaneous outcome of the peoples' wishes, and so a movement which is healthy and will endure ; and it is a movement in which all classes, high and low, rich and poor, official and non-official, have taken a part. I must congratulate you also on the splendid site which you have secured ; high and healthy, but still in the close neighbourhood of your City. And lastly, I am desired by the Princess to congratulate you on the special provision which, thanks to the initiative and generosity of Raja Tassaday Rasul Khan, has been made for the education of women. If the Medical College becomes, as I hope it will, "the best in the East," a very powerful stimulus will be given to the movement which will always be associated with the name of Lady Dufferin. I am delighted to lay the foundation-stone of the College and we are proud that our names will be respectively associated with the Institution and its branch College for Women.

Replying to the address of the Talukdars of Oudh, the Prince spoke as follows :—

The Princess of Wales and myself are very glad to meet you, the Talukdars of Oudh, in this great hall, where just thirty years ago my dear father, our King-Emperor, first made your acquaintance. I thank you for the splendid reception which you have given to us in this historic capital of Oudh, and I rejoice to hear that your connection with the British Crown has brought you prosperity and happiness. It is pleasant to hear that you can say in all sincerity that your rights and privileges have been recognised and respected by the British Government. The best guarantee of your valued privileges lies in your allegiance and loyalty to the King-Emperor, and your warm assurances shall be communicated to him without delay.

The Princess and I are delighted to hear of the steady progress of Oudh in moral and material paths. The pleasant and hopeful account which you gave in your address is due to the fact that, though adhering to your status and privileges, you still wisely move with the times. I hope that you and your descendants will follow this wise policy, and that whenever other members of our House may, like us, be fortunate enough to visit India, they will find the Talukdars of Oudh as contented and as kind and courteous as those whom I have the pleasure of addressing this evening. I heartily thank you all for the beautiful entertainment which you have given in our honour. We shall never forget the Talukdars of Oudh and their generous hospitality.

CALCUTTA.

Replying to the address presented to him by the Municipality of Calcutta, the Prince of Wales said :—

The magnificent spectacle which you have afforded to the Princess of Wales and myself, the vast crowds which are assembled to welcome us, and the eloquent words of your address, will remain among our most memorable experiences of this great Empire and its peoples. We both know that we are merely the fortunate recipients of the loyalty which the citizens of Calcutta feel for the King-Emperor, and in conveying to him your utterances of allegiance and devotion, I shall endeavour to describe the impressive scene on which we are now looking.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole of India more typical of the relations between the British and Indians than Calcutta, which has grown from a river swamp to be the second city of our empire. If, as you say, the prosperity that blesses this place is common to all India, we may congratulate ourselves on the results of the bond between the Mother Country and India. Every citizen of this great capital may feel a legitimate pride in the wonderful town that has sprung up on the Hughli, and our fellow subjects in other parts of the Empire will see in Calcutta present prosperity and future growth—the sign which I recognise everywhere of a union which, under God's providence, seems destined to endure. It is a great pleasure to the Princess and to myself that she has been able to accompany me to India, and on her behalf I thank you most heartily for the beautiful gift which Calcutta so generously offers her, and which she will always treasure as a charming remembrance of your visit and a token of affection and good-will.

Presenting new colours to the King's Own Regiment, at Fort William, the Prince of Wales said:—

Colonel Carter, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment,—I consider it a great privilege to be associated with a regiment on such an important occasion in the history of its life as, when by the Sovereign's permission, it receives new Colours; and there is an additional satisfaction to me in performing this ceremony in the fact that my dear father the King is your Colonel-in-Chief, and also that your regiment since the time of its formation, more than two-hundred and twenty years ago, has earned a splendid record of services in all the great campaigns in which our Army has taken part. The names of those campaigns, emblazoned on the Colours of your Regiment, testify to the gallant deeds of those who have gone before you, and I feel certain in committing these new Colours to your keeping you will not only maintain the grand traditions of which they are the emblem, but, should opportunity occur, add to them fresh titles of distinction and honours.

Laying the foundation stone of the All-India Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, His Royal Highness said:—

Sir Andrew Fraser and Gentlemen,—We are met to-day to commemorate a great sorrow and a great love. Everywhere the Princess of Wales and myself, in our journey through this vast and varied land, have had almost daily evidence of the ample manner in which India has returned the affection of her first Queen-Empress. This sentiment, so touching and so precious, finds its highest and most universal expression in the National Monument with which the Princess and I are proud to be associated to-day. We have heard from Sir Andrew Fraser of the difficulties which attended the initial stages of this great memorial, and we must all of us recognise that it is to Lord Curzon's untiring energy and devotion that the tribute to the late Queen-Empress has taken this national and far-reaching aspect. I am glad to know that the interest which he took in the building of this hall will not cease with his departure from India, but he will continue to show his sympathy with the undertaking. It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in honour of one who, though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and in sympathy with all classes of this continent. But it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India—a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all-embracing love for her people and an enduring token of the affection which all--Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants—felt for Queen-Victoria.

To us this wonderful expression of gratitude brings natural pride and warm hopes. The Taj, which has delighted and fascinated us by its beauty and by its story, can never be rivalled in its grace. But in generations to come this memorial to a great Queen, whose sympathy conquered distance and space, may present to the historian reflections as hallowed as those which are inspired by the Taj Mahal. I congratulate the Executive Committee and the Trustees of this great All-Indian Trust on the success which has attended their patient labour of love. It will gain from Lord Minto further strength and encouragement, and I feel sure that the same spirit of affection and veneration which has brought this splendid and most worthy memorial into being will, under His Excellency's guiding influence, cherish and quicken its future progress. I must thank you, Sir Andrew Fraser, for your concluding words, which will be as gratifying to my dear father as they are inspirating to the Princess and myself. I will now, with much pleasure and with feelings of profound gratitude to all who have shared in this most noble endeavour, proceed to lay the foundation-stone of the Victoria Memorial Hall. Among the many interesting ceremonies in which we have taken part during our stay in India, I can assure you that none could have appealed more to our hearts than the opening act of this great work.

RANGOON.

In response to the address of the Rangoon Municipality, His Royal Highness spoke as follows :—

> The Princess of Wales and myself are most grateful to you for the hearty welcome you have given to us in your great and growing city. In your address you have struck the note which must predominate over all others in the minds of those who visit India and Burma for the first time. It is a source of never-ending wonder and satisfaction to me to notice the extraordinary variety of races, religions and languages which are so harmoniously blended in the large centres of the Indian Empire. This harmony is due to the wise policy of tolerance for all creeds, and of equal justice for all races, and is the basis and the secret of the marvellous administration of which we in England are so proud, and for which you and all those who are working for this country, whether as officials or non-officials, British or Orientals, are entitled to all praise.
>
> We only wish that it could have been arranged that our stay in this bright and vigorous province could be longer, but, as you know, we have a long journey before us and dates are hard masters. Still the Princess and I trust that, even in the short time we shall spend in your country, we shall gain some knowledge and much sympathy for Burma, which will enable us in the years to come to watch its progress and development with interest and the most confident hope. The heartiness of your welcome, your beautiful decorations—which point to kindly labour and infinite pains—and the cheery faces which greet us on our arrival, all go to confirm us in our previous ideas of Burma and its peoples. May you long retain your reputation for genial content and happy life.

Opening the Victoria Memorial Park at Rangoon, His Royal Highness said :—

> The Princess of Wales and I desire to thank the people of Rangoon, and of Burma generally, for the kind words with which they have, through you, welcomed us here to-day. It is a great pleasure to us to join with them in the inauguration of this Park which is your memorial to our late beloved Queen. I congratulate you on the fitness of dedicating to her memory a place where the highest and lowest alike can breathe the fresh air and rejoice the eye in the beauties of nature, for Queen Victoria set great store by these gifts, and she always sought for rest from the fatigues of her busy, active life in the fresh air amidst all those country scenes and surroundings which she loved so well. And no less would she have rejoiced to think that, in clearing the land for this place of public recreation, insanitary buildings had been swept away and the occupants given sites in new and healthy areas.
>
> I note with satisfaction that the principal donors comprise representatives of all the varied races which constitute the population of Rangoon, and it is gratifying to know that those of our fellow subjects in India "who have made for themselves homes in Burma" are ready to contribute from their wealth acquired in this country towards the beautifying of its capital. On the other hand I am glad to learn, from the Chairman's speech, that the scheme was favoured and supported by a very large number of persons of more moderate means who have also contributed to the Fund. I now have much pleasure in declaring the Victoria Memorial Park open, and the Princess and I earnestly trust that it may prove a joy and blessing to the people of Burma for all time.

MANDALAY.

In acknowledging the address of the Mandalay Municipality, the Prince said :—

> It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to visit Mandalay and to see the picturesque and interesting head-quarters of Upper Burma. I thank you heartily for the cordial welcome which you have given to us, and I am confident that your kind efforts to make our stay in Mandalay agreeable will be crowned with success. I wish that we could have stayed longer with you for, in some ways, Upper Burma possesses a peculiar interest in that it is the latest addition to the British Empire. If I may judge from what I have heard, and from what I now see, Upper Burma has very rapidly advanced to the level and standard of British India, and I can certainly detect no signs of backwardness or stagnation. I will, with pleasure, convey your loyal assurances to the King-Emperor; he will be especially interested to hear of your welfare and will be touched when I tell him of the devotion to his person which is manifested in the enthusiastic reception which you have given to the Princess and myself.

MADRAS.

The Prince of Wales' reply to the address of the Madras Municipality was in these terms :—

> Gentlemen,—I thank you for the hearty welcome which you offer to the Princess of Wales and myself. We have looked forward with much pleasure to visiting your old and historic city, which I believe to be our oldest possession and the oldest municipality in British India, and I desire to express our deep appreciation of the generous efforts and carefully planned preparations which have been made for our reception by you and the citizens of Madras. We anticipate with interest the scenes which await us during the next few days and we hope to use the opportunities which you and my friend, Lord Ampthill, have given us for seeing your City and its people. I will not fail to communicate to the King-Emperor your loyal assurances. Though thirty years have passed since he was your guest, my dear father's recollections of Madras are still vivid and happy. Gentlemen, I again thank you for the affectionate terms in which you have greeted us to your city.

Replying to the address of the Madras Landholders' Association, the Prince of Wales said :—

> Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to have this opportunity of meeting the members of your important Association, and I heartily thank you for the welcome which you offer to us. We have noticed with satisfaction your genuine feelings of devotion to the person of the Sovereign. Everywhere we have had proofs of the same loyal sentiment, but nowhere has it been more eloquently expressed than here in Southern India. I shall be very glad to communicate your assurances to the King-Emperor and to tell him that our visit to Madras has been the occasion for this enthusiastic demonstration. With you I earnestly hope that our visit to India will not be without useful results. Already the Princess and I begin to feel that we are at home and that we understand much that no books and no amount of study would have revealed to us. We both recognise the serious importance of our mission to India and we pray that it may be fruitful both to you and to us. We thank you most heartily for all that you have said and we both of us wish all prosperity to the Members of your Association.

The speech made by the Prince of Wales in reply to the address presented by the citizens of Madras was as follows :—

> Gentlemen,—I was very glad to hear from your Governor, Lord Ampthill, that I should have an opportunity of meeting you, the representatives of the great Presidency of Madras and of the States of Travancore, Cochin and Pudukota. On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I tender you our sincere thanks for the warm-hearted address which has just been read. We both of us do feel a "deep concern" and "lively interest" in all that affects the welfare of our fellow subjects. We fully realise the privilege which we are now enjoying of seeing these distant parts of the Empire and are most grateful for the affectionate manner in which Southern India has greeted us.
>
> It is a great regret to both of us that we were unable to visit others of your famous cities or to stay in some of the States. We have read of Trichinopoly, Tanjore and Madura, and of the charms of Travancore and Cochin. But time will not admit of our stay in India being prolonged, and it is for this reason that we are so glad to have had the chance of seeing you this evening. We shall be most grateful if you will tell your friends, when you return home, that your address in no way exaggerates the interest and love which we have for this great country and its people.

In laying the foundation stone of the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute, the Prince of Wales spoke as follows :—

> It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to take part in this ceremony—an outward and visible sign of the devotion of the people of Madras to our late lamented Queen-Empress Victoria. We are greatly touched by the feeling tones in which you speak of her beloved and venerated memory. The object of the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute, namely to develop the talents and improve the condition of the artists and craftsmen of the Presidency, is one which, I am confident, would have appealed in every way to Queen Victoria who always followed with interest every practical effort which aimed at making the lives of her Indian peoples more prosperous and contented. You may rest assured that this undertaking will have the approval of my dear father, the King-Emperor, as it has the sympathy of the Princess of Wales and myself. It is interesting to know that a movement set on foot to commemorate the Queen-Empress' Jubilee in 1897 has seen its consummation in a memorial to her long and glorious reign.
>
> I am gratified to learn from your address of the generous assistance and co-operation which the movement has received from your Governor, Lord Ampthill, and that you are indebted to the Government of Madras for the site and for a considerable grant towards the Building Fund. I congratulate you upon the valuable honorary services which have been rendered in the Administrative Council of the Institute since its formation in 1887. The Princess of Wales and I sincerely trust that the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute may, in every way, fulfil the high ideal of its Founders and conduce to the further prosperity and general well-being of the people of this Presidency.

MYSORE.

Before laying the foundation stone of the Chhamar Rajendra Technical Institute, Mysore, the Prince of Wales said :—

> Your Highness,—I am very glad to be associated with this Industrial Institution and to have an opportunity of showing my sympathy with the artisans of Mysore and of India. The Princess of Wales and I have greatly admired their work at various places on our journey and I am heartily in favour of any movement that

may either tend to improve the handicrafts of India or raise the social position of the artisan. We have seen much of the arts in India but have seen very little of the artisans and I am especially delighted to take part in any ceremony which may lead towards the amelioration of one of the most deserving and most important classes of the Indian people.

At the State Banquet the Maharaja of Mysore proposed the health of Their Royal Highnesses in these terms :—

It is with profoundest sentiments of joy and gratitude that I and my people are to-day realising the ambition, so long and fondly cherished, of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to the city and State of Mysore. Your august father, His Majesty the King-Emperor, when visiting India as Prince of Wales, was, to the misfortune of Mysore, prevented from fulfilling his intention to honour the State with his presence. The disappointment of thirty years ago is to-day most happily effaced by the presence in our midst not only of the Prince of Wales, but also of the gracious lady, his illustrious consort. The fortunes of Mysore will ever be associated in history with the consolidation of the British power in India. It was in Mysore that the great Duke of Wellington received his baptism of fire and won his first laurels. It was with the aid of the Mysore Horse and Mysore Transport that he gained imperishable fame on the battlefields of the Deccan. The State itself, and the family that I represent, are grateful witnesses to those principles of equity and generous moderation that form the true foundation of His Majesty's Empire of to-day in the hearts no less of the Princes than of the peoples of India.

Within the last few hours Your Royal Highnesses have stood with me upon the ramparts of Seringapatam, and on the scene of that last desperate struggle will have shared with me a common pride in the heroism of the assault and the devotion of the defence. In the horsemen who now have the greatly-prized honour of forming your escort and personal guard, Your Royal Highnesses see the descendants of the men who fought at Seringapatam and in the Deccan. Of the efficiency of my Imperial Service Troops it is not for me to say more than that one and all have worked their hardest to fit themsleves for the front line of the Army of the Empire. But of their spirit I dare affirm that the one ambition of every officer and man is to emulate the valour of his ancestors in the service of His Majesty the King-Emperor. I beg Your Royal Highness to convey to His Majesty the assurance that whenever the call may come, Mysore will not be found wanting.

I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to Your Royal Highnesses for the gracious kindness with which you have complied with what I fear must have seemed our too exacting demands on your time and interest. I can only trust that you will find some recompense for the fatigues of your visit in the knowledge of the happiness which the sight of you has given to many thousands of His Majesty's humble subjects in my State.

For over eight years past Mysore has, in common with other parts of India, been in the grip of a pestilence against which the resources of science and of Governments have proved well nigh powerless. The last few months have, however, witnessed a remarkable decline in the severity of the affliction. It is not in Indian sentiment to dissociate from an event so auspicious as Your Royal Highnesses' visit this most merciful deliverance, and the year thus doubly blessed will remain ever memorable in the annals of Mysore.

In conclusion, I pray Your Royal Highnesses to convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor the assurance of the devoted loyalty of myself and my people to his person and his throne, and of our gratitude for the honour that he has conferred upon Mysore in permitting us to welcome Your Royal Highnesses to this State.

In reply the Prince of Wales said :—

It was a great regret to my dear father that he could not visit your State in 1875, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to avail ourselves of your most kind invitation to Mysore. We are delighted thus to become personally acquainted with Your Highness, to have an opportunity of gaining some experience of your State in these early days of your administration, and to visit the scenes of those stirring incidents which will live for ever in the history of Mysore, and indeed of India. It is superfluous for me to dilate on the attitude of the King-Emperor and of the late Queen-Empress towards the great ruling Chiefs of the Indian Empire. But I may take this opportunity of saying that all I have seen during my visit to India has confirmed me in my high opinion and warm appreciation of those who, like Your Highness, so steadily and loyally support the government of the King-Emperor.

If any proof were required of the wisdom of the policy of 1881, which restored to your father the province of Mysore after fifty years of British administration, it is surely to be found in the contentment and prosperity which the people of Mysore enjoy under the government of Your Highness. It is interesting to hear of the many enterprises, notably that of the Cauvery Electrical Works, and the general policy of irrigation and public works. Under the lead which we may expect from such a capable and enlightened Ruler as our kind host, with the assistance of statesmen of the type of the late Sir Seshadri Iyer, your Province may look forward with confidence to making still greater strides.

It was most gratifying to listen to Your Highness' allusion to the Imperial Service Troops, and to hear from you that among those who formed our escort yesterday and to-day are men whose ancestors fought so gallantly at Seringapatam and in the Deccan. I am told that the old fighting spirit of the South still pervades Mysore, and my own brief observations have given me some idea of the efficiency of your cavalry. I learn that your transport is equally well organised and efficient, and I truly congratulate Your Highness on the valuable troops which Mysore contributes towards the defence of the Indian Empire.

I regret that your State has also suffered in common with other parts of India from the terrible visitation of the plague, but I am thankful to hear of a decided decline in the severity of the affliction, and I trust that by the mercy of God, Mysore may soon be restored to a state of happiness and prosperity.

BANGALORE.

Replying to the address of welcome presented by the Station Municipality of Bangalore, the Prince of Wales said :—

I thank you, on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, for your kind and hearty welcome to Bangalore. It is a great pleasure to us that we have been able to pay a visit to your station, for apart from its beauty and advantages of climate, Bangalore has played an important part in the history of British India. You allude to the fact that the King-Emperor was prevented from coming to Bangalore. Thirty years have brought great changes in India, and everywhere I am reminded of the enormous influence which has been exercised by the steady and strenuous railway policy of the Government of India What was impossible at the time of my dear father's visit to India is easy, and comparatively-speaking comfortable, to us. We have heard of the troubles which have befallen Bangalore, but trust that better days are in store for you, and that the great blessing of health may be again enjoyed by all. We shall carry away with us the pleasantest memories of your picturesque and well-ordered station, and we wish you all prosperity.

Unveiling the Victoria Memorial Statue at Bangalore, the Prince spoke in these terms :—

I accept with the greatest pleasure your invitation to unveil this statue of our late Queen-Empress. The words which you have used make it almost superfluous for me, her grandson, to utter one word more of loving admiration. The Princess of Wales and myself have now travelled through a considerable portion of India, and nothing has given us greater pride and touched our hearts more than the universal love and veneration which is shown for the memory of her whom you aptly call "The noble Empress, Victoria the Good." There is one thing about the statue which gives me especial pleasure. It is the association of the Maharaja of Mysore and his people with the inhabitants of the Civil and Military station of Bangalore. Nothing could be more in harmony with the wishes and sentiments of her to whom you have raised this statue than this comradeship and fellow feeling.

His Royal Highness presented a new Standard to the Carabiniers at Bangalore. Committing the Standard to the regiment he said :—

Colonel Leader, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Carabiniers,—It is the first time that I have presented a Standard to a Cavalry regiment and I am especially glad to do so to a regiment which has a history so distinguished as yours. It has served ten Sovereigns. Founded in 1685, its services were rewarded only eight years later by King William III, who granted it the title of "Carabiniers," by which name the regiment has ever since been known. It gained renown upon the battlefields of the great Duke of Marlborough, while in the past century it earned fresh laurels in the campaigns of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny and South Africa. On such an occasion as this, it is only right that a regiment should recall with pride the deeds done by it in the past. I entrust this consecrated Standard to your care and I know that you will look up to it with those same feelings of loyalty to your King and country as have ever characterised the Carabiniers.

HYDERABAD.

At Secunderabad the Prince of Wales presented new Colours to the Second Queen's Own Rajput Light Infantry. He said :

Colonel Lampen, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the Second Queen's Own Rajput Light Infantry,—It gives me great pleasure to be present here today and to give you these new Colours, for in doing so I become associated with a regiment whose career, since its formation more than a century ago, has been one continuous record of loyalty and of gallantry on the field of battle. Moreover, you are honoured by having the King-Emperor as your Colonel-in-Chief, and received the title of Queen's Own in commemoration of His Majesty's visit to India in 1875, when he was made its Honorary Colonel.

For its distinguished service at the storming of Aligarh, the regiment was permitted to bear a third Colour, which you carry to-day ; for your steadfast and memorable loyalty to the Crown during the trying days of 1857, you were made a Light Infantry Regiment ; and you bear on your Colours no less than fourteen campaigns or battles. They are not only symbols of loyalty to the King-Emperor, but of loyalty to the grand tradition which has grown up through the gallant deeds of your predecessors. You very rightly venerate these sacred emblems, for when you look upon them you are reminded of those deeds of fame, and also of your oath of allegiance, actually taken upon the Colours, when you first join the regiment. You are reminded of that splendid page in your history, how the regiment lost two hundred men in the first unsuccessful siege of Bhurtpur, and twenty years later, before the second siege, strips of the Co-

> lours borne at the first siege were produced by the men, who swore on them to earn as high a reputation as their predecessors. And as the record says "They kept their oath." I know that whenever called upon you will equally keep the oath taken upon your Colours and will add fresh lustre to the noble traditions which you have inherited.

The enforced abandonment of the State Banquet at Hyderabad, through the bereavement of the Nizam, debarred His Royal Highness from publicly expressing his thanks for the generous hospitality of the Nizam, and His Highness from giving utterance to those feelings of loyalty and devotion to the Throne he is known to entertain. The text of the speeches that would have been made is reproduced here.

The Nizam's speech :—

> Your Royal Highnesses,—I give expression to no mere compliment when I assure you of the intense pleasure which it has given me and my people to welcome Your Royal Highnesses as honoured guests in my dominions. When Your Royal Highnesses' revered father, His Most Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor, visited India as Prince of Wales, nearly thirty years ago, he was unable to include Hyderabad in his tour ; and I, then a child, had no opportunity of offering the hearty and loyal greetings which it was subsequently my privilege to tender through his representative at the Coronation Durbar and which I now rejoice to be able to renew to His Majesty in the persons of Your Royal Highnesses, —his beloved children. To my people, as to myself, the days which Your Royal Highnesses have spent with us will remain red-letter days that can never be effaced from our memories—being as they are the first occasion upon which the Heir of the Emperor of India and his illustrious Consort have honoured Hyderabad with their presence. The recollection of them could not be other than precious to us, and it will be doubly precious now that we have had the privilege of meeting Your Royal Highnesses face to face. I am glad to think that a permanent memorial of them will remain for future generations in the Zenana Hospital, which will add for the women of my State, and their children, yet another to the many reasons which they have to bless the name of Victoria, the Great and Good Empress, in connection with whose Jubilee the idea of the Institution was first conceived, and Victoria Mary, the gracious Princess by whom the foundation-stone has been laid.
>
> It was my privilege yesterday morning to show you, Sir, that portion of my Army which is specially set aside and trained to assist in the defence of His Majesty's Indian Empire. I trust the day when their services will be needed for this purpose will never come, but I wish to assure Your Royal Highnesses, whose visit is one more link—and a very strong link—in the long chain of most cordial associations which binds me and my House to the British Empire, that if the necessity for defence should ever arise not those troops only, but my own sword and all the resources of my State would be placed unreservedly at His Majesty's disposal.
>
> I earnestly hope that Your Royal Highnesses will carry away agreeable and pleasant recollections of Hyderabad, and I trust that on your return to England you will inform His Majesty of the sincere admiration and loyal devotion which the Princes and people of India entertain for the British Throne and Royal Family, and will not fail to add that His Majesty's faithful ally and the people of his State yield to none in that admiration and devotion.
>
> Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with extreme pleasure that I ask you to fill your glasses to the brim and to drink with me to the health and prosperity of my Royal Guests—the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Prince's speech :—

Your Highness,—I thank you sincerely for the generous words which you have addressed to the Princess of Wales and myself in your eloquent speech. We are deeply grateful to you for the magnificence of your reception, for your kind hospitality, for your many acts of courteous welcome, and for your friendly consideration for our comfort. I will, without delay, inform my dear Father of your loyal assurances, and I hope to be able to describe to the King-Emperor, in some measure, the splendours of Hyderabad and the devotion of Your Highness and your people to the British Crown. It is especially gratifying to us that our visit should be the occasion of the founding of the Zenana Hospital, being both of us deeply interested in hospitals and their splendid work. On behalf of the Princess I thank Your Highness for your touching allusions to the name of the late beloved Queen-Empress and to her own connection with that institution.

I am much gratified by your stirring words regarding the Imperial Service Troops which form part of Your Highness' Army and I know they will be highly appreciated by His Majesty. No one can speak with greater authority on this subject than our kind host, for we all know that it was the Nizam who was the first of the Princes of India to come forward with a spontaneous offer of assistance for the common cause of Imperial Defence. I have had opportunities of seeing your two fine regiments of Imperial Service Lancers and I congratulate Your Highness on their soldierly and workmanlike appearance. As this is possibly the last occasion on which we shall be the guests of an Indian Prince, I thank you most gratefully for the assurances which you have made, not only for the important State over which you rule, but for the Princes and people of India. Nothing will please His Majesty more than the concluding words of your speech, and they will be especially valued as coming from one who is pre-eminently qualified by position, experience and tradition to speak on the sentiments of the Princes and the people of India towards the British Throne. We shall always retain the warmest feelings of regard for Your Highness and the most pleasant recollections of our visit to Hyderabad. Before I sit down I will ask you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join me in drinking to the health of our friend and faithful ally, His Highness the Nizam.

BENARES.

In reply to the address from the Municipality of Benares, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and myself have been deeply touched by the affectionate greetings accorded to us in the great centres of India, and nowhere more than at this historic city, so dear and so sacred to the millions of the Hindu peoples ; and I feel that I cannot do better than recall the words of my dear father, spoken thirty years ago, when he expressed the intense pleasure which he felt in being received in the centre of all the nations and people of Hindu origin. And as our time in India is rapidly drawing to an end, we feel an especial satisfaction that a visit to this important and interesting home of Hinduism should be one of the last of our impressions on the delightful tour which we have been permitted to make in this portion of His Majesty's Empire.

We look forward with keen interest to seeing all which makes your city so venerated by the Hindus and renowned throughout the world. I shall be much pleased to transmit to the King-Emperor your gratifying acknowledgment of those blessings of peace and safety which you enjoy under his rule. We most sincerely reciprocate your kind wishes, and we both hope that this great city—he second city in the United Provinces—may ever flourish and prosper.

In presenting Colours to the South Staffords, His Royal Highness made the following speech :—

> Colonel Daubeney, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 2nd Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment,— Meeting here to perform this ceremony on Indian soil, we are reminded that during the 112 years that have elapsed since your battalion was raised, some of its most brilliant services have been achieved in this portion of the British Empire. With regard to its gallant conduct at Ferozeshah in 1845, Lord Hardinge, the then Governor-General of India, described it "as that regiment which has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British Army," and not only on the field of battle has your regiment gained renown, for no less than three times did it suffer shipwreck in Eastern waters. We know that there is no greater test of the discipline of a regiment than under such terrible experiences and the conduct of the 80th Regiment in the last disaster of this nature in 1844 was brought to the notice of Queen Victoria, and commended in a General Order by the Governor-General of India. It is indeed a grand tradition which surrounds the colours of your Regiment, a tradition created by those who in days gone by fought and fell in their defence. I feel sure that they will ever inspire the same spirit of loyalty to your King, your country and your Regiment, and that, if needs be, you will, like your predecessors, do and die in the defence of these sentiments. With such convictions, I have great pleasure in entrusting to your keeping these consecrated colours."

QUETTA.

In reply to the address from the Quetta Municipality, which drew attention to the rapid growth of the Station since the British occupation, His Royal Highness said :—

> Gentlemen,—The address which has just been read presents in very graphic language a story of which we may all feel proud. While thanking you heartily for your welcome to the Princess of Wales and myself, I congratulate you with equal heartiness on your achievements We, who are familiar with the older and more slowly growing institutions of the West, are naturally struck with the rapid career of Quetta. You have mentioned the honoured name of Sandeman, who won the people of Baluchistan to the ways of peace. I doubt not that the traditions of that great man may inspire and direct you in your labours, and I can detect in your address two of his qualities—courage and hope.
>
> We shall have opportunities during the next few days of seeing for ourselves the work which has been achieved within the short space of thirty years, and it will be my pleasing duty to inform the King-Emperor of the wonderful progress which has been made on this frontier of the Empire since he visited India. May every success and prosperity attend your useful labours. The concluding words of your address have greatly touched us, and we sincerely join your expressions of thankfulness for the blessings which Providence has bestowed upon us during our journey to and in India.

CHAMAN.

In committing new Colours to the 127th Baluch Light Infantry at Chaman, the Prince said :—

> Colonel Even, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 127th Baluch Light Infantry,— Since the days when your Regiment was raised by Sir Charles Napier, more than 60 years ago, it has rendered gallant and devoted services to its Sovereign and Empire, not only in India but across the seas—in Africa,

Burma, and the Far East. The names of your campaigns are displayed on the Colours which I have great pleasure in presenting to you. They are a sign of your duty to your King-Emperor and Country, and also a record of those actions in which your predecessors have upheld the honour of the Regiment. For such reasons you rightly venerate them and upon them take your oath of allegiance. May you ever be guided by the noble traditions which they betoken, and should you again be called to active service, may victory attend you. I am certain that the Colours will remain safe in your keeping.

KARACHI.

The Prince of Wales replied to the Municipal address in these terms :—

Gentlemen,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I thank you for the welcome which you have given to us in this rising and prosperous seaport—the capital of Sind. Your progress is remarkable, even in an age of progress, but the figures which you have quoted and the strenuous policy of extending irrigation in Sind and the Punjab suggest the idea that vast developments await your City and Harbour in the immediate future.

I am very glad to have had an opportunity of seeing Karachi, for I am conscious of the fact that this place is destined to play an important part in the future of our Empire, and, if I may judge of the spirit of the inhabitants of Karachi from the sentiments expressed in your address, I have little fear that you and your successors in office will be able to grapple with the difficult question of development in a large and far-sighted manner. I have learnt with great pleasure that the Bombay Government has most courteously marked our visit to Karachi by the abolition of boat fees on the Indus. I do not know how far this wise act may directly affect Karachi, but I am proud that I should be associated with a concession which will at any rate benefit some of the people of Sind. Gentlemen, we wish you every prosperity in the great work which lies before the Municipality of Karachi.

Your concluding words of God-speed, for which we are both most grateful, remind us, alas! that our visit to India is near its end. I can assure you and our other friends in all parts of this great and wonderful land that we leave India with feelings of gratitude and affection. We have seen and have learned much; we have seen enough to make India a living reality to us ; enough to make us wish that we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts a sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow subjects in India, of whatever creed or race.

Although our receptions everywhere were the scenes of brightness and splendour, and we have been greeted by thousands of cheerful and happy faces, we have not forgotten the hard lives led by those in the trying climates of the plains, and we know of the miseries which beset the patient, hardworking peasant when the rains do not come in due season. We are both sincerely thankful to have been privileged to visit India, and to have gained impressions which, with future study and observation, will enable me to try and understand some of the problems of British Administration, for I fully appreciate the advantage which a visit to this great continent must give to anyone in considering even the simplest Indian question.

Our journey has, in all parts of India, been most happy and delightful, thanks to the love and goodwill which have been evinced by all classes. We have been deeply impressed by that feeling of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the person of the King-Emperor which has been displayed ever since we first set foot on Indian soil, and we have been also greatly touched by the evident memories of affection towards my dear brother which still remain in the hearts of those with whom he was brought in contact during his stay in India some 16 years ago. In bidding India farewell, we can truly say that our visit has been to us an unending and unbroken series of happy and most instructive experiences.

At the unveiling of the Victoria Statue in Karachi, the Prince of Wales spoke in these terms :—

Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to take part in a ceremony which crowns the loyal and loving efforts of five long years, and it is our good fortune to have an opportunity of being associated with the people of Sind in this splendid tribute to our late beloved Queen-Empress. We have read the admirable pamphlet which describe the history of the memorial, and have noticed with interest the names of Mr. Giles and Mr. Moti Ram Adrani and others, to whose energy we owe so much. We have noticed, too, with especial satisfaction, that all classes in Sind have joined in raising this statue, which is fitly symbolised by figures of Peace and Justice. You do right to connect them with the memory of Queen Victoria, for she greatly desired that her Indian subjects should ever enjoy these blessings. I shall be happy to name the grounds on which we stand "The Queen's Lawn," and we both hope that this statue and the lawn around it may bring pleasure and recreation to endless generations. Gentlemen, we thank you for your parting words, and I shall not fail to convey to the King-Emperor and the Queen, the loyal expressions of the people of Sind. We were deeply touched by Bombay's affectionate welcome to the shores of India. On the eve of our departure we are equally impressed with Karachi's sympathy and good wishes.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS IN THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER MADE BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The Hon'ble Mr. Steyning William Edgerley, C.I.E., Indian Civil Service, Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay and an Additional Member of the Council of the Governor of Bombay for making Laws and Regulations	K.C.V.O.	Bombay	14-11-05.
Herbert George Gell, Esq., J.P., Commissioner of Police, Bombay	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Rao Bahadur Sansar Chandra Sen, Member of the State Council, Jaipur	M.V.O. (V. Class).	Jaipur	23-11-05.
Alexander Henderson Diack, Esq., Indian Civil Service, Chief Secretary to the Government of the Punjab	C.V.O.	Delhi	15-12-05.
Major Frank Graham Smallwood, Royal Artillery, Ordnance Officer, Agra	M.V.O.	Agra	19-12-05.
Clement Filose, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel in Scindia's Army and Military Secretary to His Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior	M.V.O.	Gwalior	25-12-05.
Edmund Vivian Gabriel, Esq., Indian Civil Service, Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department	C.V.O.	Calcutta	5-1-06.
Major Frederick Loch Adam, 1st Scots Guards, and Military Secretary to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Frederick Loch Halliday, Esq., J.P., Commissioner of Police, Calcutta	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Henry Cooper Eggar, Esq., Solicitor to Government and Agent to the Governor-General in Council for the Affairs of the late King of Oudh and for the purposes of Act XIX of 1887	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Charles Butterworth Bayley, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Government of Bengal	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Maxwell Laurie, Esq., Indian Civil Service, President of the Rangoon Municipality	M.V.O.	Rangoon	15-1-06.
John Short, Esq., Secretary to the Rangoon Municipality	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Major William Alexander Wickede Strickland, Indian Army, Deputy Commissioner, Mandalay	M.V.O.	Mandalay	17-1-06.

The Hon'ble Mr. James Paterson Hay, an Additional Member of the Council of the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma for making Laws and Regulations	M.V.O.	Mandalay	20-1-06.
Major William MacLaren Campbell, 1st Battalion, the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), and Military Secretary to the Governor of Madras	M.V.O.	Madras	27-1-06.
J. Desaraj Urs, Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant, Mysore State Troops	M.V.O.	Mysore	
Nawab Afsur-i-Janj Afsar-ud-Daula Bahadur Lieutenant-Colonel Muhammad Ali Beg, C.I.E., 20th Deccan Horse, and Commandant, Hyderabad Imperial Service Lancers	M.V.O.	Hyderabad	

LIST OF KNIGHTHOODS CONFERRED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sassoon Jacob David, Esq., J.P., Member of Board of Trustees for the Improvement of the City of Bombay	Knighted	Bombay	14-11-05.
Currimbhoy Ebrahim, Esq., Member of the Bombay Port Trust	Knighted	,,	,,
Ernest Cable, Esq., Sheriff of Calcutta	Knighted	Calcutta	5-1-06.
Maharaj Kumar Prodyat Kumar Tagore, of Calcutta	Knighted	,,	,,
The Hon'ble Mr. Vembakkam Comandur Desikachariyar, an Additional Member of the Council of the Governor of Madras for making Laws and Regulations	Knighted	Madras	27-1-06.
Henry Clark King, Esq., Solicitor, High Court, Madras	Knighted	,,	,,

KNIGHTHOOD CONFERRED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI.

Sydney Hutton Cooper Hutchinson, Esq., M.I.C.E., Director-General of Telegraphs in India	Knighted	Karachi	19-3-06.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS IN THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER MADE BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI.

His Excellency Vice-Admiral Edmund Samuel Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in the East Indies	K.C.V.O.	Karachi	19-3-06.
Frederick Robert Apcott, Esq., C.S.I., M.I.C.E., Chairman, Railway Board	K.C.V.O.	,,	,,
Major-General Beauchamp Duff, C.B., C.I.E., Indian Army, Adjutant-General in India	K.C.V.O.	,,	,,
Harold Arthur Stuart, Esq., C.S.I., Indian Civil Service, Director, Criminal Intelligence Department	K.C.V.O.	,,	,,
Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Havelock Charles, M.D., F.R.C.S., Professor of Surgery, Medical College, Calcutta, *ex-officio* Surgeon to the College Hospital, and Surgeon on the Staff of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	K.C.V.O.	,,	,,
Sir Arthur Upton Fanshawe, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Indian Civil Service, Director-General of the Post Offices of India	C.V.O.	,,	,,
Horace Charles Mules, J.P., Collector of Karachi.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Major Hereward Llewelyn Roberts, Indian Army, Squadron Commander, 1st Duke of York's Own Lancers (Skinner's Horse), Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Captain Lionel Forbes Ashburner, D.S.O., Double Company Officer, The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Captain Hugh Hill, Adjutant, The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Captain Geoffrey Makins, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Captain the Hon'ble William George Sydney Cadogan, 10th (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) Hussars, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Munshi Aziz-ud-din, Assistant Commissioner, Central Provinces, on special duty under the Chief of the Staff to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class)	,,	,,
Herbert Kelway Bamber, Esq., Superintendent, Carriage and Wagon Department, East Indian Railway.	M.V.O. (V. Class)	,,	,,

LIST OF GENTLEMEN INVESTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI WITH THE INDIAN ORDERS TO WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING EMPEROR OF INDIA.

MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur John Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., I.S.O., Private Secretary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	K.C.S.I.	Karachi	19-3-06.
Major-General Stuart Brownlow Beatson, C.B., Indian Army, Inspector-General, Imperial Service Troops, and Military Secretary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	K.C.S.I.	,,	,,
Captain the Hon'ble Hugh Tyrwhitt, M.V.O., Royal Navy, H.M.S. "Renown"	C.S.I.	,,	,,

MOST EMINENT ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, K.C.I.E., Chief of the Staff to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	G.C.I.E.	Karachi	19-3-06.
Major Rollo Estouteville Grimstone, Indian Army, Squadron Commander and 2nd-in-Command, 6th (King Edward's Own) Cavalry, and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	C.I.E.	,,	,,
Major Charles Ferguson Campbell, Indian Army, Squadron Commander and 2nd-in-Command, 11th (King Edward's Own) Lancers (Probyn's Horse), and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	C.I.E.	,,	,,
Major Harry Davis Watson, Indian Army, Double Company Commander, 1st Battalion, 2nd (King Edward's Own) Gurkha Rifles (The Sirmoor Rifles), and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	C.I.E.	,,	,,

NATIVE TITLES.

Babu Moti Lal Ganguli, Treasurer and Accountant in the Foreign Department of the Government of India and Treasurer to T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales during Their Royal Highnesses' visit to India, 1905-06	Rai Bahadur	17-3-06
Hira Lal Basu, Assistant Surgeon, Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, and Assistant Surgeon on the Staff of the Prince of Wales during His Royal Highness' visit to India, 1905-06	Rai Bahadur	,,

APPENDIX B.

THE SHOOTING RECORD.

BAG OF H. R. H. AND STAFF.

* BIG GAME.

14	Tigers.
5	Bears.
8	Cheetal.
9	Chinkara.
1	Jackal.
1	Mouse Deer.
1	Nilghai (Blue bull.)
6	Panthers.
16	Sambur.
16	Black Buck.
4	Hyenas.
2	Alligators.
1	Four-horned Deer.
18	Wild Boar.

In addition 54 pigs were killed pigsticking by members of the party.

SMALL GAME.

159	Wild Duck.
114	Snipe.
8	Jungle Fowl.
29	Quail.
65	Sandgrouse.
2	Wild Cats.
117	Teal.
1,886	Imperial Sandgrouse.
17	Peafowl.
10	Hares.
42	Partridges.
28	Various, including snakes, &c.

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* Of the above *big* game the Prince of Wales shot :—

13	Tigers.
2	Sambur.
5	Wild Bear.
2	Chinkara.
1	Four-horned Deer.
1	Wild Cat.
4	Panthers.
4	Black Buck.
2	Hyenas.
1	Mouse Deer.
1	Alligator.

APPENDIX C.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.

Sir W. Lawrence, K.C.I.E.—*Chief of the Staff.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., I.S.O.—*Private Secretary.*

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., C.M.G., M.V.O., R.N.	*Equerries.*
The Hon'ble Derek Keppel, C.M.G., M.V.O.	
Commander Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, R.N.	
Captain Viscount Crichton, D.S.O.	

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.

The Countess of Shaftesbury—*Lady-in-waiting.*

The Lady Eva Dugdale—*Lady-in-waiting.*

The Earl of Shaftesbury—*Chamberlain.*

Mr. Frank Dugdale—*Equerry.*

INDIAN STAFF.

Major-General H. H. Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., A.-D.-C.—*Maharaja of Idar.*

Major-General Stuart Beatson, C.B.—*Military Secretary.*

Lieutenant-Colonel R. Havelock Charles, I.M.S.—*Surgeon.*

Major R. E. Grimston, 6th Prince of Wales' Cavalry.	*Aides-de-Camp.*
Major Charles Campbell, 11th Prince of Wales' Own Lancers.	
Major H. D. Watson, 2nd Prince of Wales' Own Gurkhas.	
Capain C. Wigram, 18th Tiwana Lancers.	

HONORARY AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Major H. L. Roberts, 1st Lancers (Skinner's Horse).

Captain L. F. Ashburner, D.S.O., 2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Captain H. Hill, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers.

Captain G. Makins, 2nd King's Royal Rifles.

Captain the Hon. W. G. S. Cadogan, 10th Royal Hussars.

APPENDIX D.

LIST OF CHIEFS RECEIVED BY H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

		Age.	Salute.
KOLHAPUR	H. H. the Maharaja of	31	19
CUTCH	H. H. the Rao of	39	17
JUNAGADH	H. H. the Nawab of	47	11
NAVANAGAR	H. H. the Jam of	23	11
BHAVNAGAR	H. H. the Thakur Sahib of	30	11
DHRANGADHRA	H. H. the Raj Sahib of	34	11
RAJPIPLA	H. H. the Raja of	44	11
CAMBAY	H. H. the Nawab of	57	11
PORBANDAR	H. H. the Rana of	38	11
GONDAL	H. H. the Thakur Sahib of	40	11
INDORE	H. H. the Maharaja Diraj Holkar of	15	19*
BHOPAL	H. H. the Begum of	47	19
REWA	H. H. the Maharaja of	29	17
ORCHHA	H. H. the Maharaja of	51	17
DATIA	H. H. the Maharaja of	60	15
DEWAS	H. H. the Raja of	28	15†
UDAIPUR	H. H. the Maharana of	56	21
JAIPUR	H. H. the Maharaja of	43	21
BIKANIR	H. H. the Maharaja of	25	17
PATIALA	H. H. the Maharaja of	14	17
BAHAWALPUR	H. H. the Nawab of	22	17
JIND	H. H. the Raja of	26	11
NABHA	H. H. the Raja of	62	15
KAPURTHALA	H. H. the Raja of	33	11
MANDI	H. H. the Raja of	22	11
MALER KOTLA	H. H. the Regent of	24	11
CHAMBA	H. H. the Raja of	39	11
SUKET	H. H. the Raja of	41	11
SIRMUR	H. H. the Raja of	38	11
JAMMU AND KASHMIR	H. H. the Maharaja of	55	19*
GWALIOR	H. H. the Maharaja of	29	19*
RAMPUR	H. H. the Nawab of	30	13
TEHRI	H. H. the Raja of	32	11
SIKKIM	H. H. the Maharaja of	46	15
COCHIN	H. H. the Raja of	53	17
PUDUCOTA	H. H. the Raja of	30	11
MYSORE	H. H. the Maharaja of	21	21
HYDERABAD	H. H. the Nizam of	39	21
BENARES	H. H. the Maharaja of	50	*Nil.*
KHELAT	The Khan of	41	19
LAS-BEYLA	The Jam of	33	*Nil.*

* 21 in their own territory. † Junior Branch.

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Ree/Roy

Reed, Stanley.
The Royal tour in India.
1906.

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